

SMASH

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.C.
12

DECEMBER
No. 80

COMICS

STILL 52 PAGES

Midnight
lands on
**BIG-HEARTED
BOSCO!**

4/10-7





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN GIVEN

53rd YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT NOW

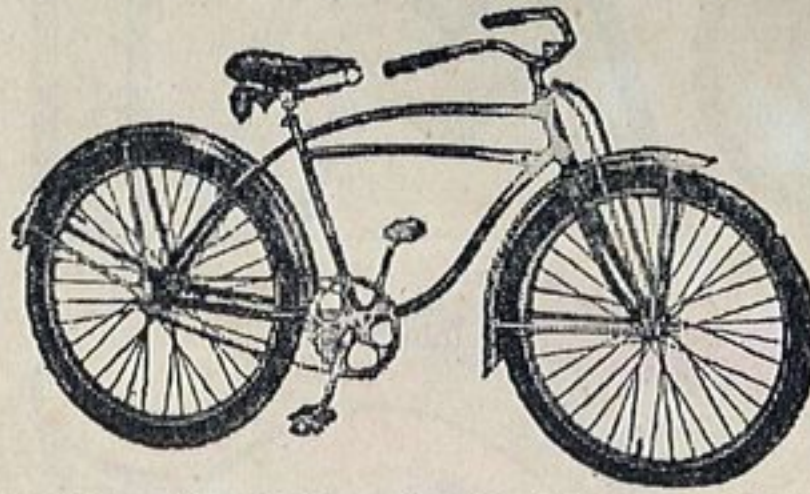
ACT NOW

PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION



We Trust You

Boys Girls



Ladies Men

No Money Now

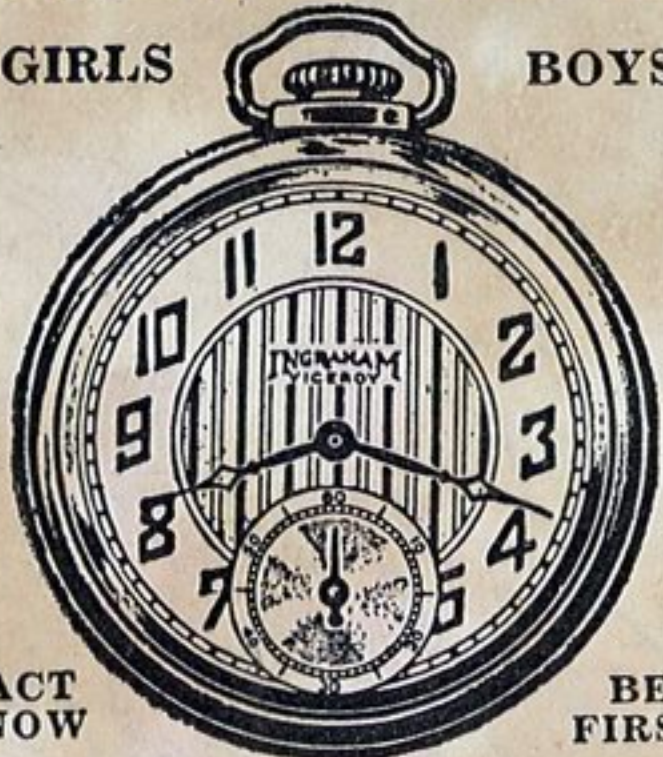
MAIL COUPON

BE FIRST WE ARE RELIABLE

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.**

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS



ACT NOW

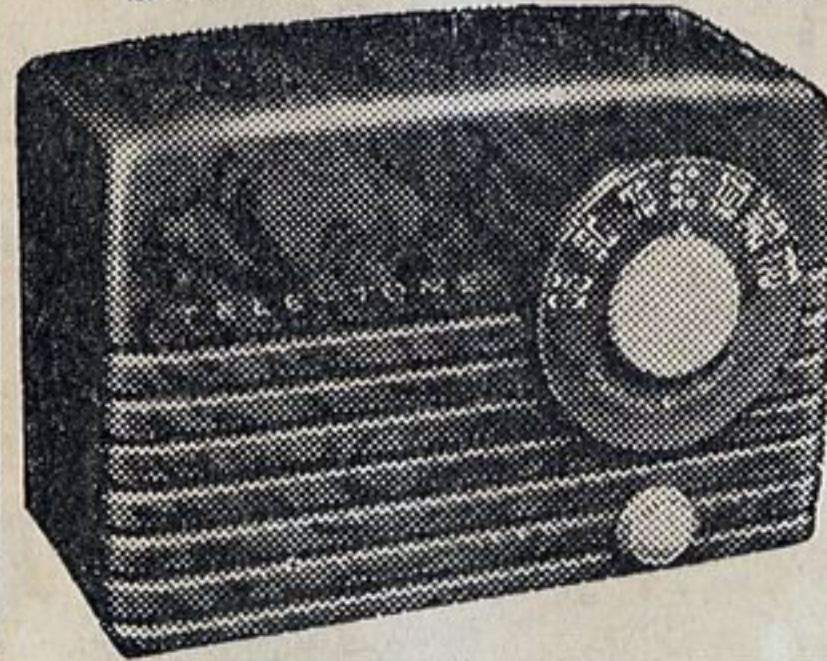
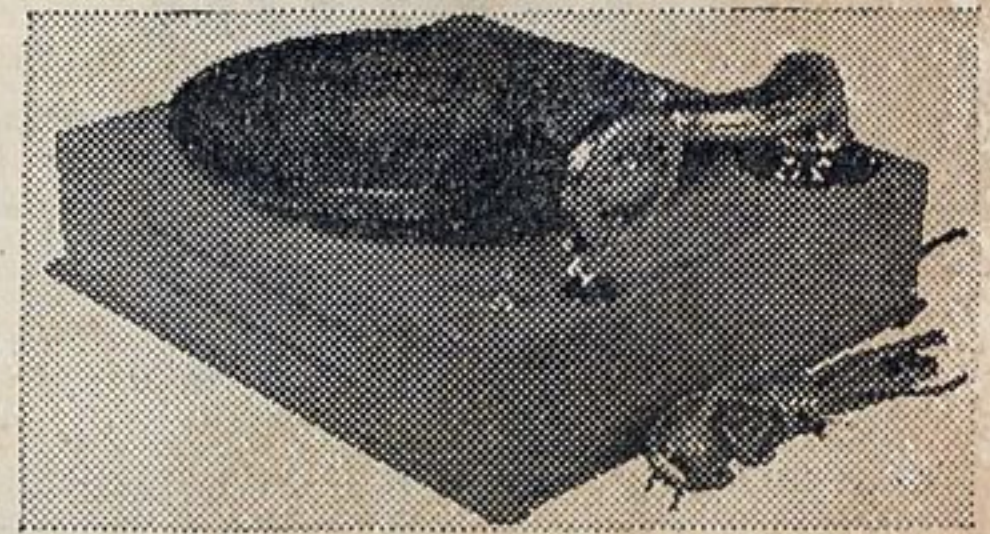
BE FIRST

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.**



PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

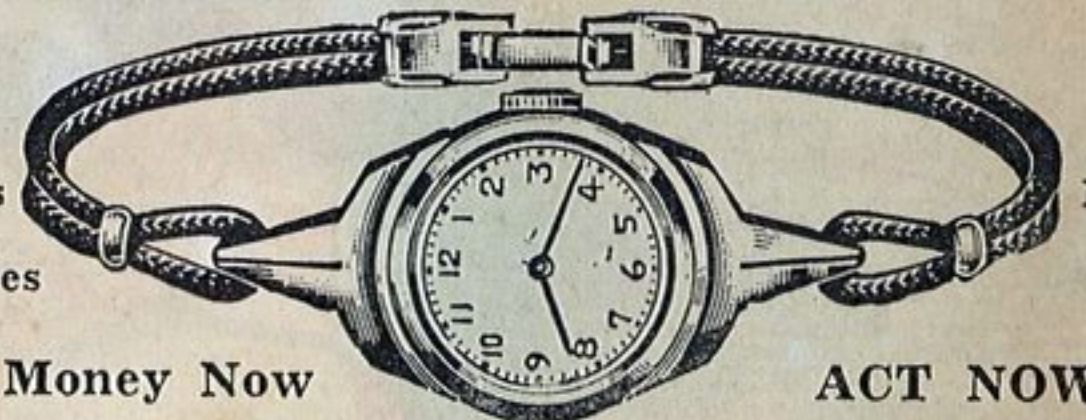
School Boxes, Excellent tone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superheterodyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our 53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.**



Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.**

PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN

Girls Ladies Boys Men



No Money Now

ACT NOW!

Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.**

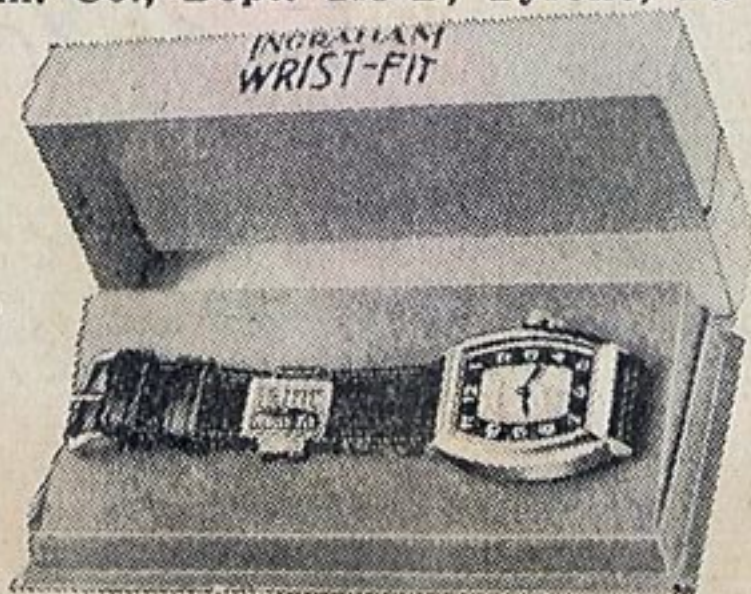
PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



GIRLS-BOYS-LADIES-MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.**

ACT NOW

NO MONEY NOW



Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME AGE

ST. R.D. BOX.....

TOWN ZONE No. STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope

MIDNIGHT

SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE To **BIG-HEARTED BOSCO**, THE RIGHTEOUS REALTOR

I'D BETTER STOP BOSCO BEFORE HE BUYS UP THE ENTIRE EARTH!

HERE'S FIFTY GRAND FOR YOUR KINGDOM! GIMME THE DEED!

WHAT A DEAL! WHAT A DEAL! THE MEMBERS OF MY DISLOYAL OPPOSITION WERE ONLY GOING TO GIVE ME TWENTY FOR IT!

SELL TO BOSCO!

WHY THE PAIL OF SAND, GABBY?

I'VE BROUGHT MY LAND WITH ME! I'LL HOLD OUT FOR SIXTY GRAND!

SEE BOSCO!

SAFE

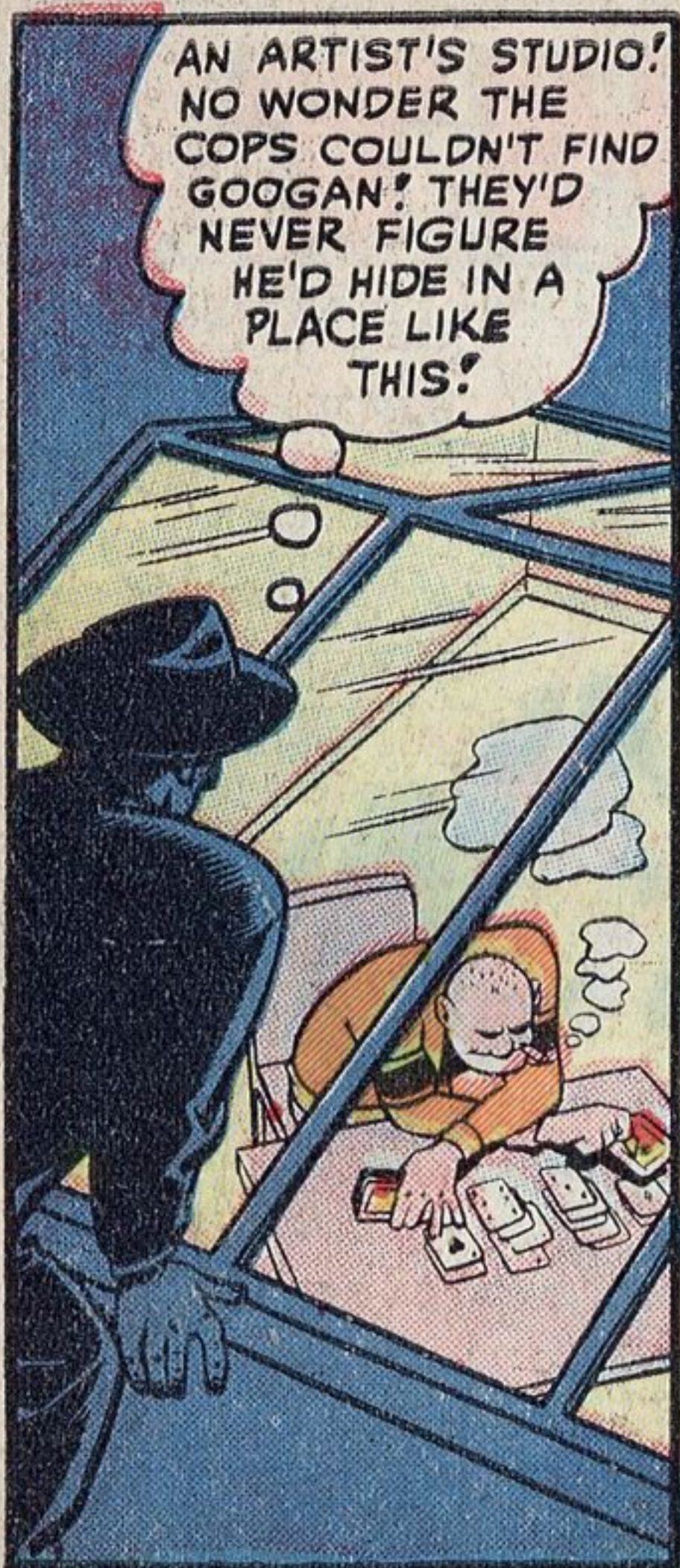
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DEED

BIG-HEARTED BOSCO PAYS MORE!

DEED





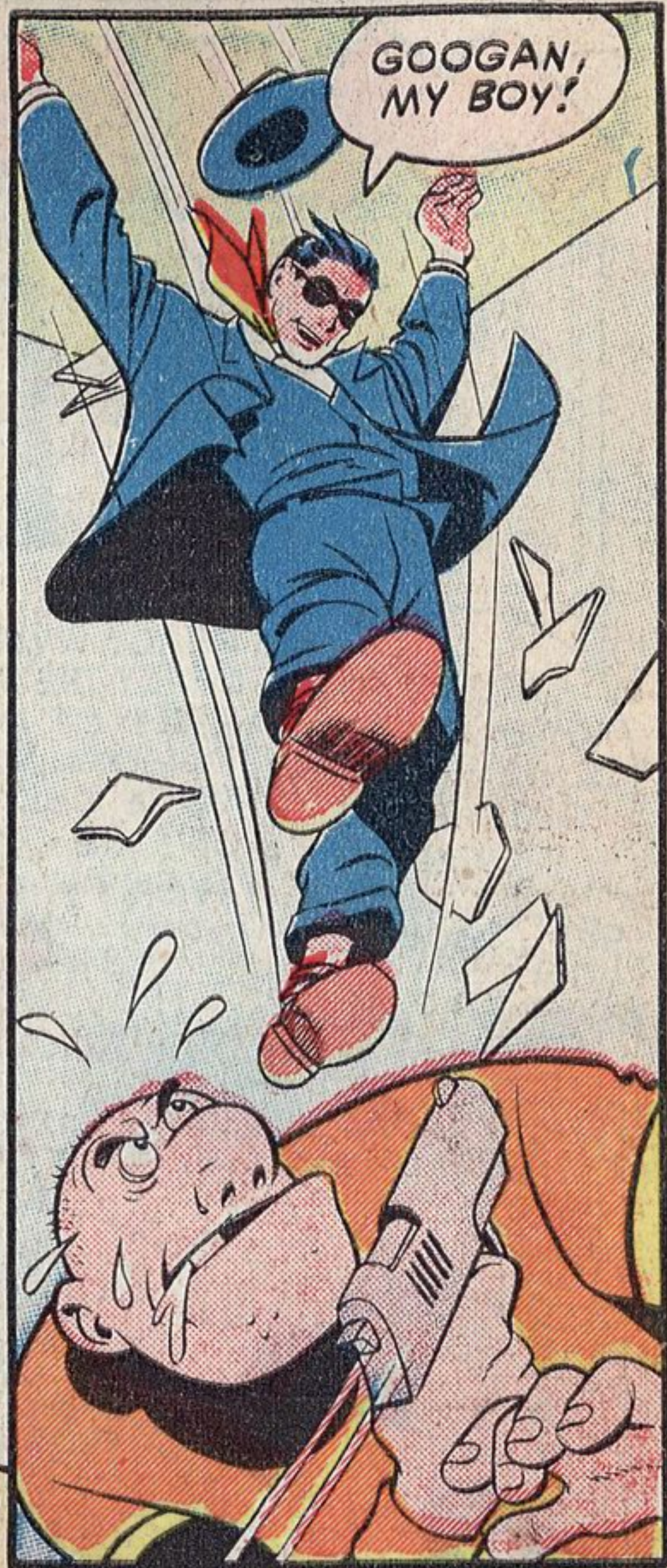
AN ARTIST'S STUDIO? NO WONDER THE COPS COULDN'T FIND GOOGAN! THEY'D NEVER FIGURE HE'D HIDE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!



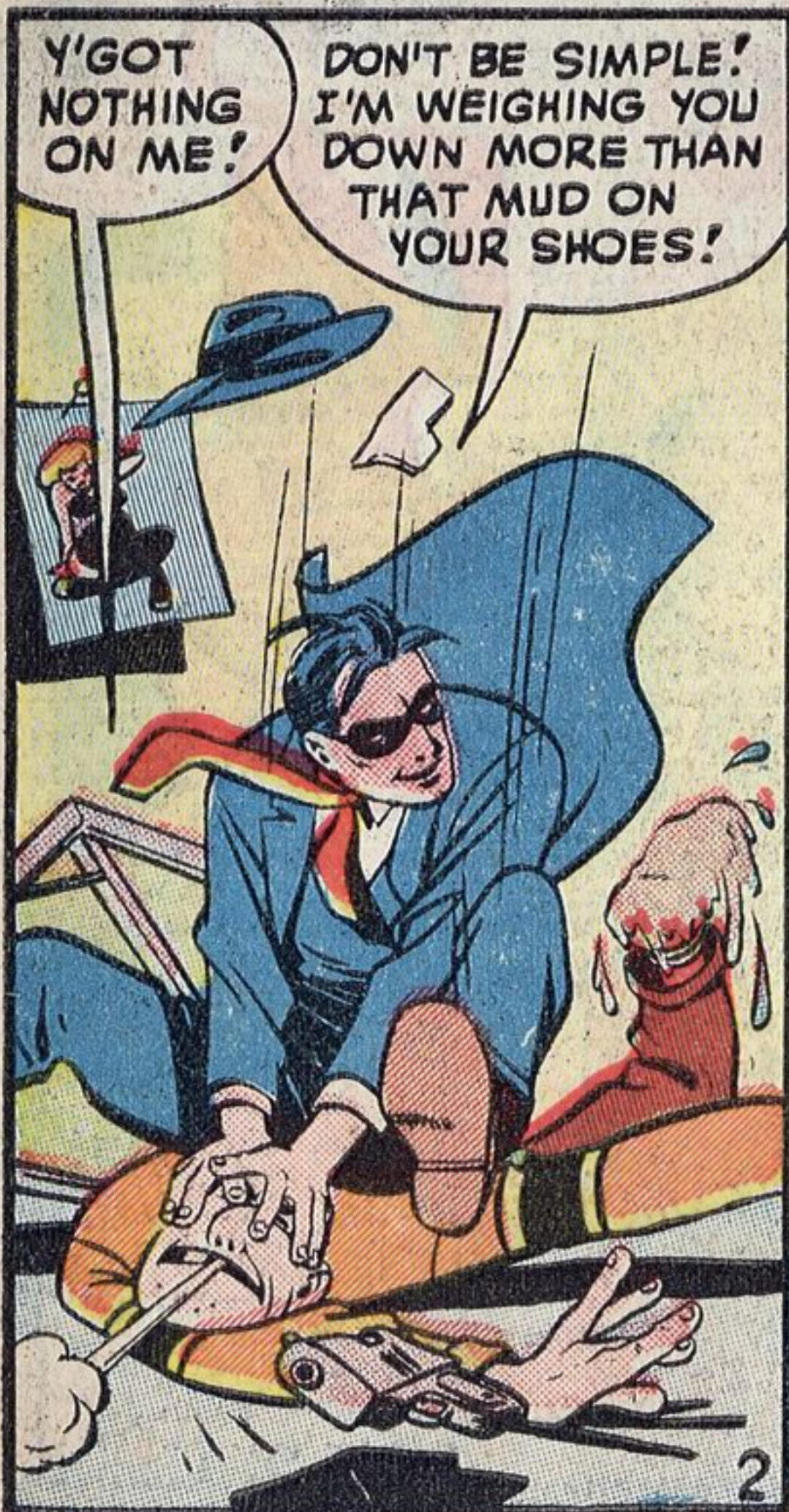
JUST A HUNCH I HAD TO SNOOP AROUND UP HERE! THE COPS SAID THEY LOST HIM AFTER A CHASE OVER THE ROOFTOPS!

CRASH!

MIDNIGHT!



GOOGAN, MY BOY!



Y'GOT NOTHING ON ME!

DON'T BE SIMPLE! I'M WEIGHING YOU DOWN MORE THAN THAT MUD ON YOUR SHOES!



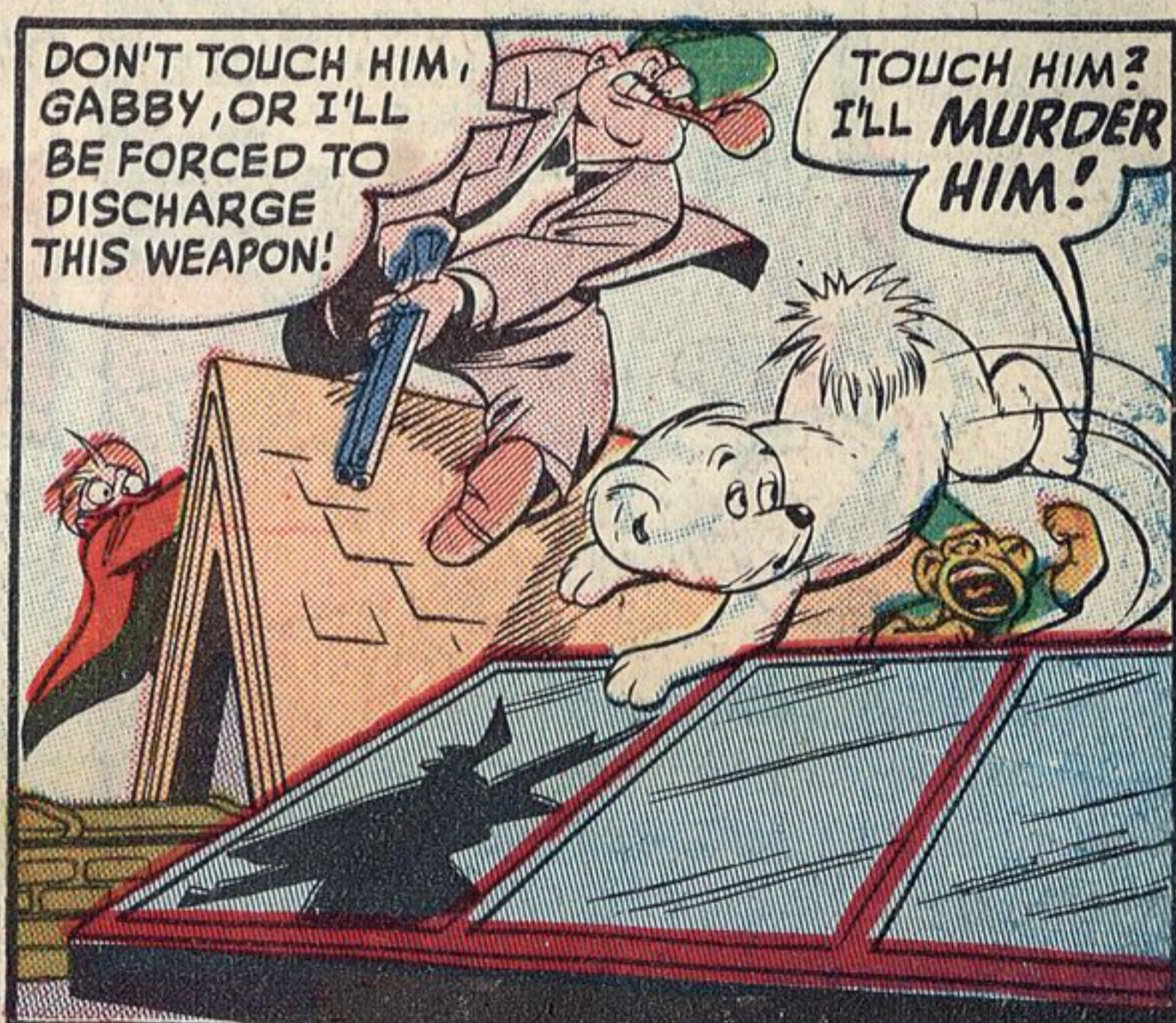
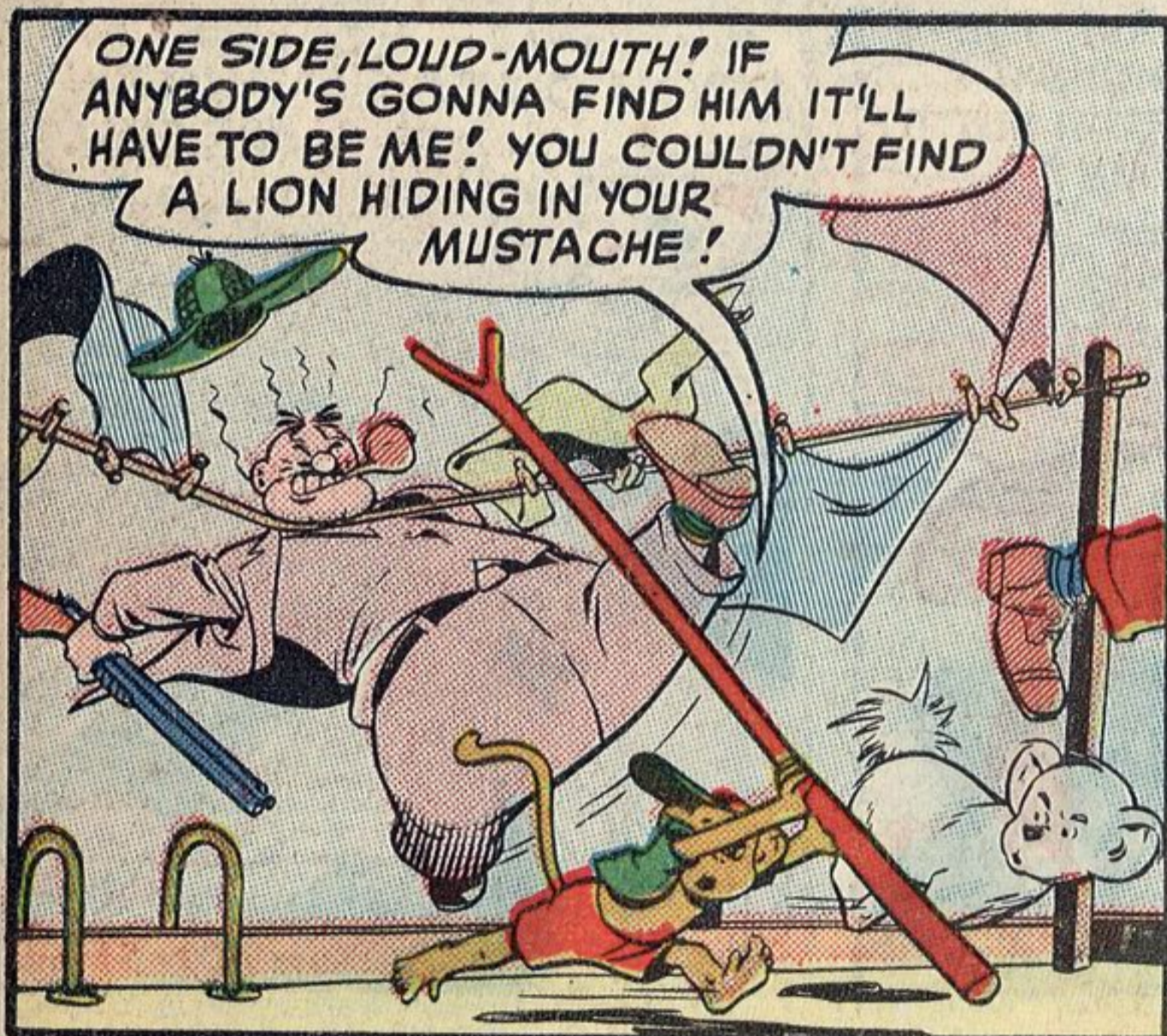
WHERE'S THE ARMORED TRUCK HOLDUP LOOT?

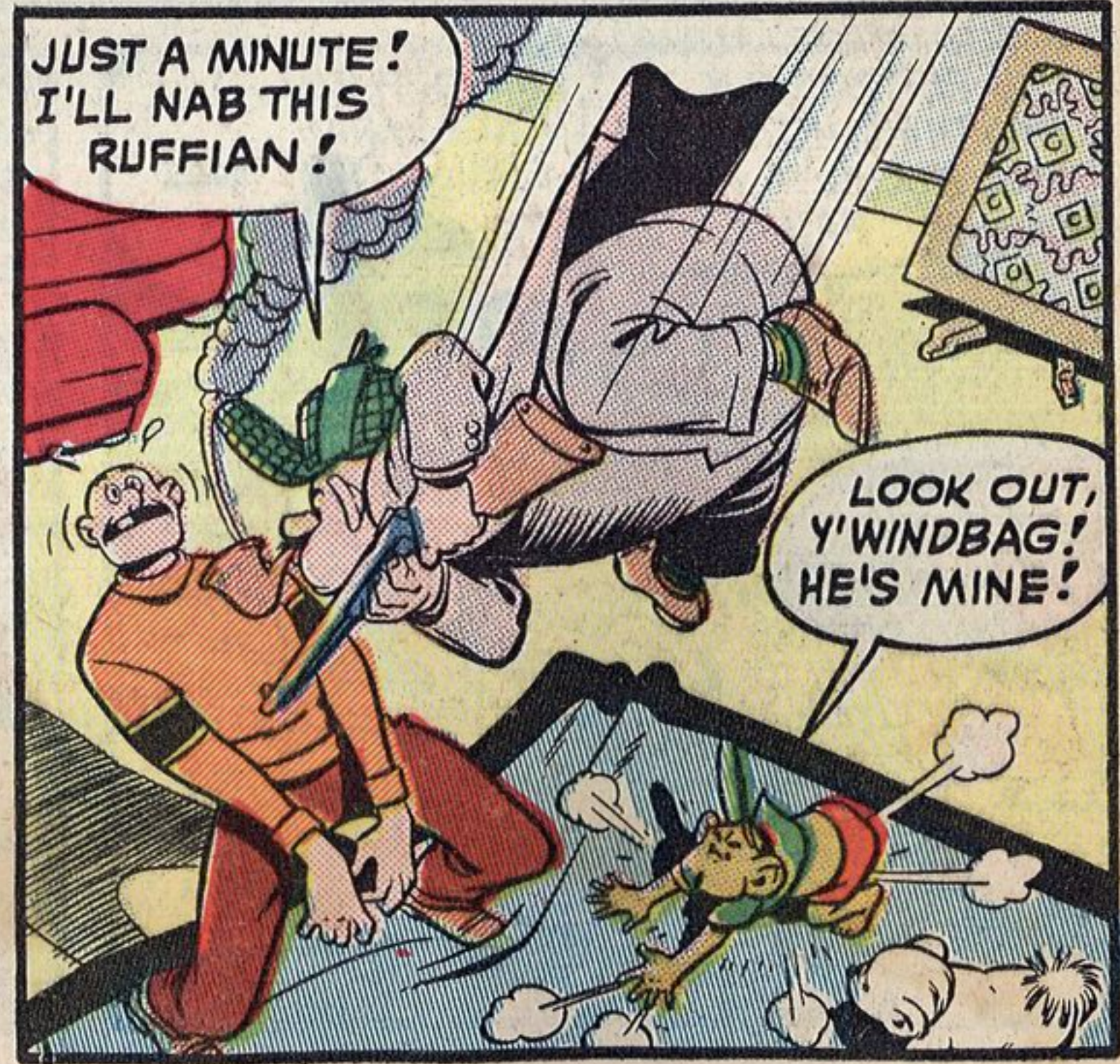
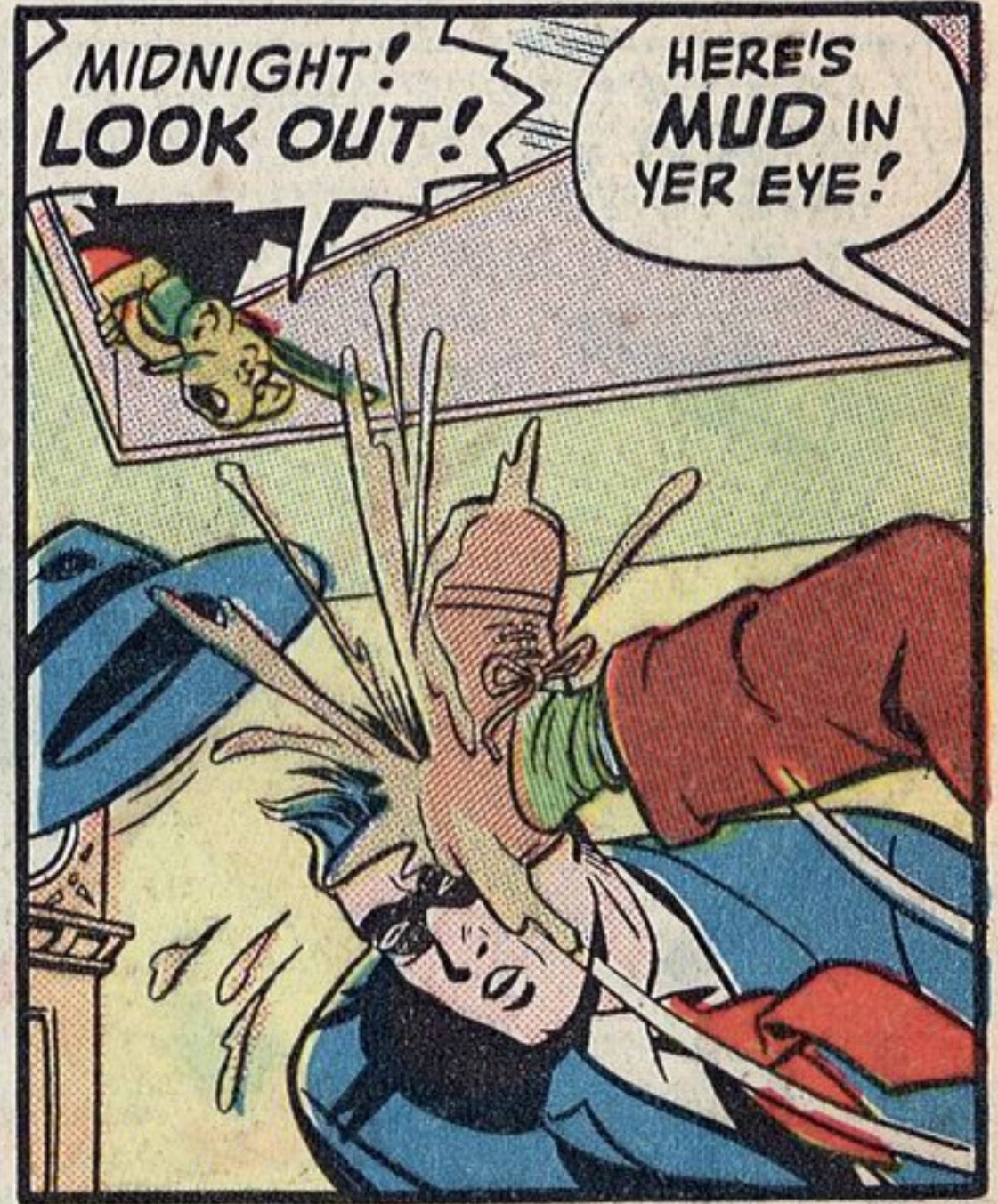
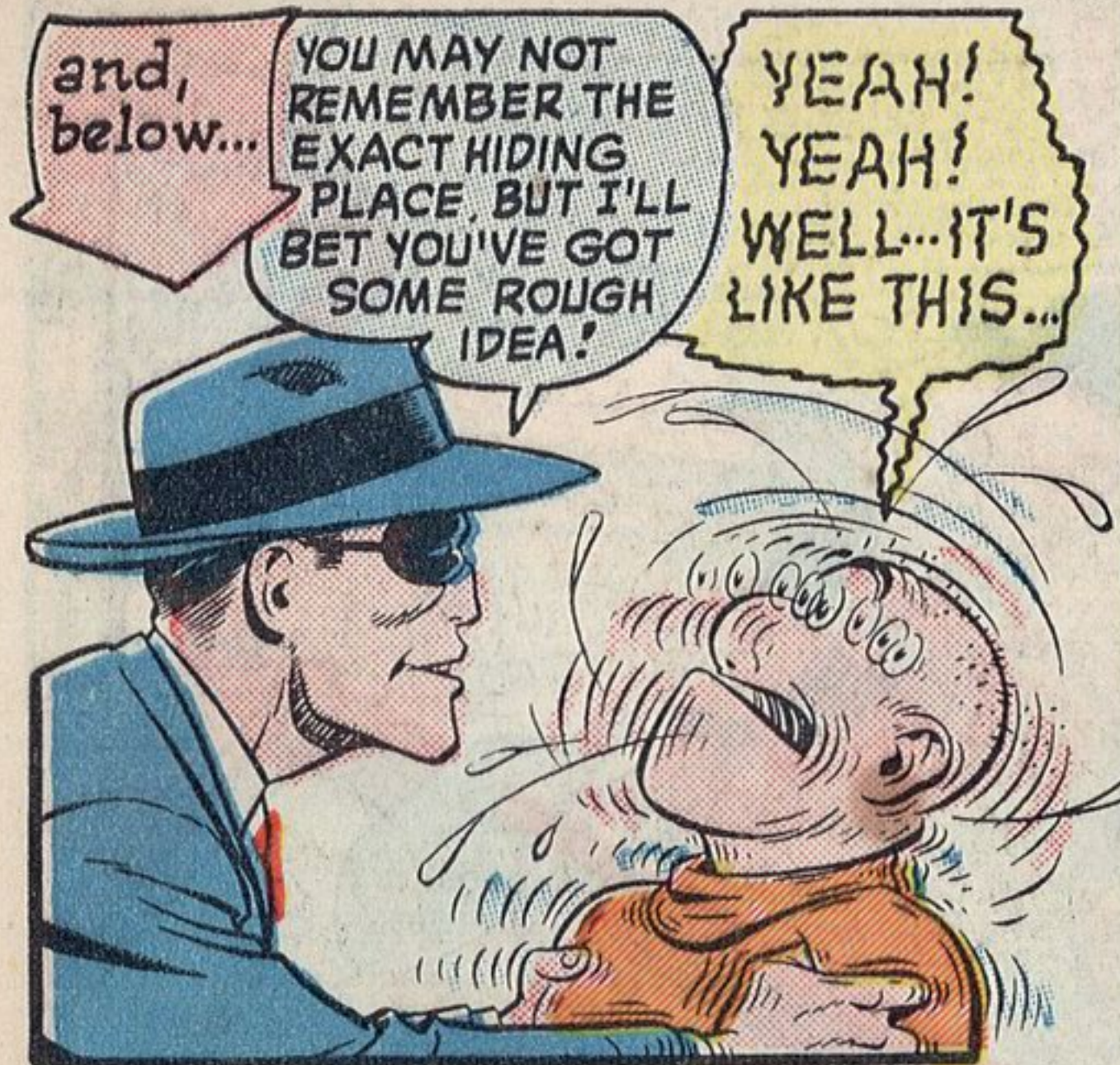
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T EVEN HAVE DOUGH ENOUGH FOR A SHINE!

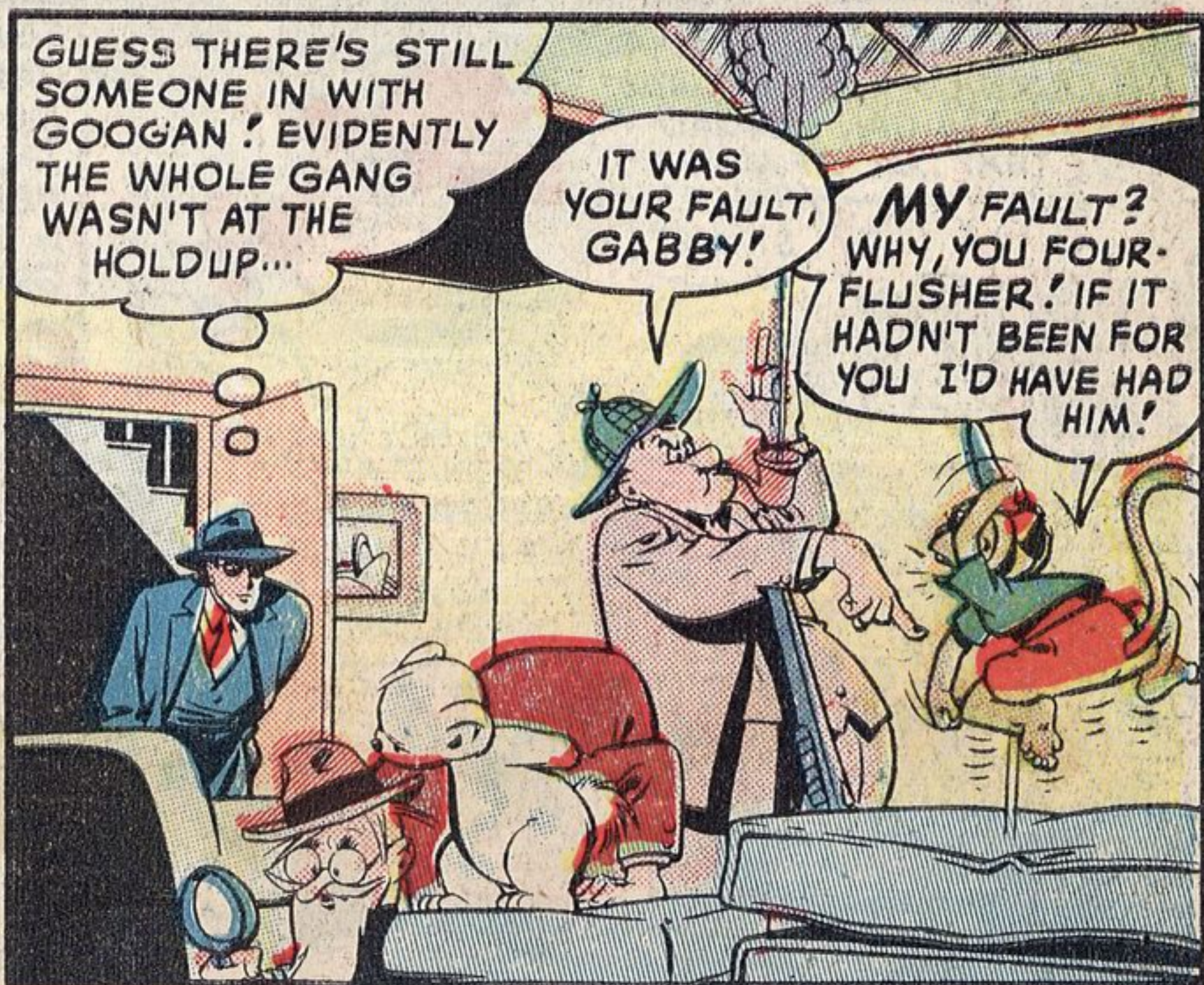
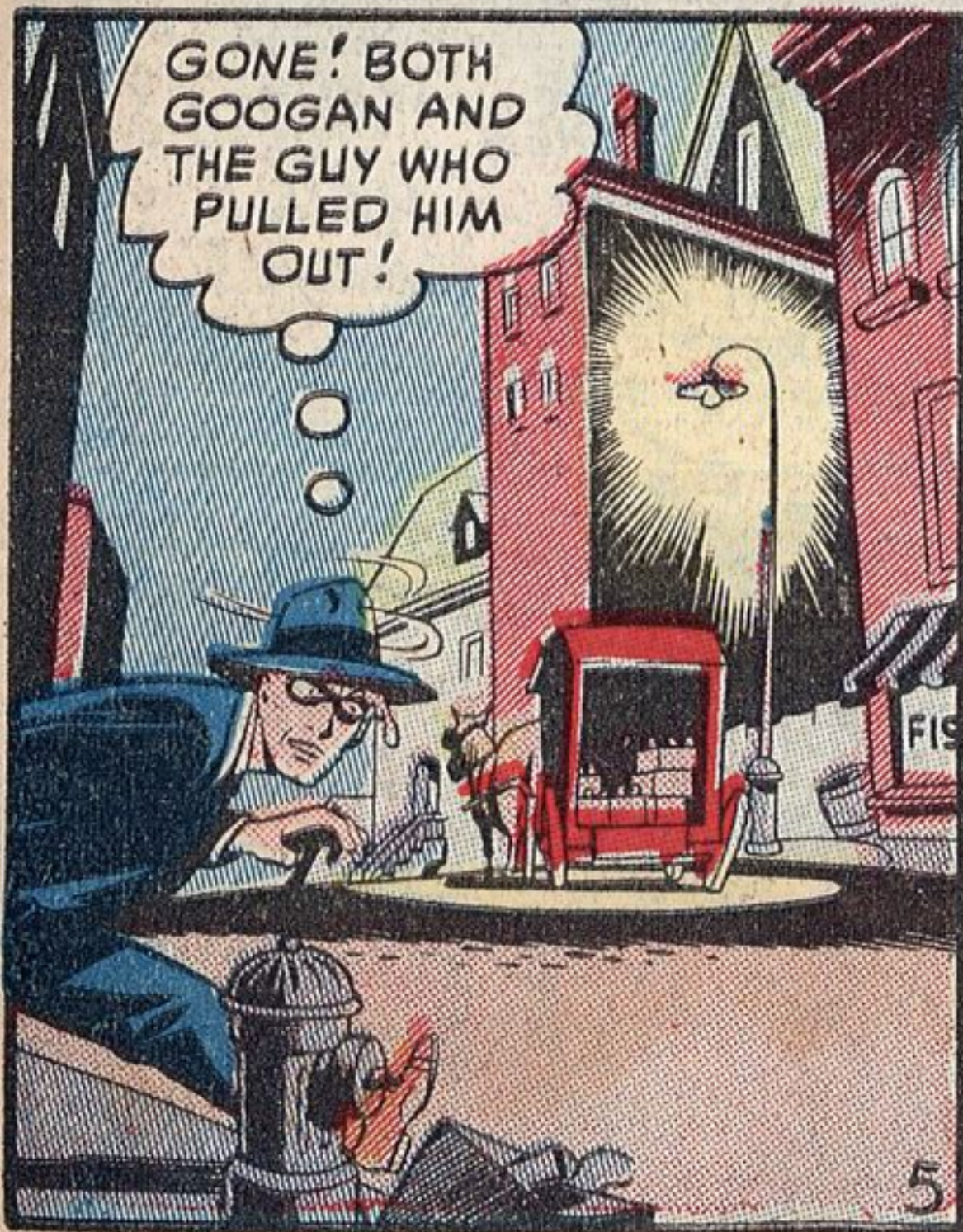
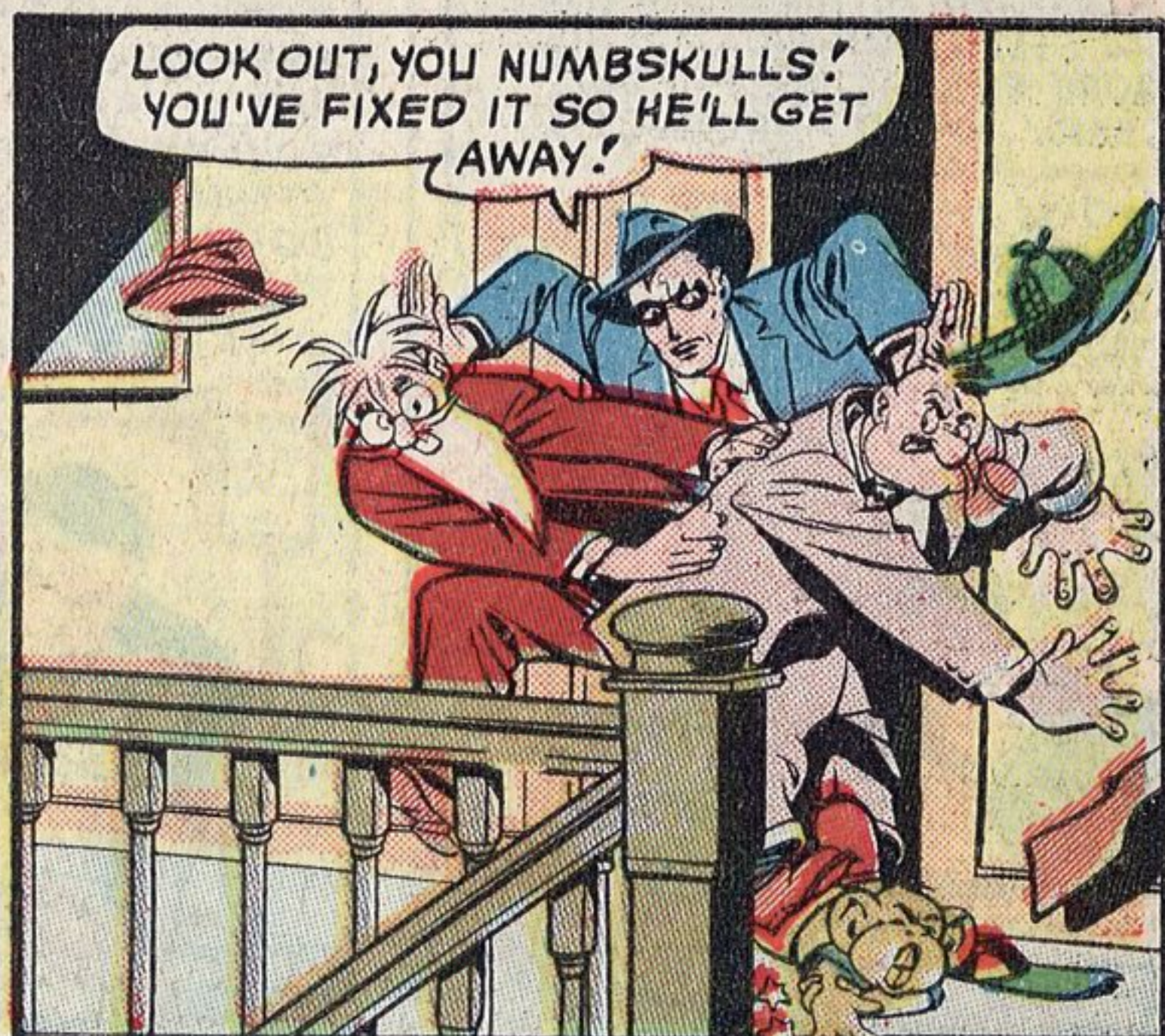
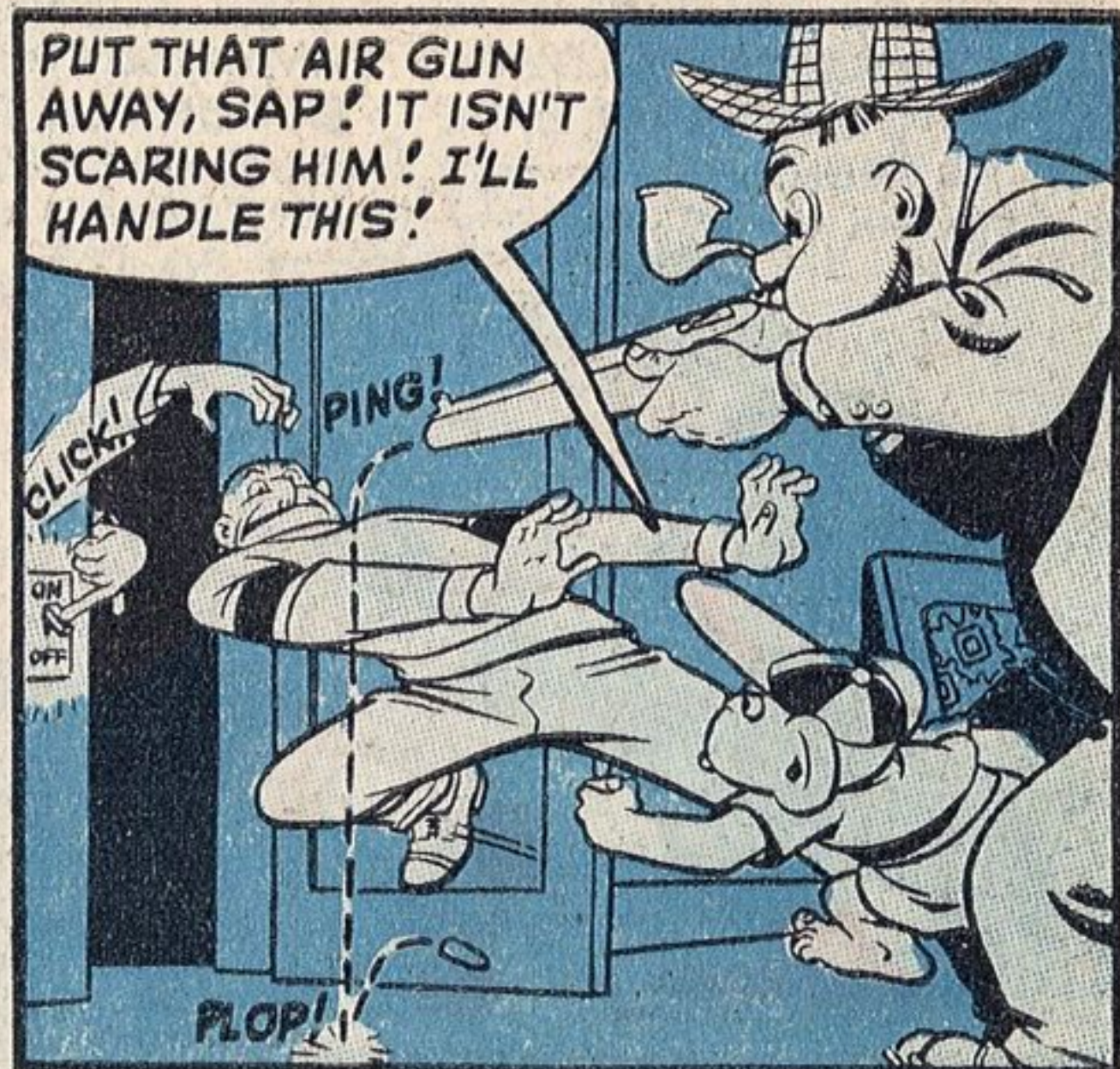
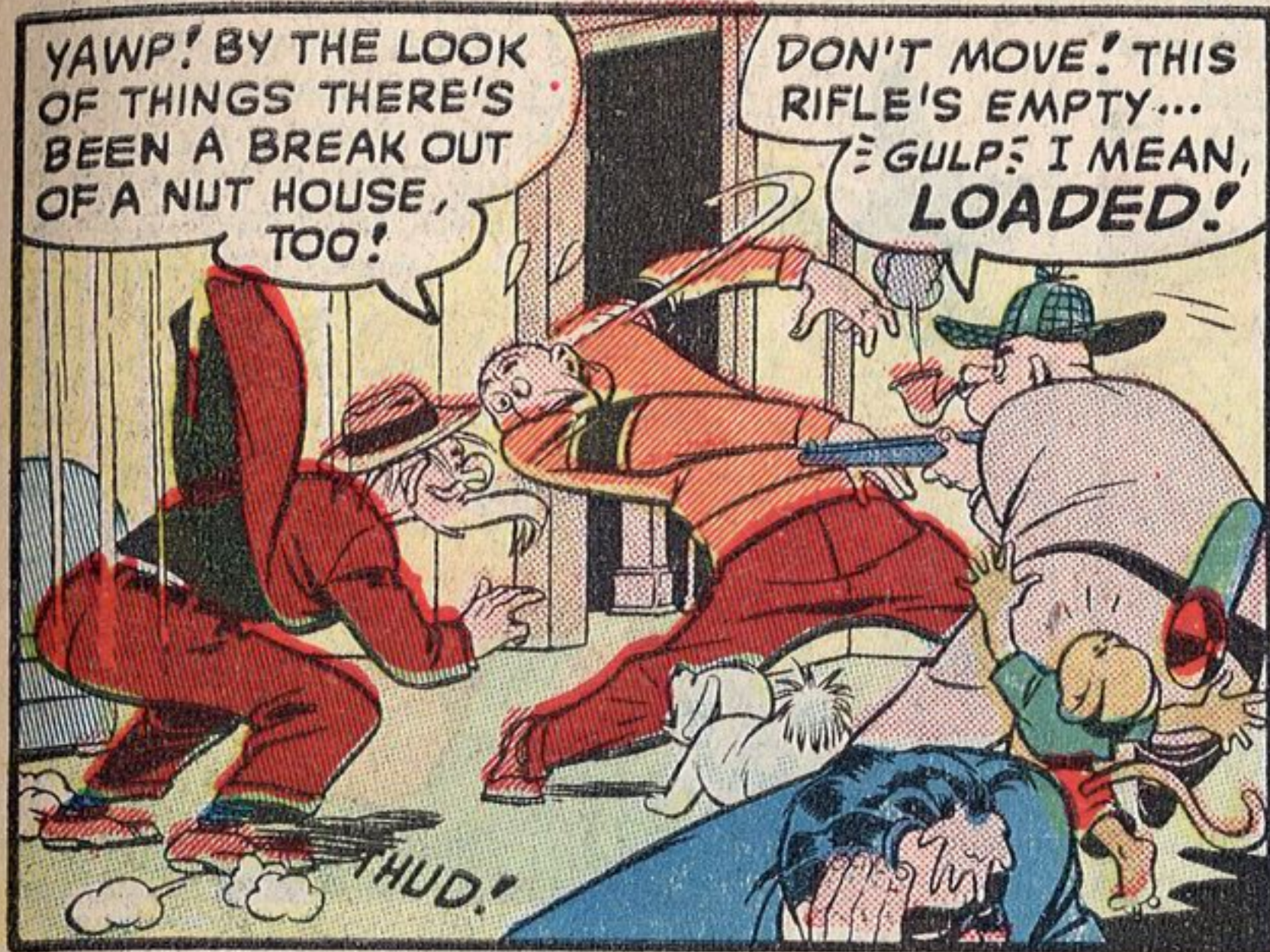


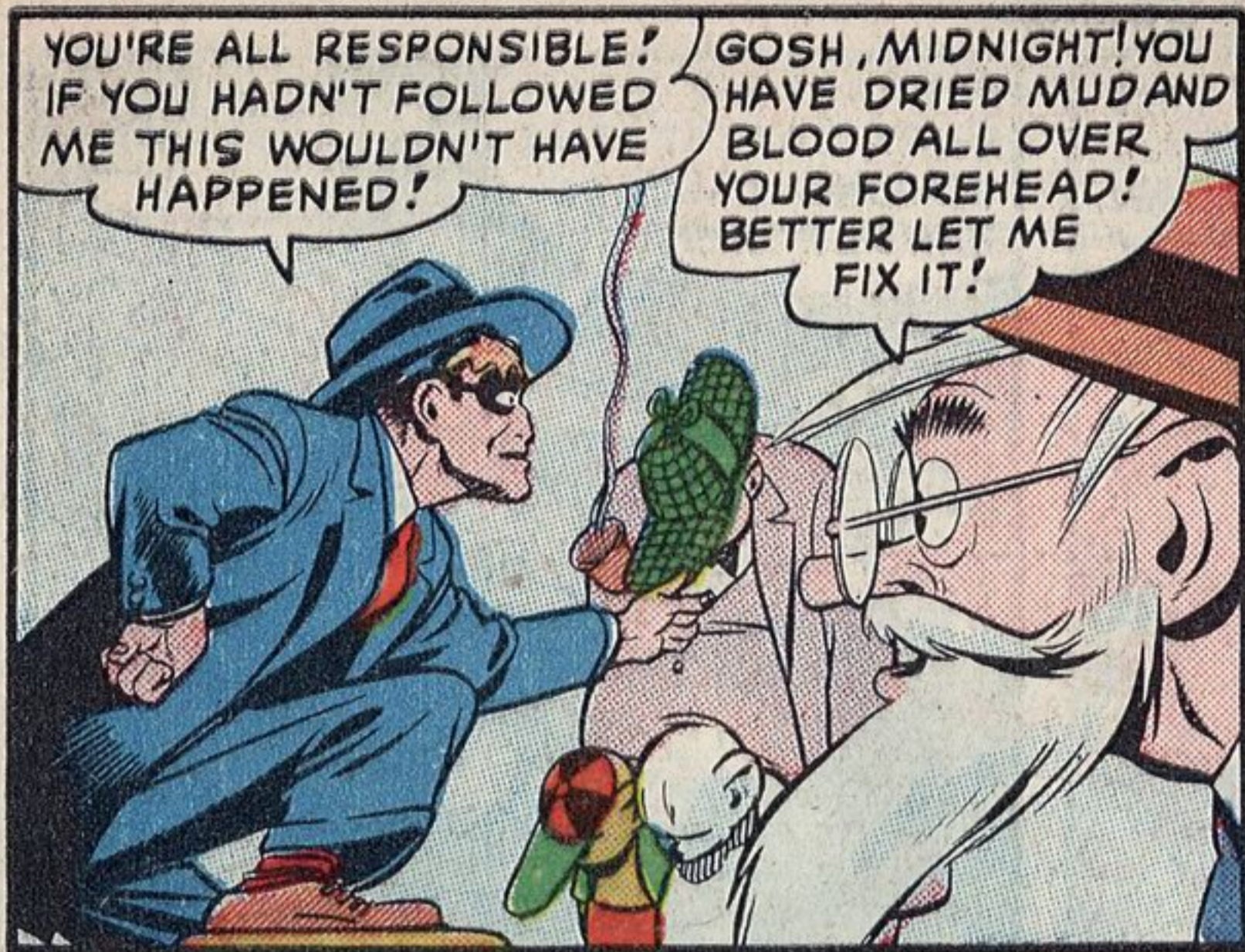
DON'T HIT ME, MIDNIGHT! THEY SAY A GUY'S NEVER THE SAME AFTER ONE OF YOUR PUNCHES! HONEST, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DOUGH IS!

WHY NOT? YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO GOT AWAY ALIVE! YOU MUST HAVE HIDDEN THE MONEY! BUT WHERE?









YOU'RE ALL RESPONSIBLE! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED ME THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

GOSH, MIDNIGHT! YOU HAVE DRIED MUD AND BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR FOREHEAD! BETTER LET ME FIX IT!



SOME KICK HE LET YOU HAVE! LEAVE IT TO A MUG LIKE GOOGAN NOT TO CLEAN HIS SHOES EVEN AFTER HE GETS HIS HANDS ON HALF A MILLION IN A HOLDUP!



NEXT DAY AT THE BROADCASTING STUDIO MIDNIGHT IS HIS MORE PROSAIC SELF... DAVE CLARK, RADIO ANNOUNCER...

WOW! WHAT A COMMERCIAL! SAY, BOSS! IS THIS STUFF ON THE LEVEL?

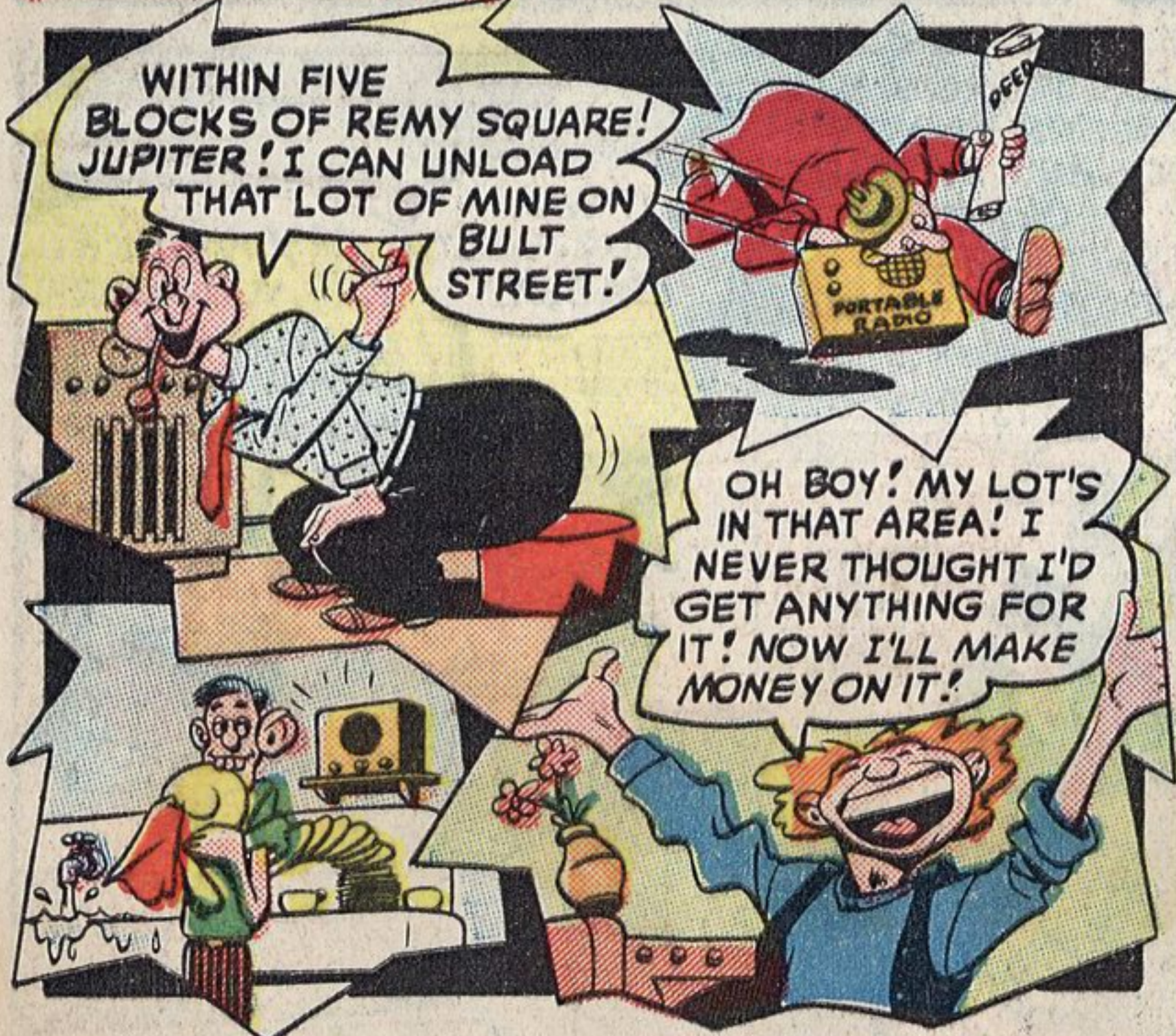
THE REAL ESTATE GUY BOUGHT THE TIME! PUT IT ON THE AIR!



IF YOU HAVE PROPERTY ANYWHERE WITHIN A FIVE-BLOCK RADIUS OF REMY SQUARE, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION! BIG-HEARTED BOSCO, THE RIGHTEOUS REALTOR, WILL PAY TOP PRICES FOR YOUR LAND!



SELL IT TODAY WHILE THE OFFER HOLDS! DON'T WAIT! REMEMBER! BIG-HEARTED BOSCO PAYS YOUR PRICE! HURRY TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE! THE ADDRESS IS 64 BROWN STREET!



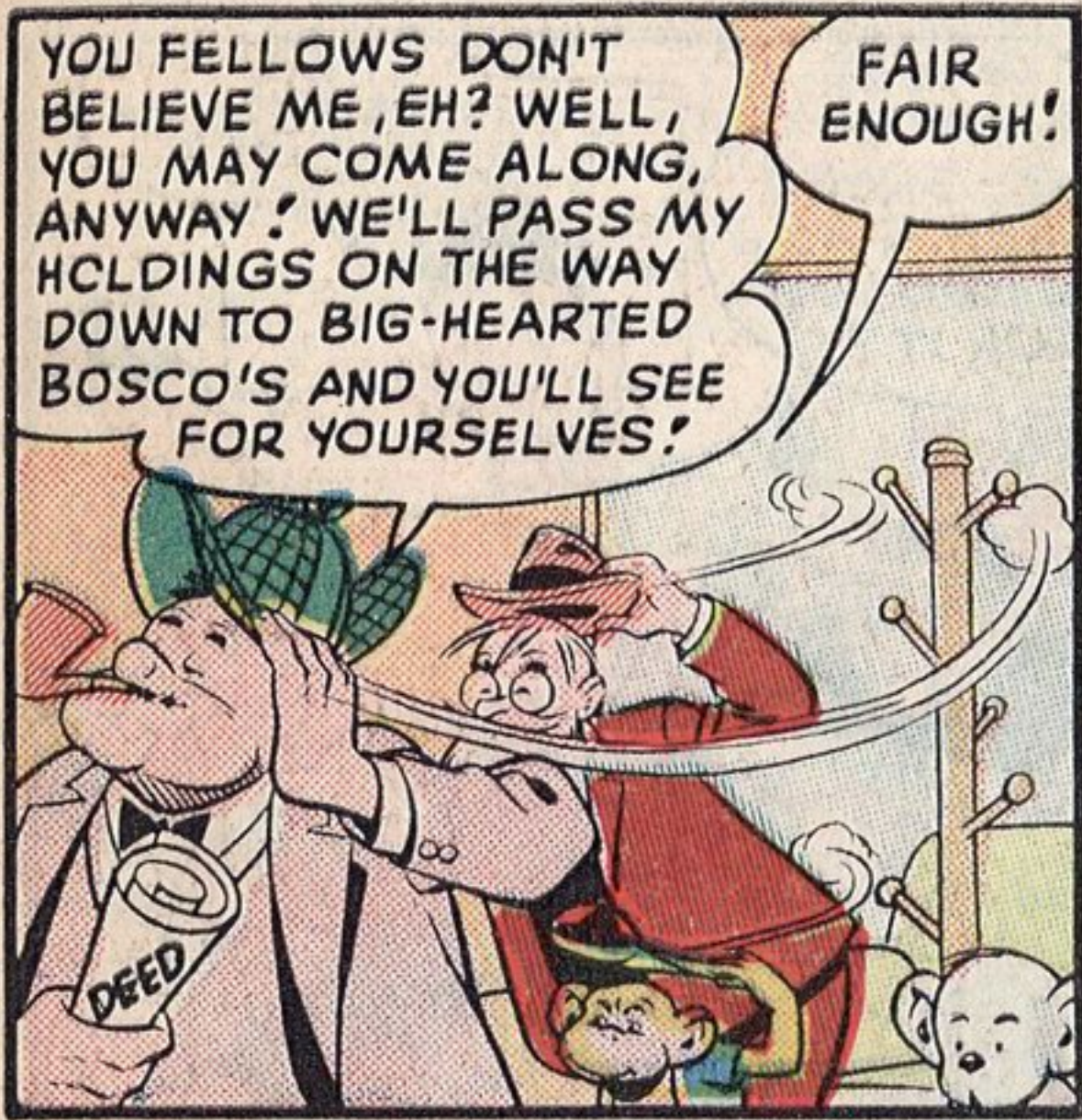
WITHIN FIVE BLOCKS OF REMY SQUARE! JUPITER! I CAN UNLOAD THAT LOT OF MINE ON BULT STREET!

OH BOY! MY LOT'S IN THAT AREA! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET ANYTHING FOR IT! NOW I'LL MAKE MONEY ON IT!



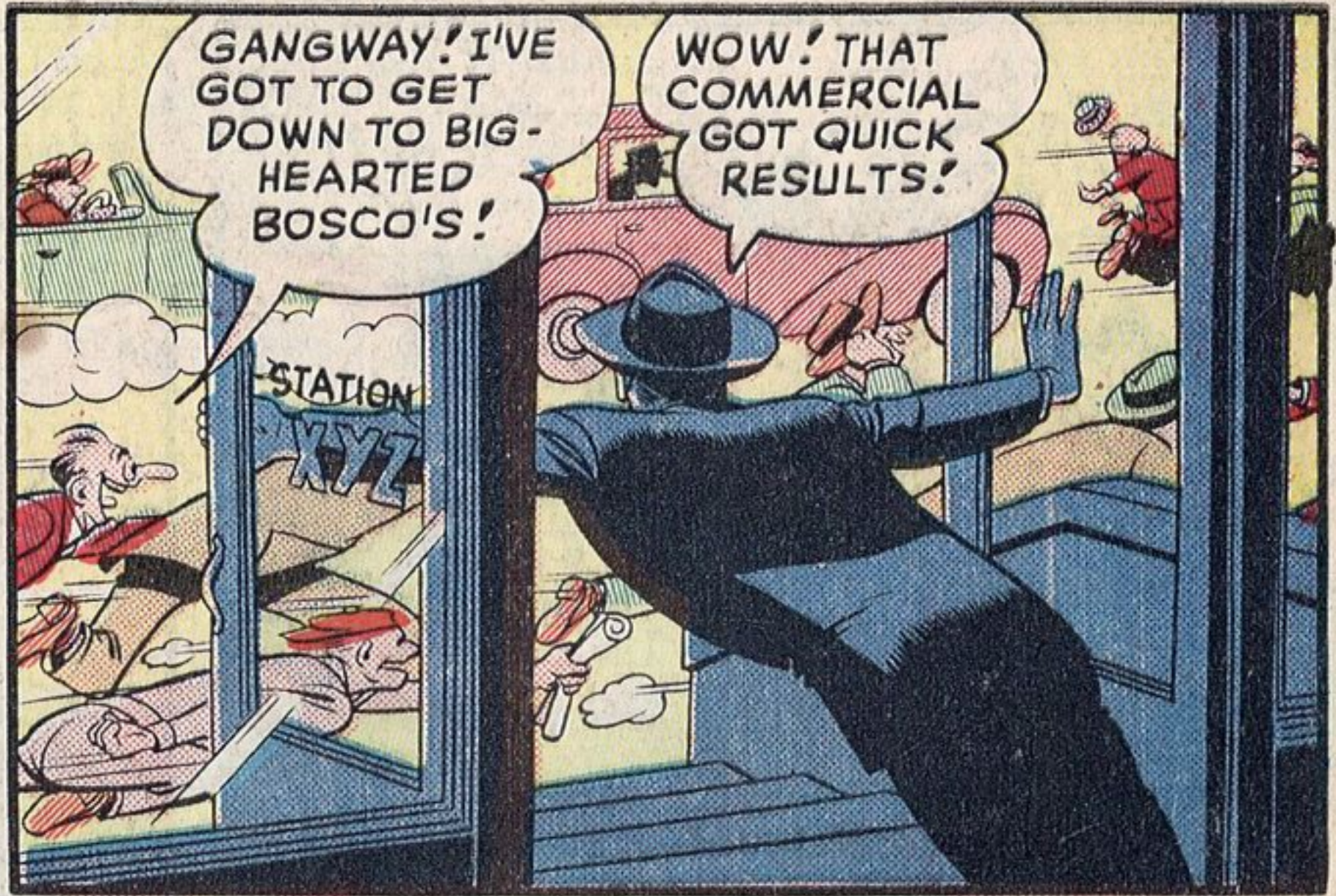
EGAD! THAT WAS DAVE ON THE AIR! HE MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT! I BELIEVE I CAN MAKE A TIDY PROFIT ON MY GREGG STREET PROPERTY!

YOU A PROPERTY OWNER? HAW! HAW!



YOU FELLOWS DON'T BELIEVE ME, EH? WELL, YOU MAY COME ALONG, ANYWAY! WE'LL PASS MY HOLDINGS ON THE WAY DOWN TO BIG-HEARTED BOSCO'S AND YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

FAIR ENOUGH!



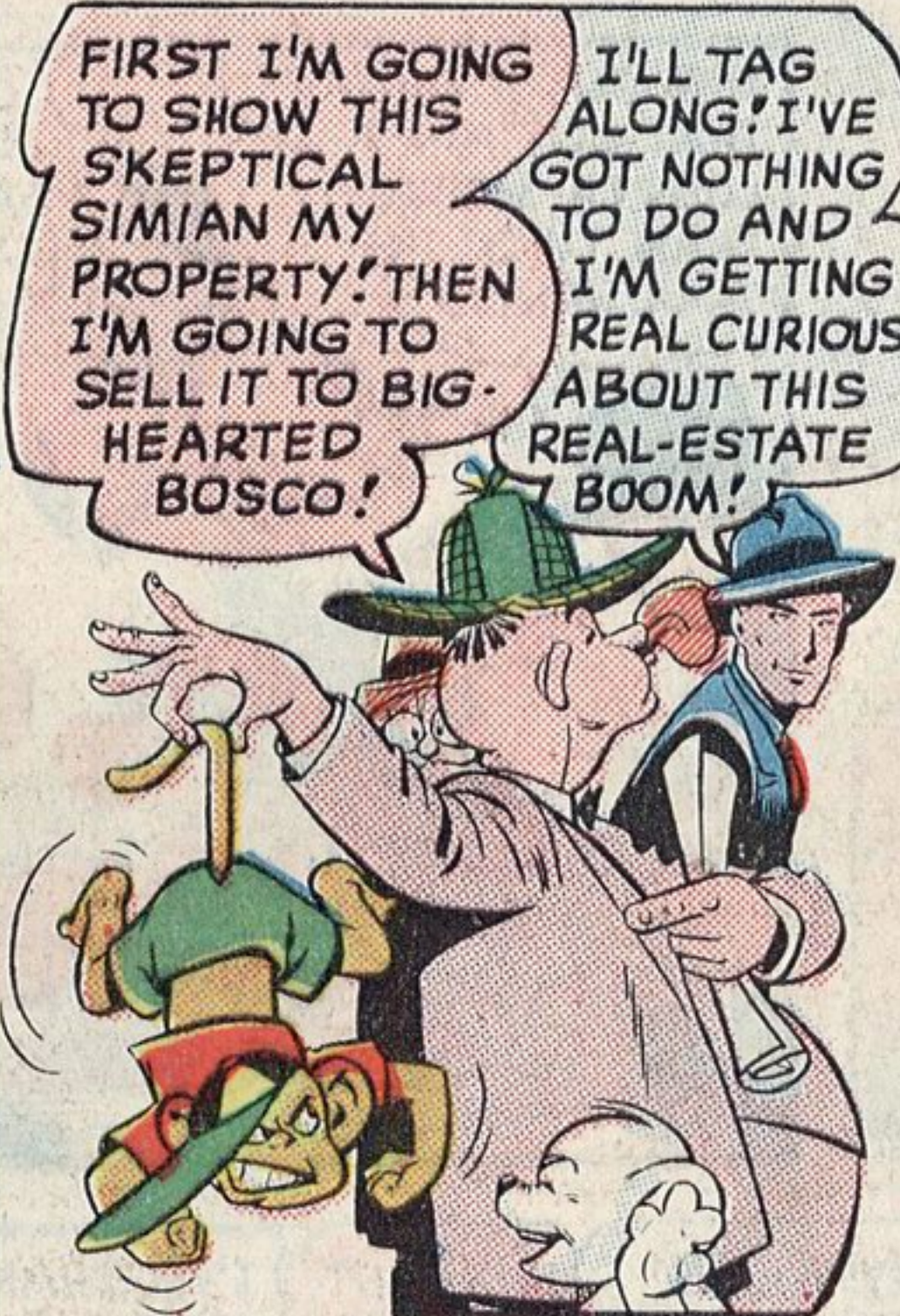
GANGWAY! I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN TO BIG-HEARTED BOSCO'S!

WOW! THAT COMMERCIAL GOT QUICK RESULTS!



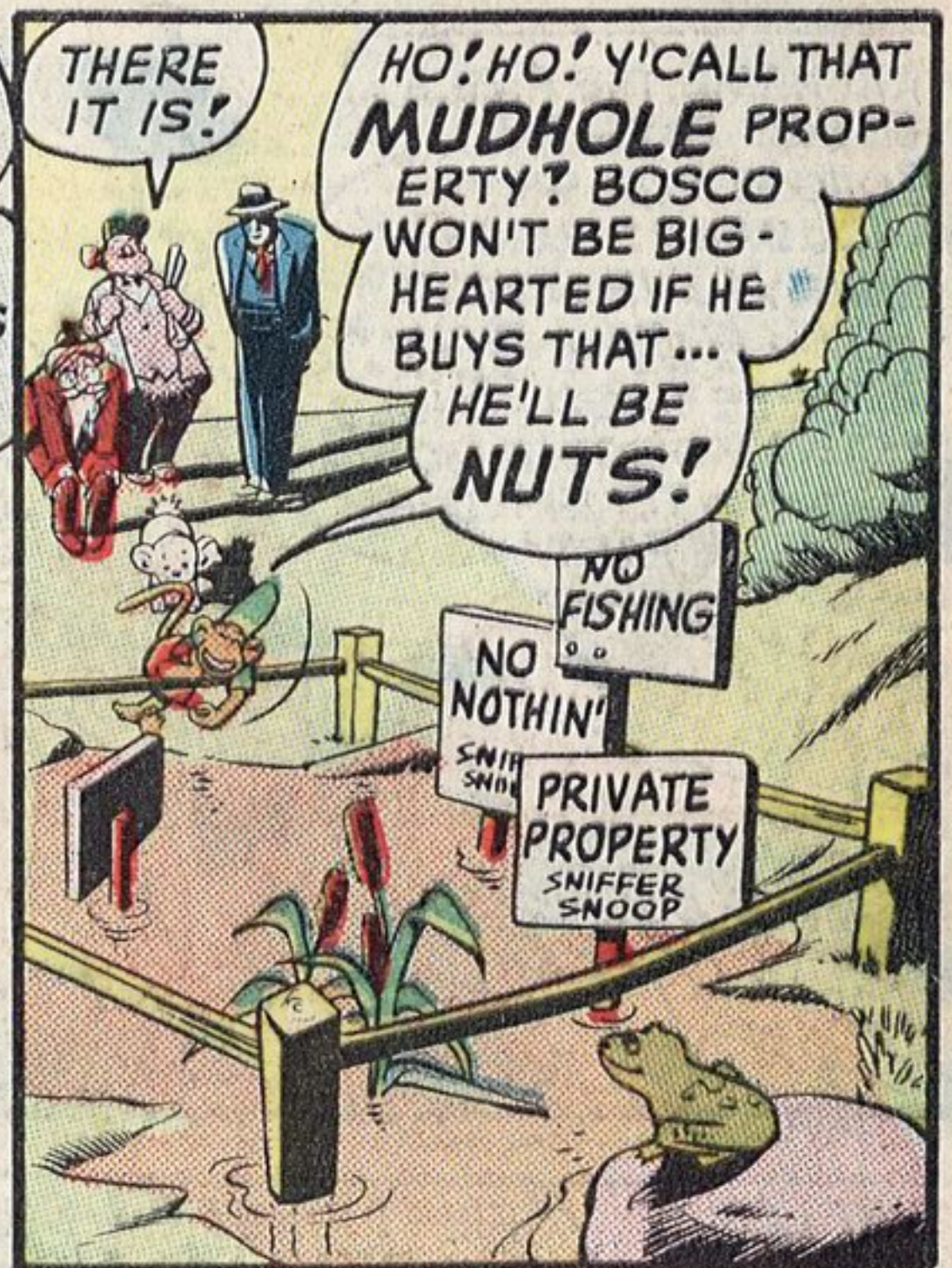
HI, DAVE! GET A LOAD OF SNIFFER! HE'S A REAL ESTATE TYCOON! HE SAYS SO HIMSELF! HAW! HAW!

WHERE ARE YOU GUYS GOING?



FIRST I'M GOING TO SHOW THIS SKEPTICAL SIMIAN MY PROPERTY! THEN I'M GOING TO SELL IT TO BIG-HEARTED BOSCO!

I'LL TAG ALONG! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO AND I'M GETTING REAL CURIOUS ABOUT THIS REAL-ESTATE BOOM!



THERE IT IS!

HO! HO! Y'CALL THAT MUDHOLE PROPERTY? BOSCO WON'T BE BIG-HEARTED IF HE BUYS THAT... HE'LL BE NUTS!



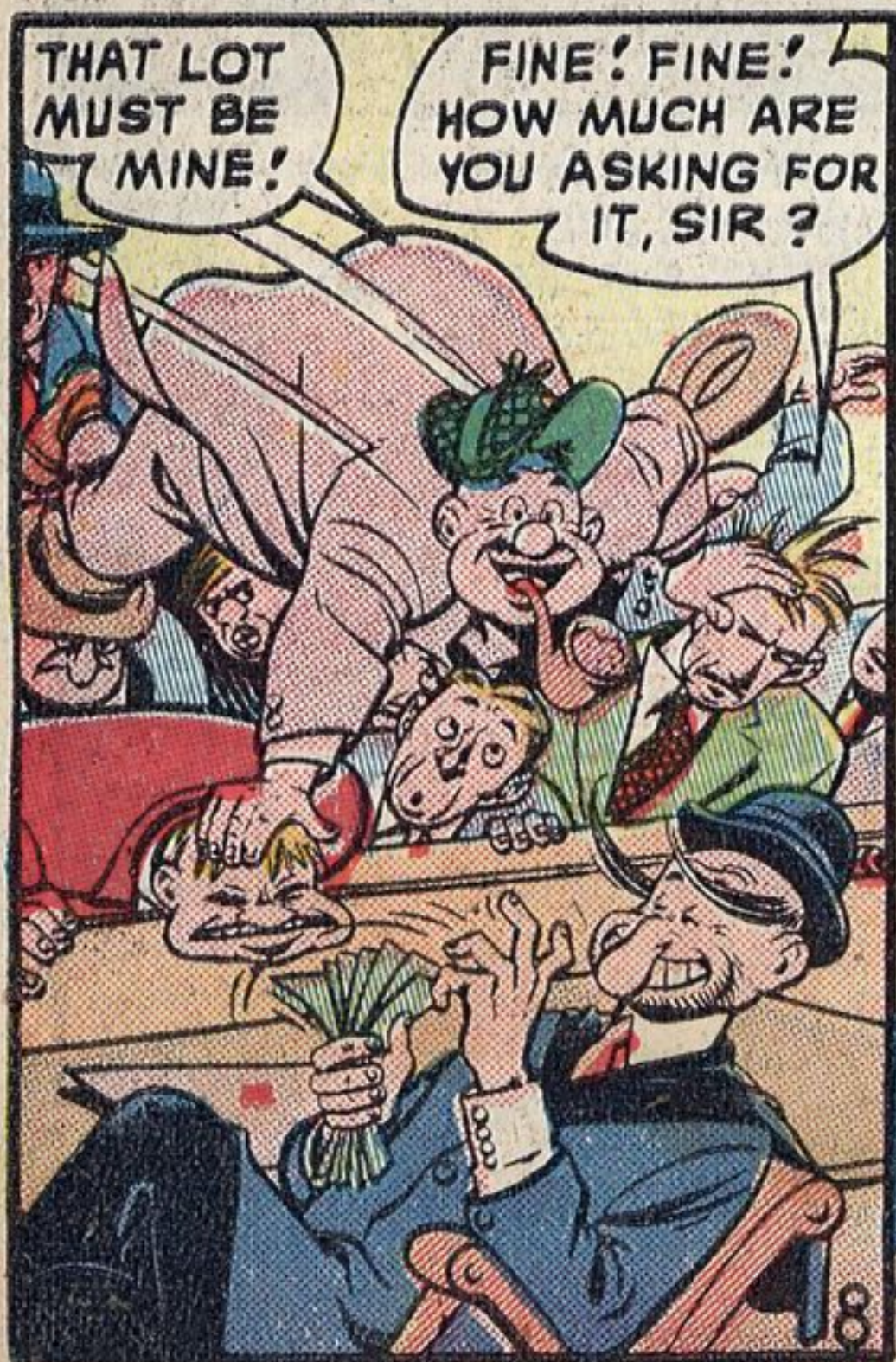
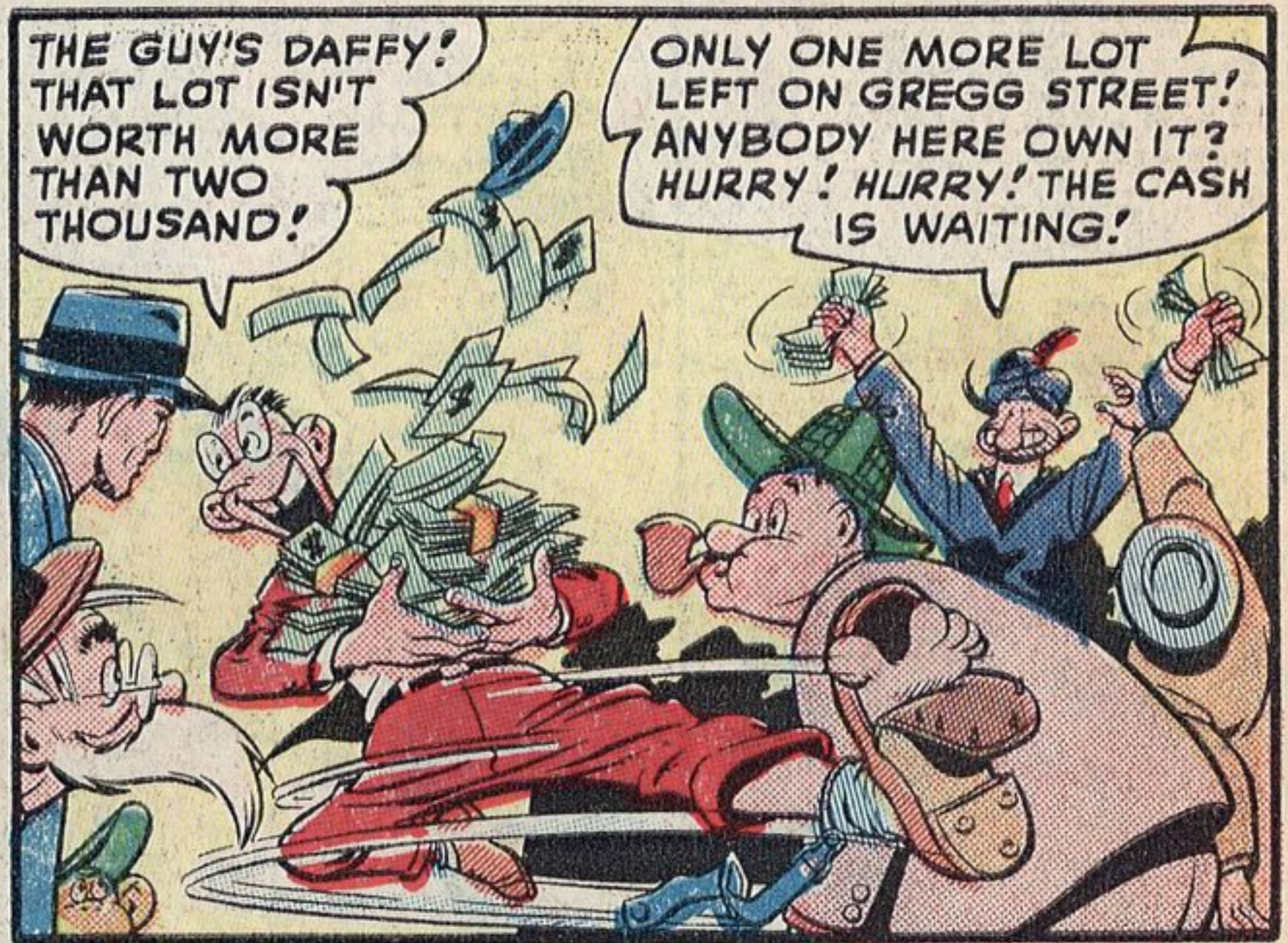
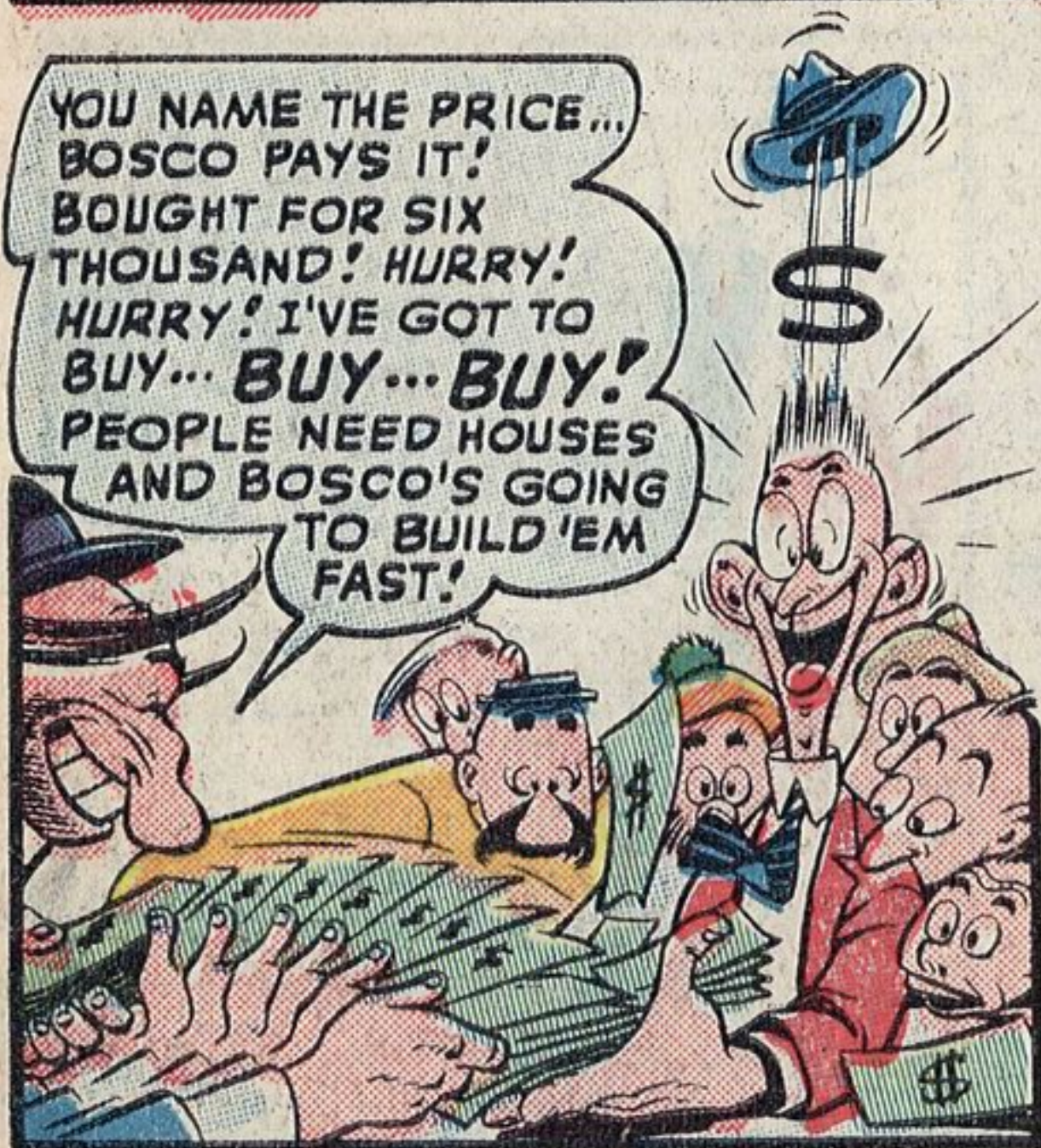
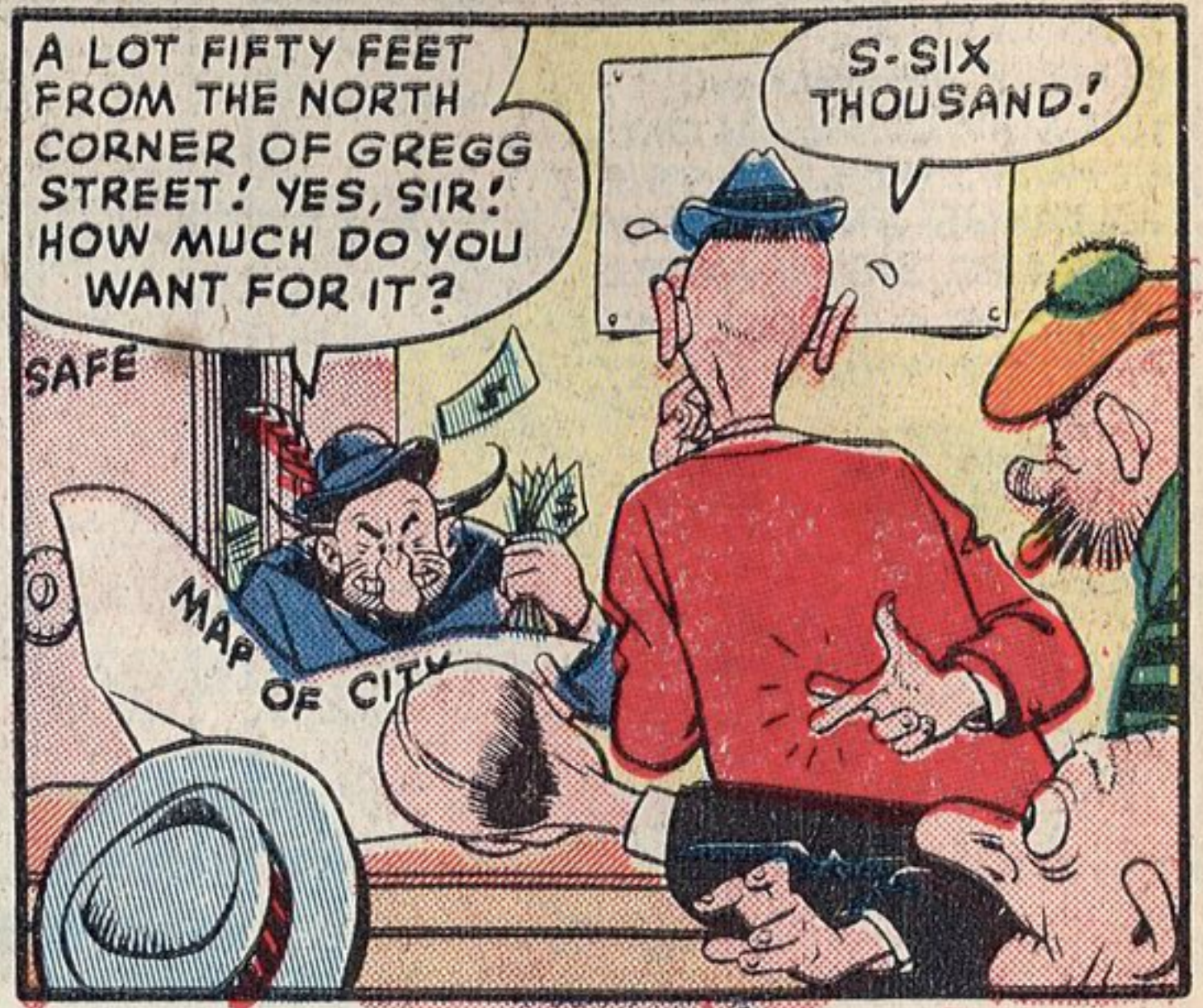
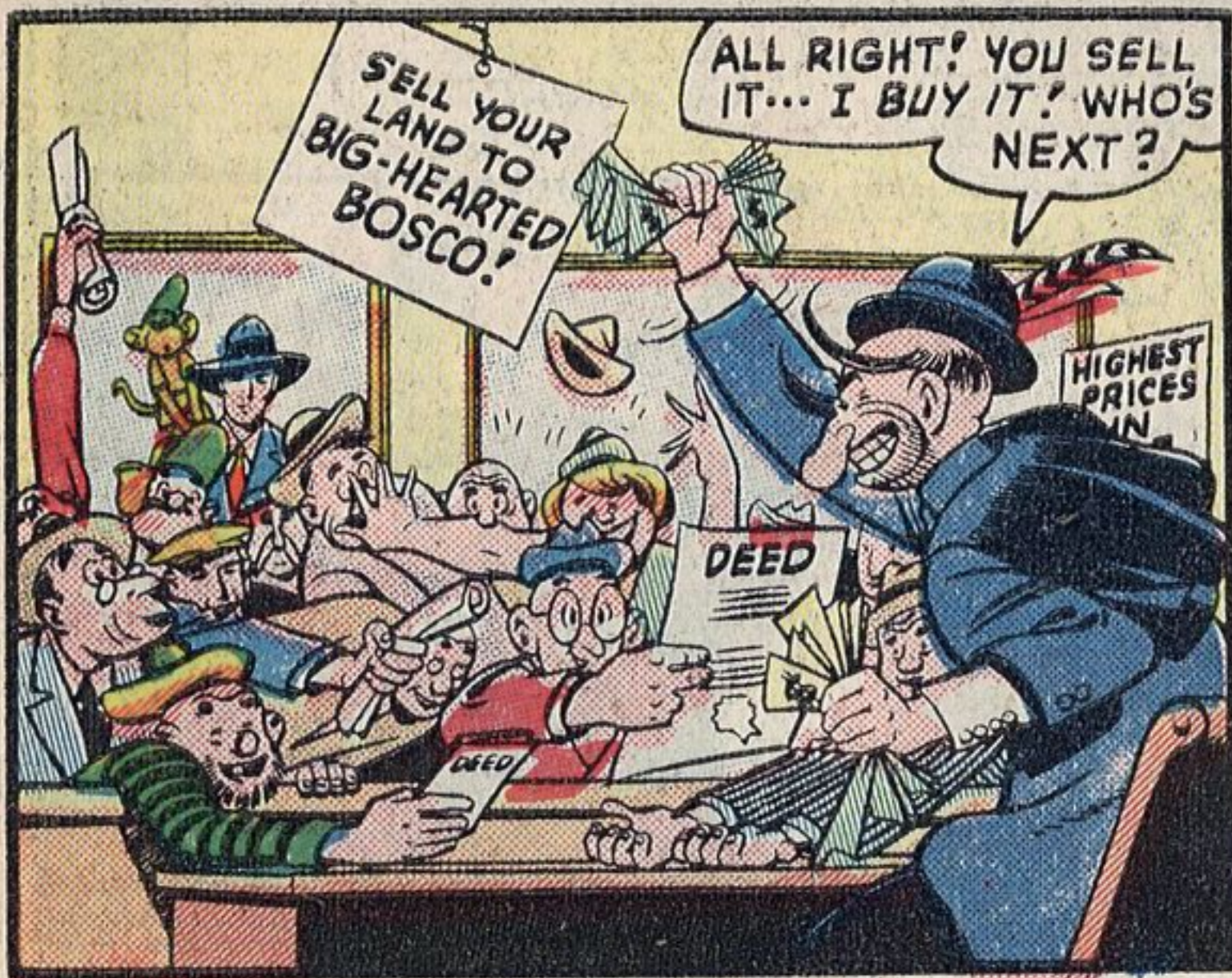
MUDHOLE?



THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE PROPERTY IS WITHIN THE FIVE-BLOCK RADIUS SPECIFIED IN THE BROADCAST! BOSCO WILL BUY IT, OR I MISS MY GUESS!

WHEW! IT'LL BE A TIGHT SQUEEZE JUST TO GET IN THE OFFICE!

BIG-HEARTED BOSCO THE RIGHTEOUS REALTOR





DAVE... TEN THOUSAND... MIGOSH!

EASY, SNIFFER! I'VE GOT A GOOD REASON!



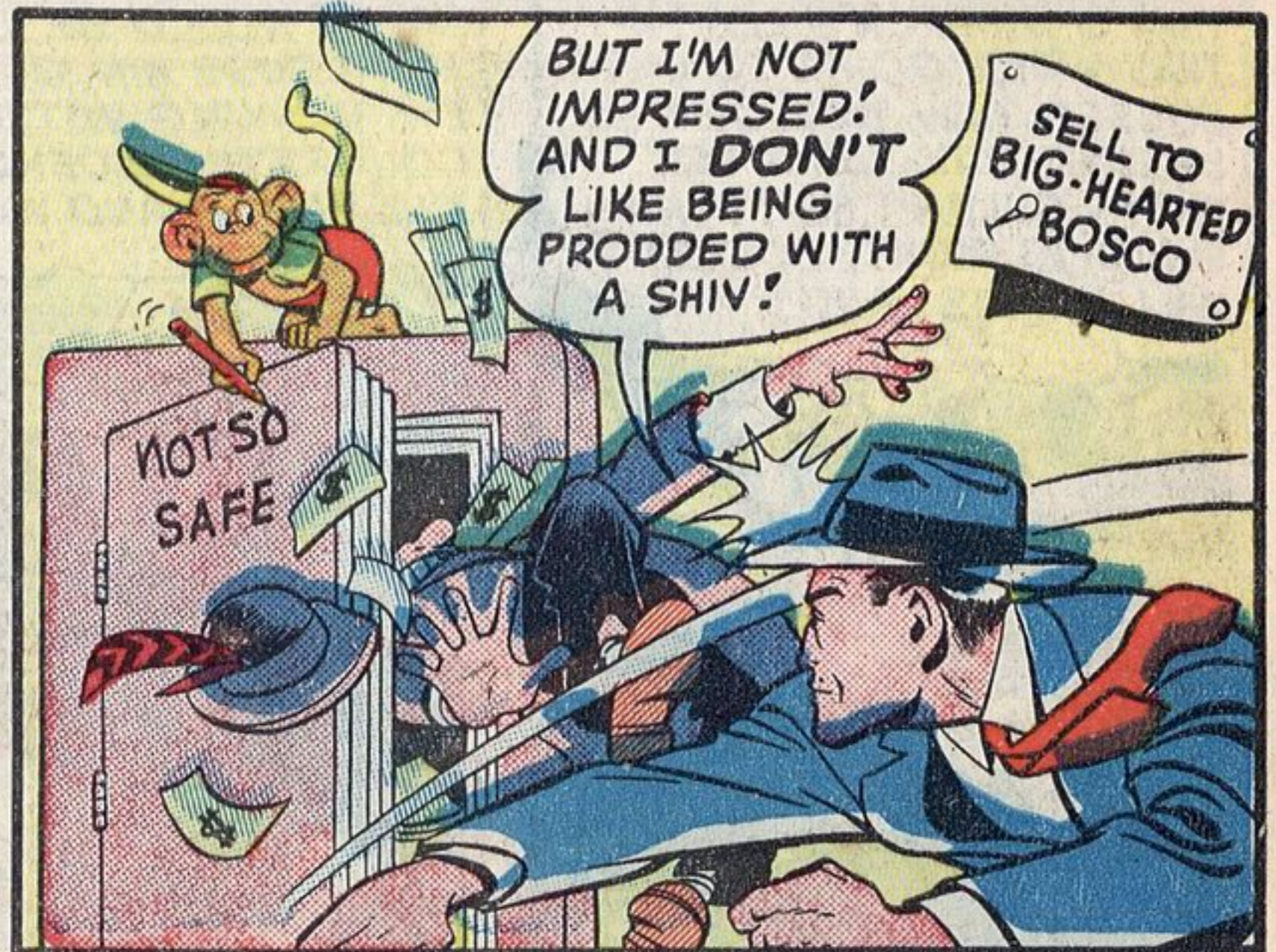
DRAT THESE HANGNAILS! SILLY OF YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, MY DEAR MAN! WHY, I'LL UP THE PRICE TO ELEVEN THOUSAND!

FORGET IT, BOSCO! HE'S DECIDED TO KEEP THE PROPERTY FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS!



SCRAM, CHUM! I'LL TALK BUSINESS WITH THE OWNER AND I DON'T WANT YOUR INTERFERENCE!

YOU'RE MAKING QUITE A POINT OF IT!



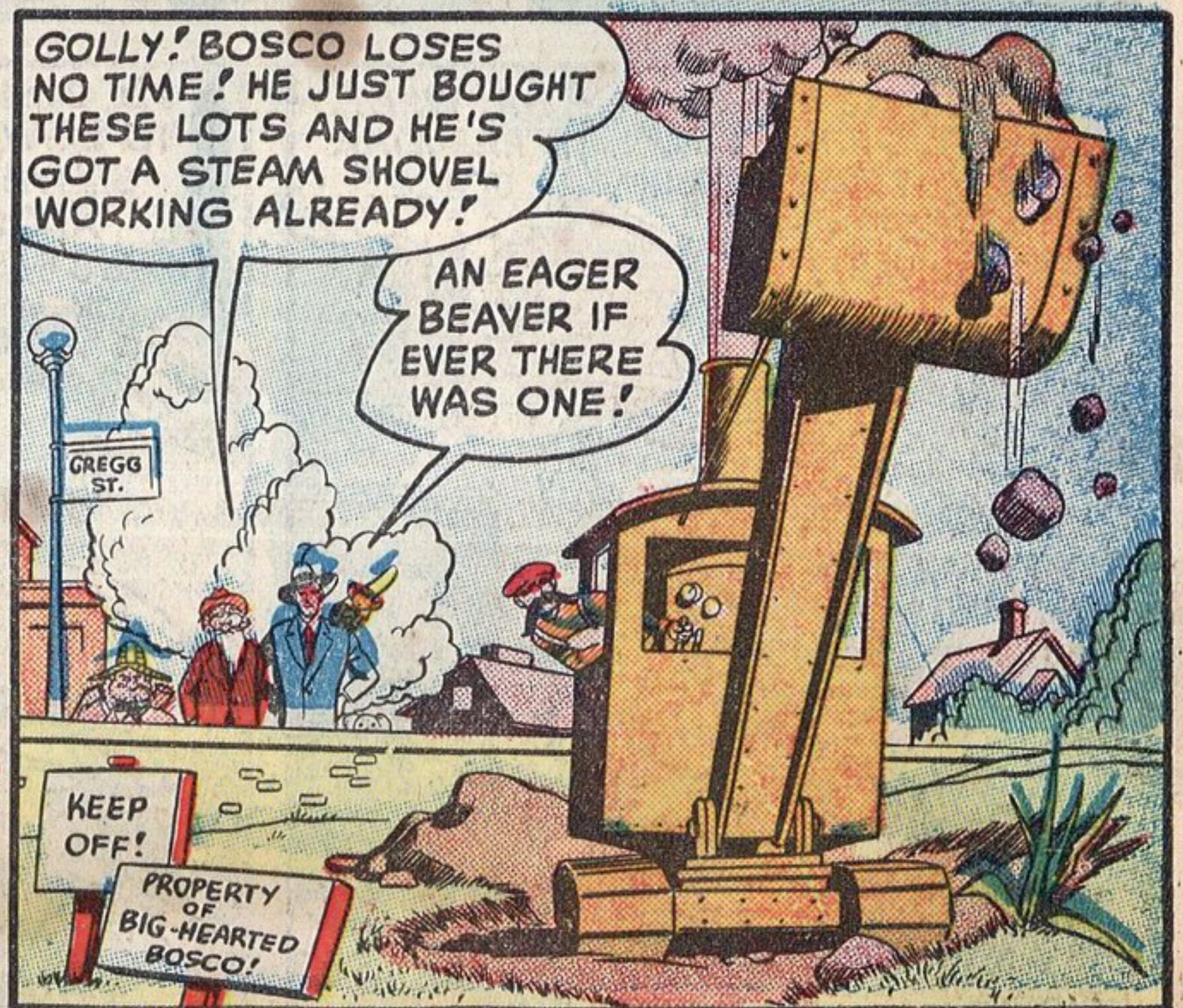
BUT I'M NOT IMPRESSED! AND I DON'T LIKE BEING PRODDED WITH A SHIV!

SELL TO BIG-HEARTED BOSCO



BUT DAVE, I DON'T GET IT! I COULD HAVE HAD ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE LOT!

I THINK BY TOMORROW I'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE IT WAS A GOOD IDEA NOT TO SELL!



GOLLY! BOSCO LOSES NO TIME! HE JUST BOUGHT THESE LOTS AND HE'S GOT A STEAM SHOVEL WORKING ALREADY!

AN EAGER BEAVER IF EVER THERE WAS ONE!

KEEP OFF! PROPERTY OF BIG-HEARTED BOSCO!

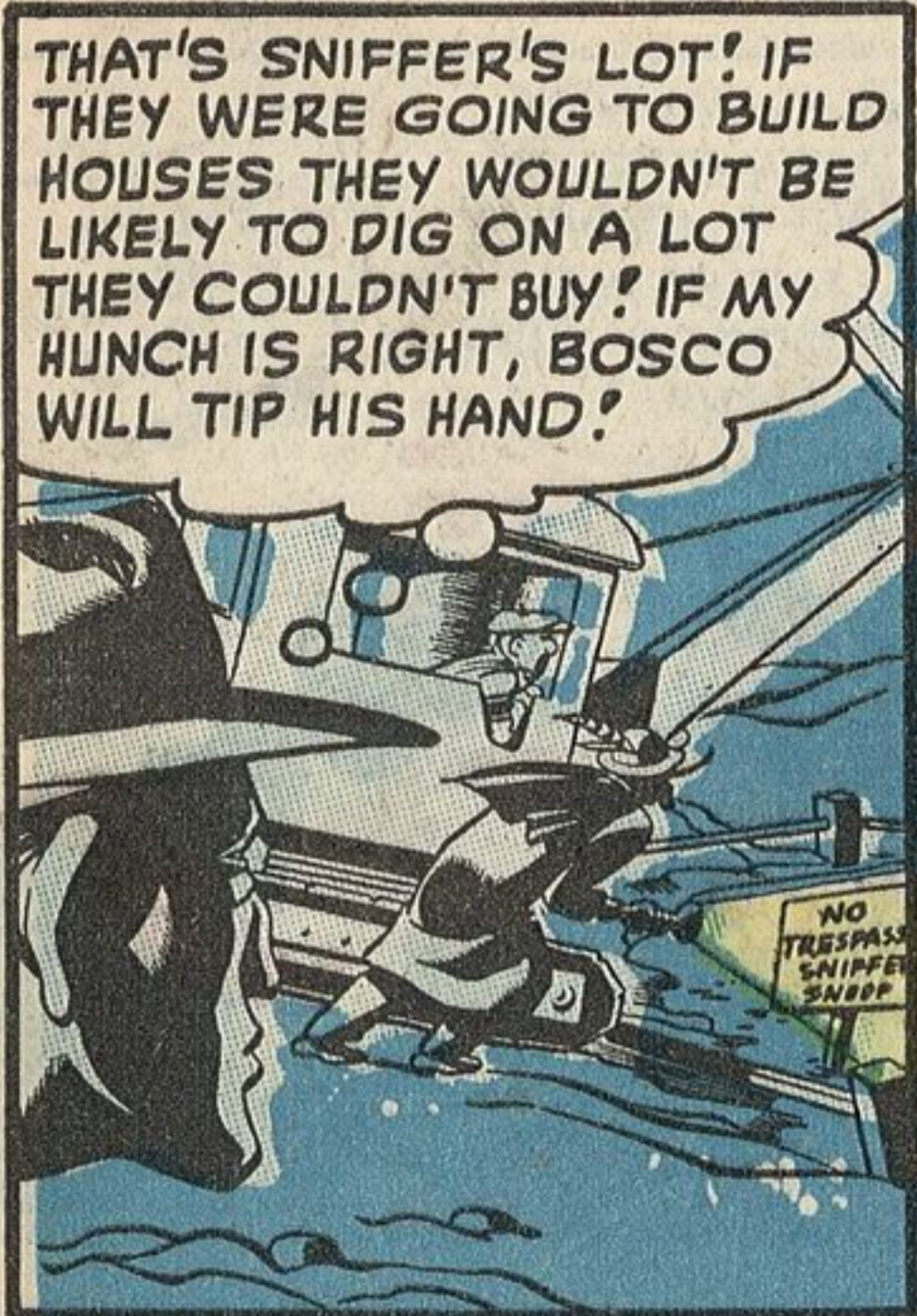


That night Dave Clark becomes MIDNIGHT again...

WORKING NIGHTS, TOO!



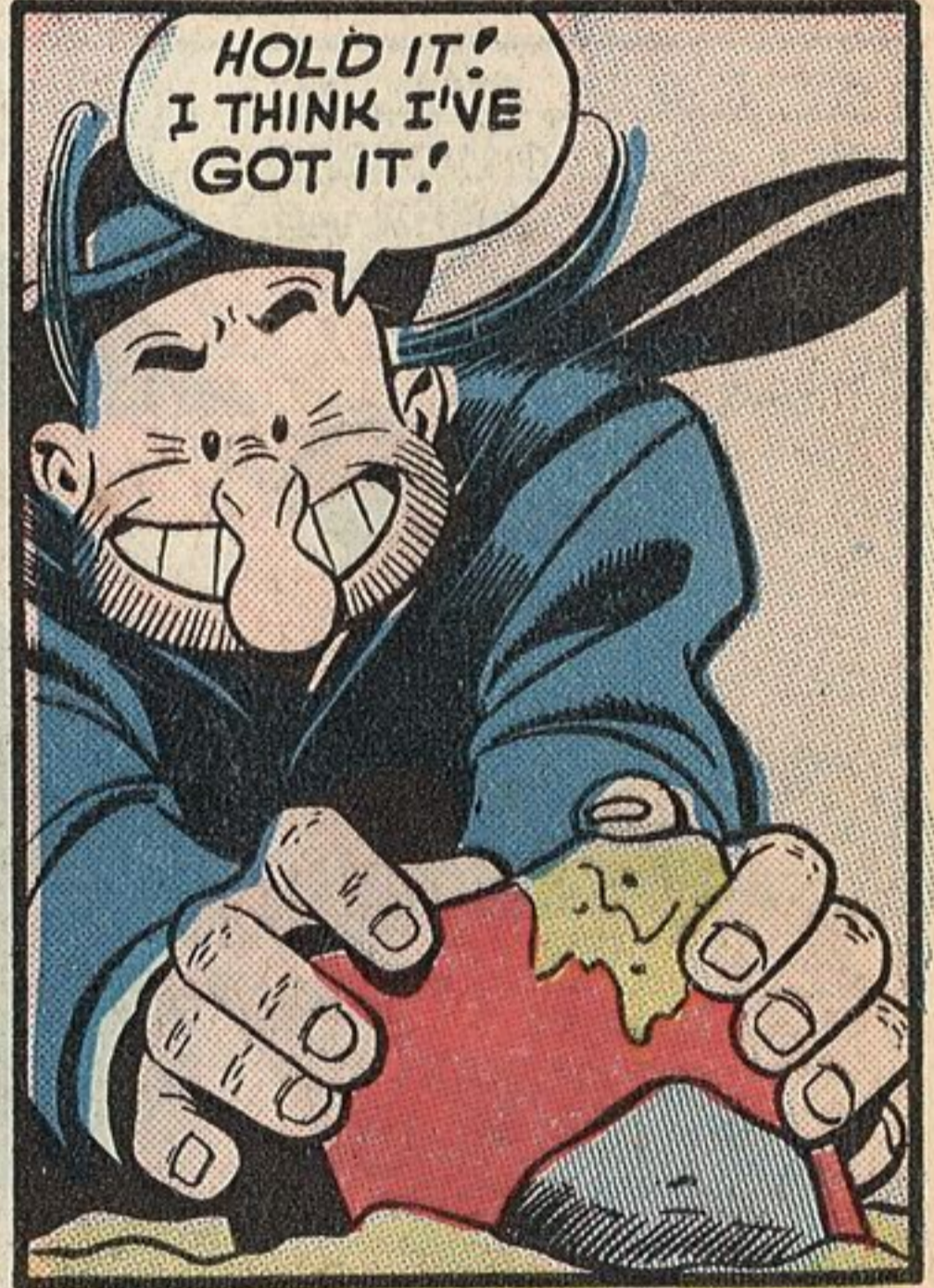
THAT'S ENOUGH HERE! LET'S WORK ON THE NEXT LOT!



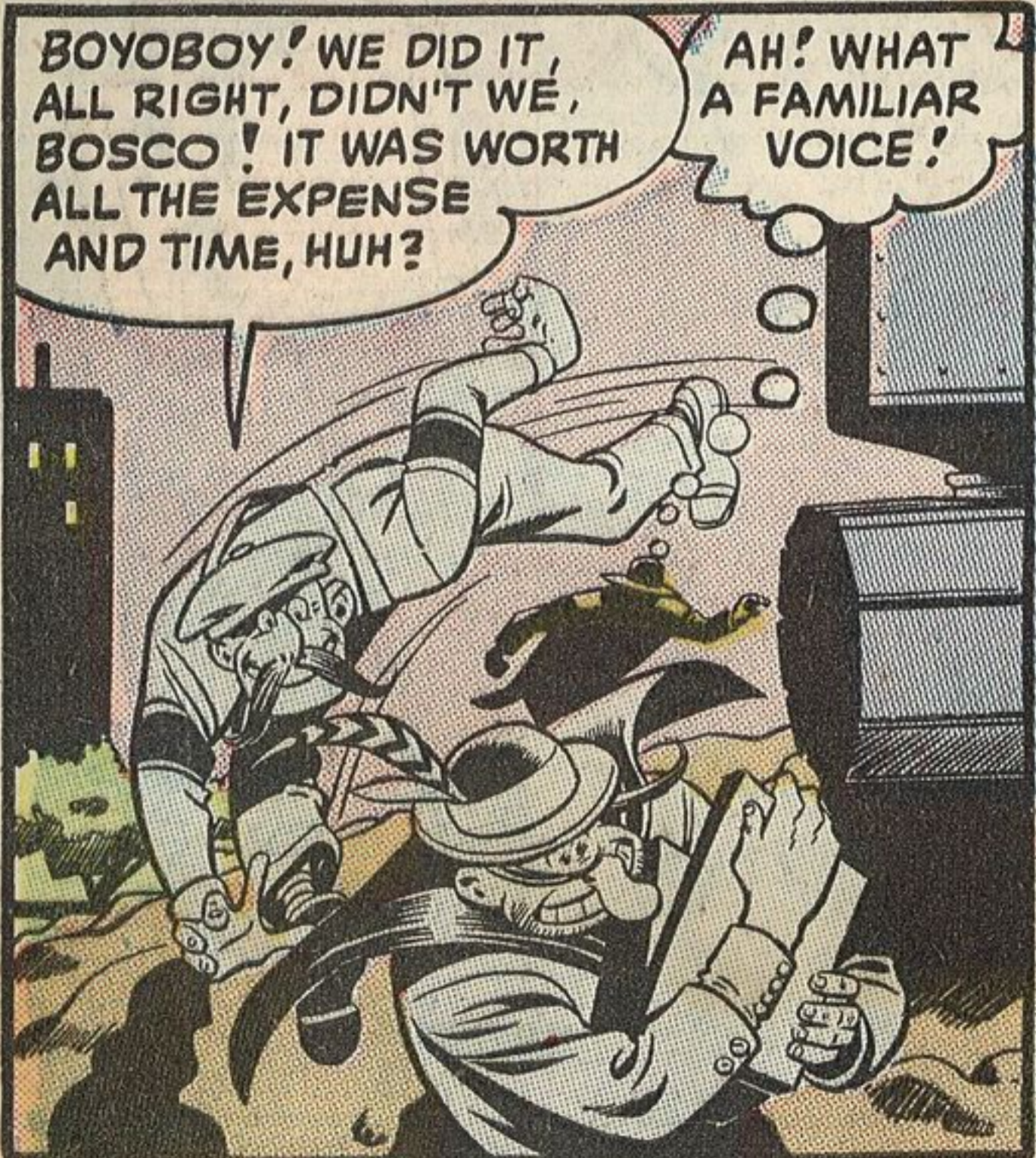
THAT'S SNIFFER'S LOT! IF THEY WERE GOING TO BUILD HOUSES THEY WOULDN'T BE LIKELY TO DIG ON A LOT THEY COULDN'T BUY! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, BOSCO WILL TIP HIS HAND!



BUT IT WOULD BE SILLY TO ACCUSE HIM OF WHAT I'M THINKING, WITHOUT CONCRETE EVIDENCE! I'LL WATCH AND WAIT!

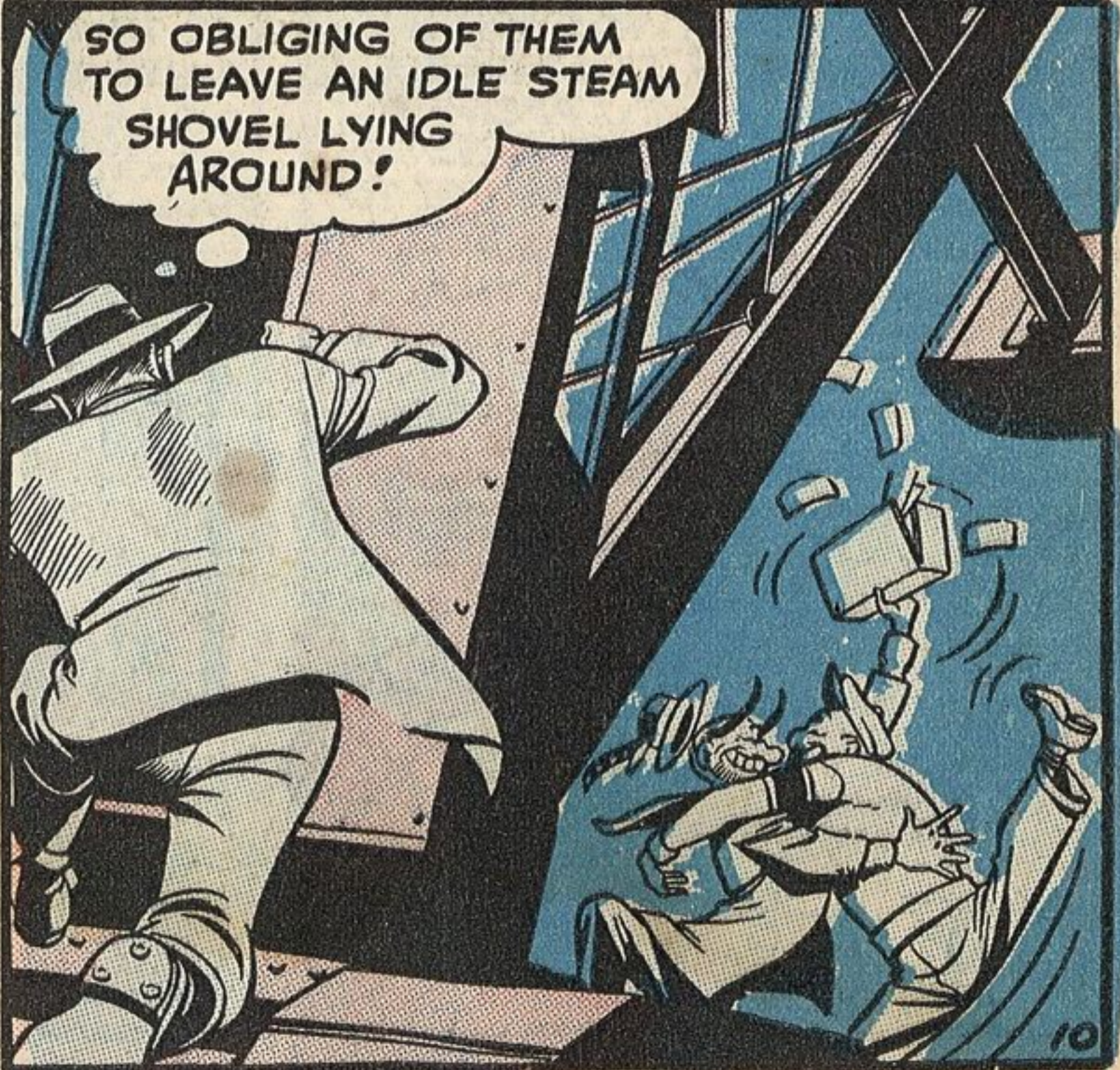


HOLD IT! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

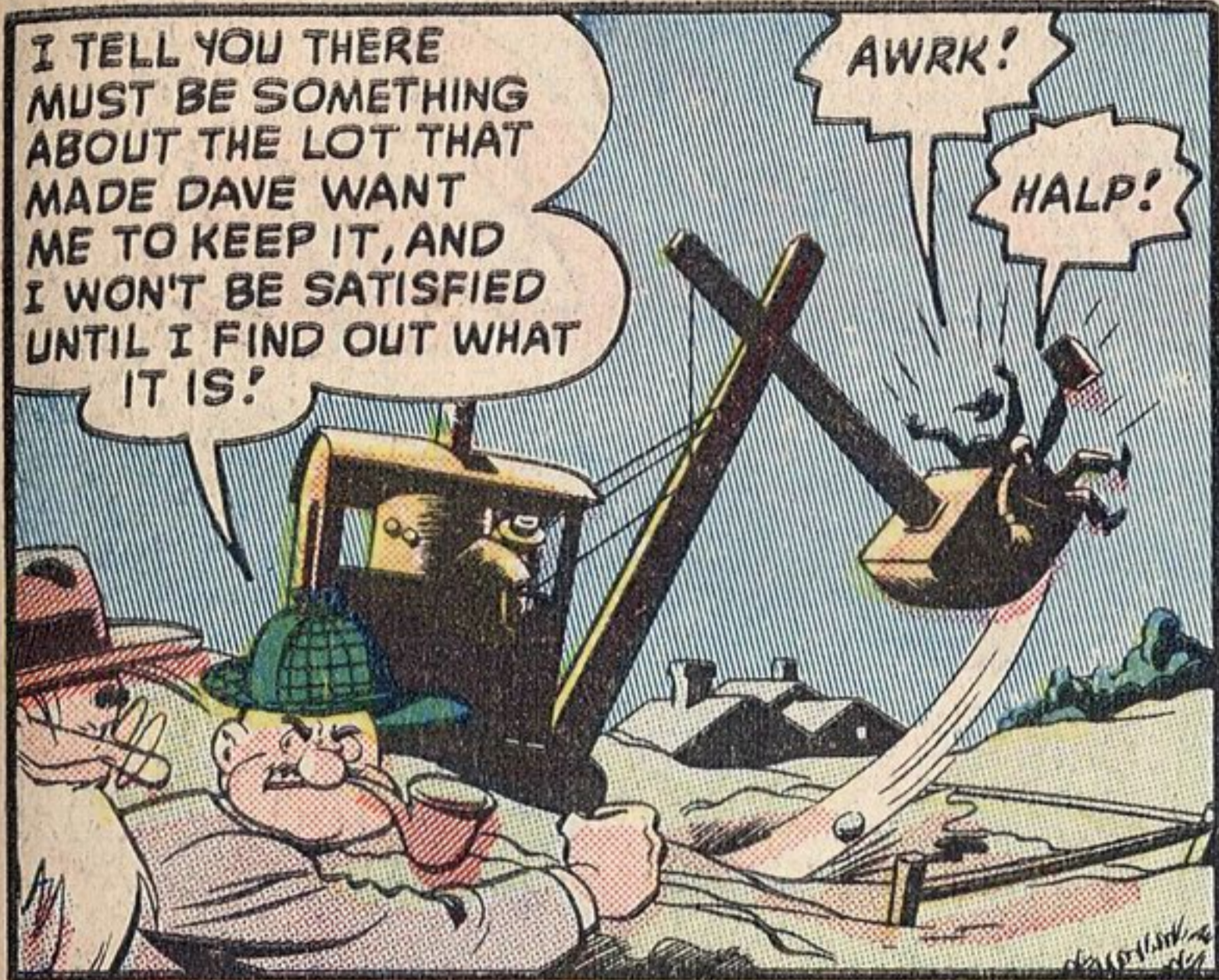


BOYBOY! WE DID IT, ALL RIGHT, DIDN'T WE, BOSCO! IT WAS WORTH ALL THE EXPENSE AND TIME, HUH?

AH! WHAT A FAMILIAR VOICE!



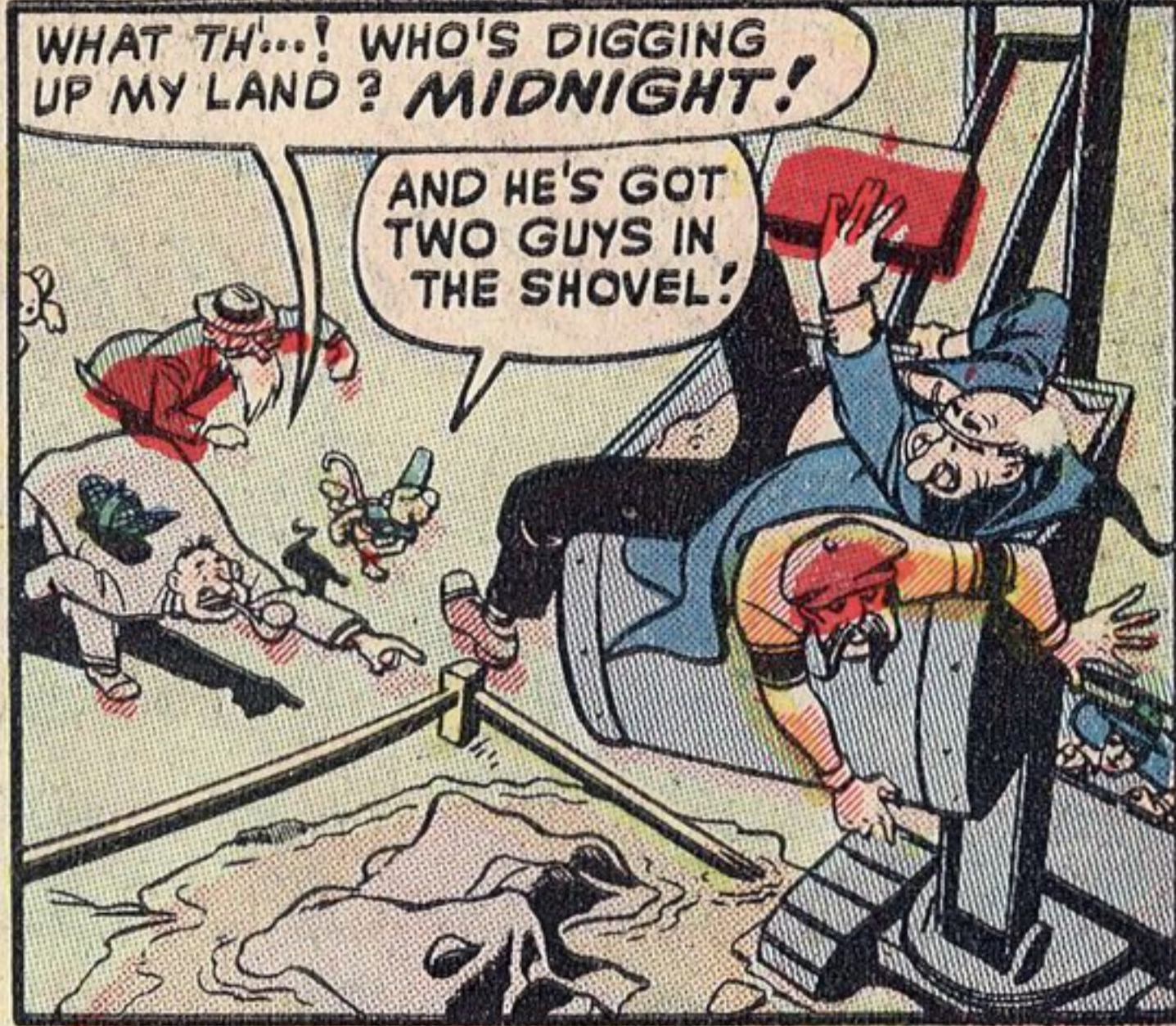
SO OBLIGING OF THEM TO LEAVE AN IDLE STEAM SHOVEL LYING AROUND!



I TELL YOU THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ABOUT THE LOT THAT MADE DAVE WANT ME TO KEEP IT, AND I WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

AWRK!

HALP!



WHAT TH...! WHO'S DIGGING UP MY LAND? MIDNIGHT!

AND HE'S GOT TWO GUYS IN THE SHOVEL!



STAND BACK, GANG! SOME FRIENDS OF OURS ARE COMING DOWN IN A SHOWER OF DIRT AND GREENBACKS!



THEY'RE NOT HURT... JUST STUNNED ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM DREAMING UP ANY LIES ABOUT THAT ARMORED CAR LOOT!



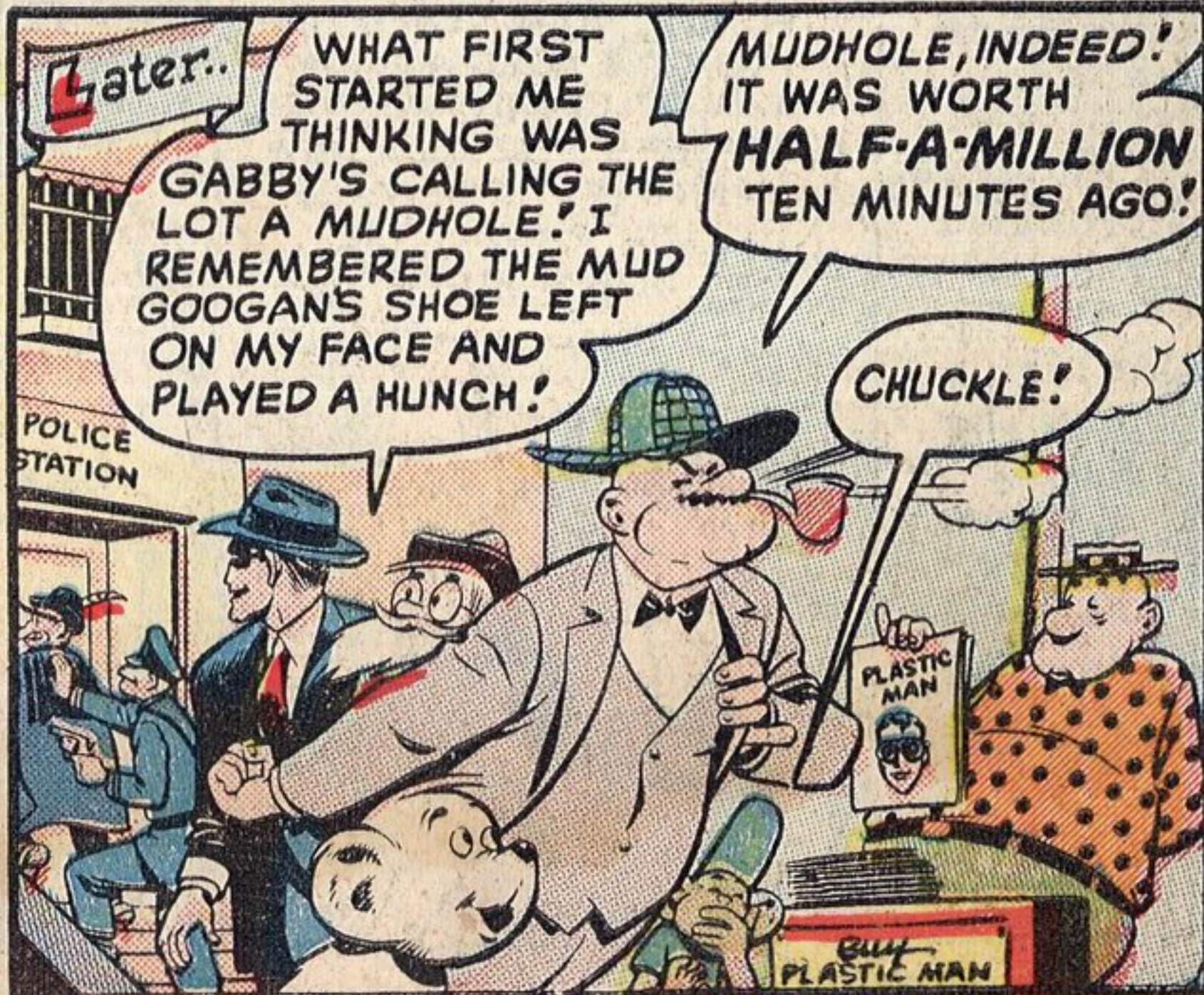
MR. GOOGAN! JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU WEREN'T LYING WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU'D FORGOTTEN WHERE YOU HID THE MONEY!

YEAH, IT WAS DARK! I COULDN'T REMEMBER JUST WHERE THE SPOT WAS!



AND I FIGURE YOU'RE THE GUY WHO HAULED GOOGAN OUT OF THE STUDIO WHEN I WAS GRILLING HIM! SINCE HE'D FORGOTTEN WHERE HE HID THE MONEY YOU DECIDED TO DIG FOR IT!

SURE! SURE! GOOGAN REMEMBERED THE GENERAL VICINITY BUT I KNEW IT WOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION IF WE DUG ON LAND WE DIDN'T OWN! SO I GOT THE REAL ESTATE IDEA!



Later..

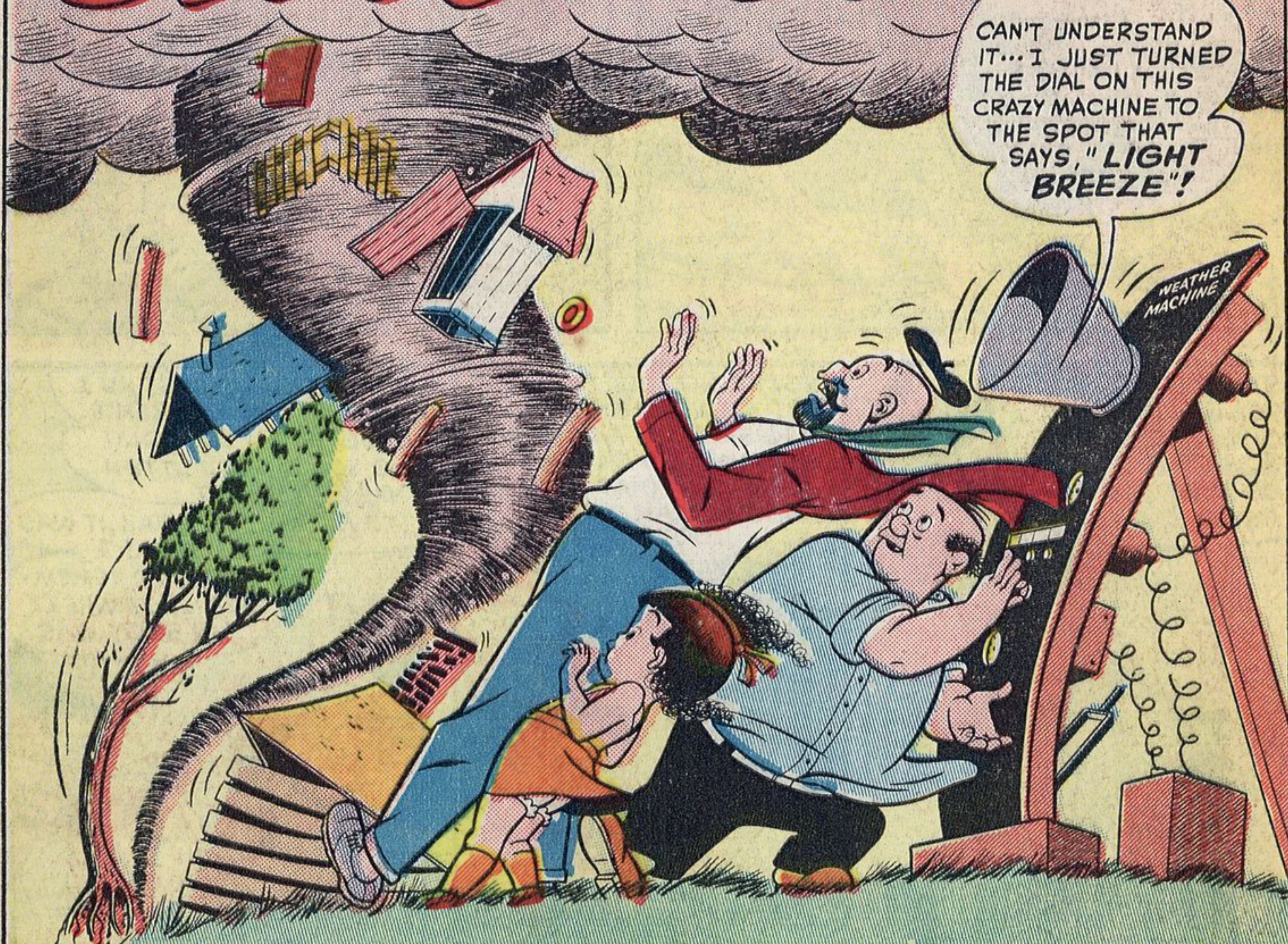
WHAT FIRST STARTED ME THINKING WAS GABBY'S CALLING THE LOT A MUDHOLE! I REMEMBERED THE MUD GOOGAN'S SHOE LEFT ON MY FACE AND PLAYED A HUNCH!

MUDHOLE, INDEED! IT WAS WORTH HALF-A-MILLION TEN MINUTES AGO!

CHUCKLE!

Citronella

by
Gill
Fox



CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... I JUST TURNED THE DIAL ON THIS CRAZY MACHINE TO THE SPOT THAT SAYS, "LIGHT BREEZE"!

Though her father has a reputation for blunders, Citronella is still trying to get him a job in the movie studio where she has top billing as a child star...

FOR YOUR SAKE, CIT, I'LL FORGET YOUR POP'S MISTAKES! I NEED A PROP MAN TO CREATE WEATHER EFFECTS FOR YOUR NEW PICTURE, "THE LITTLE HUNTRESS"! THE JOB'S HIS!

GOSH! THANKS AGAIN, MR. FLICK!



Later...

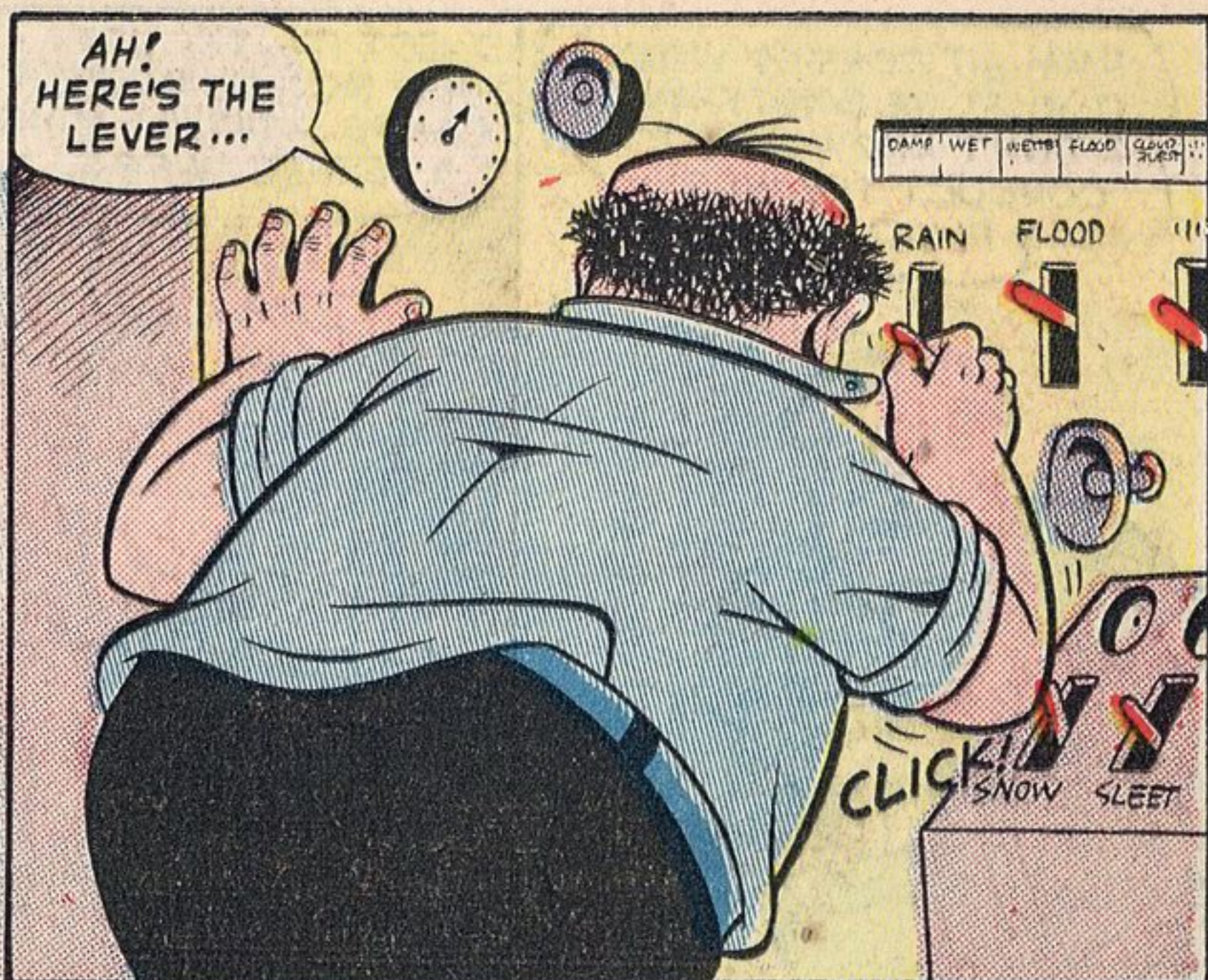
OKAY, CITRONELLA... WE'RE READY FOR THE TROPICAL RAINY SEASON SCENE! YOU EMOTE SADNESS AND START ACROSS THE JUNGLE SET!

HERE I GO!



READY, PROP MAN? GIVE ME RAIN!

RAIN?

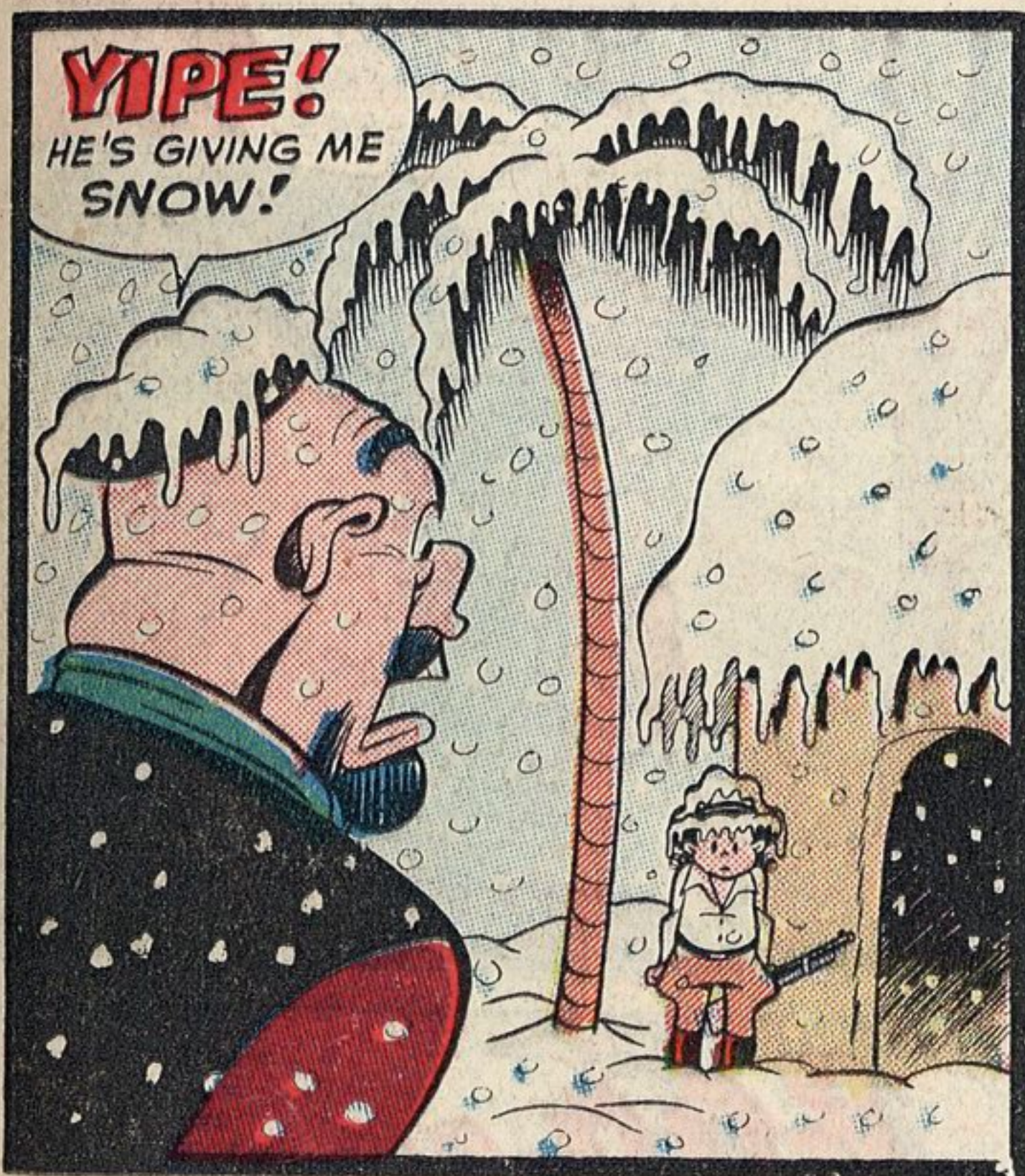


AH! HERE'S THE LEVER...

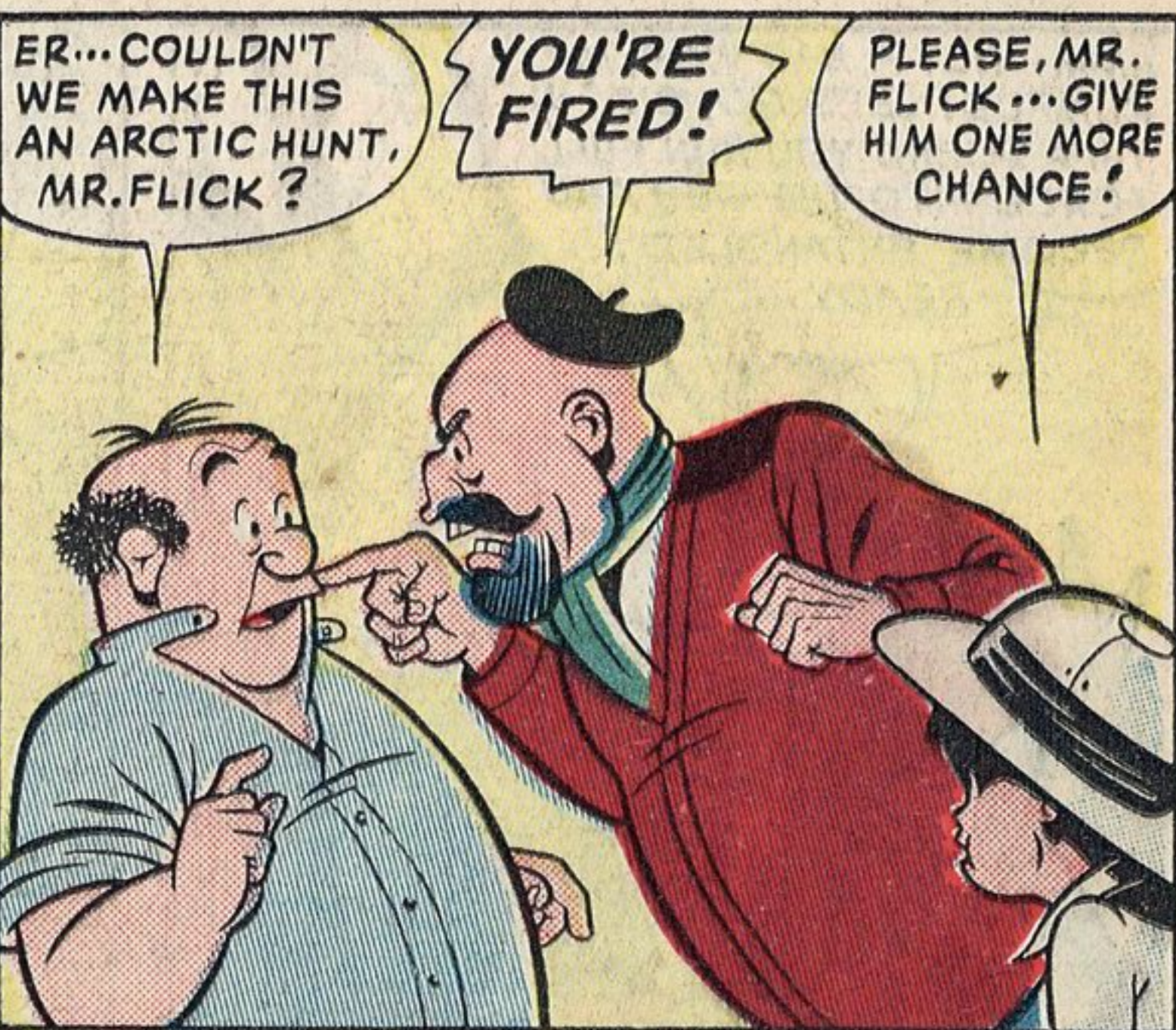
DAMP WET WETTER FLOOD CLOUDY SUNNY

RAIN FLOOD

CLICK! SNOW SLEET



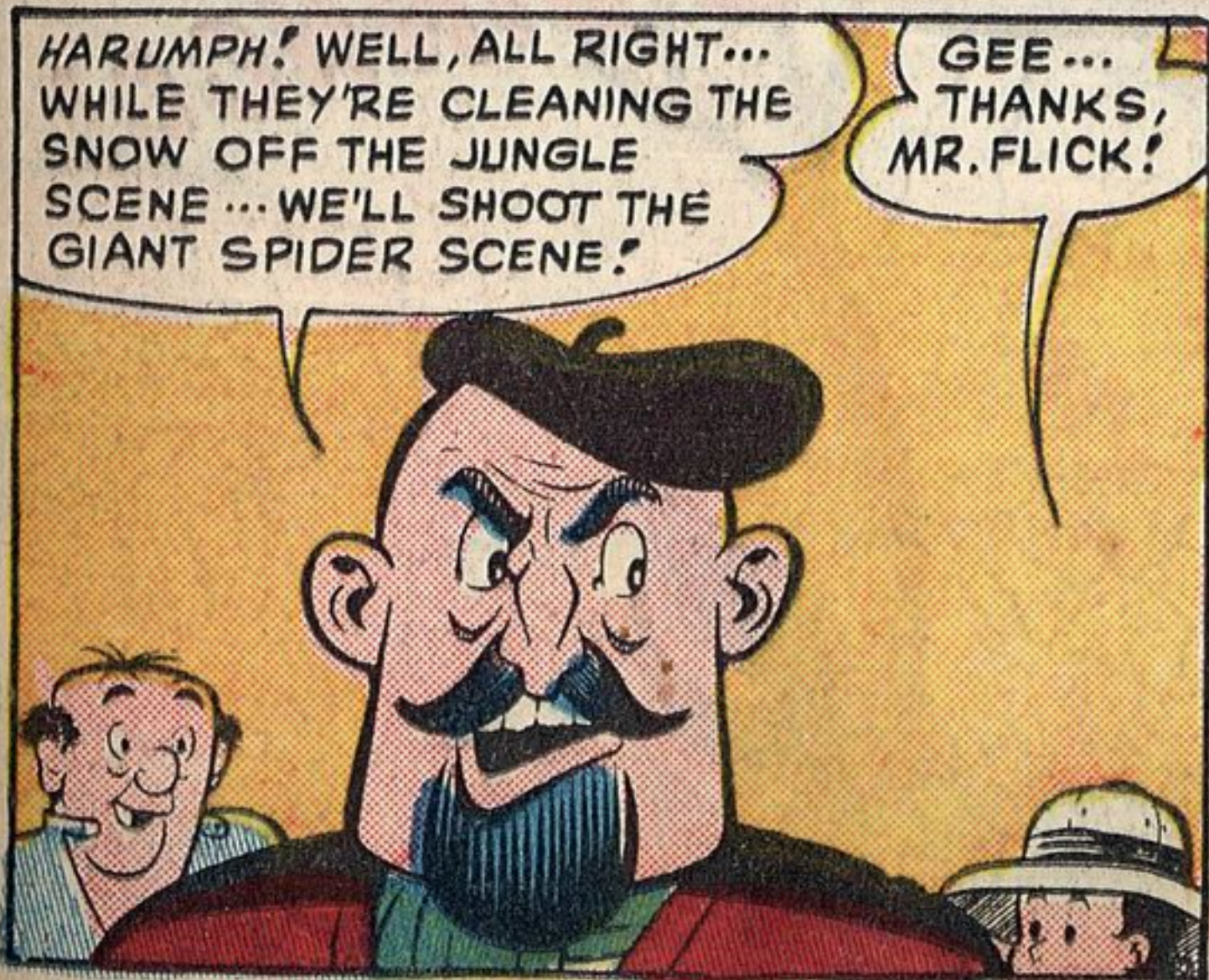
YIPE! HE'S GIVING ME SNOW!



ER... COULDN'T WE MAKE THIS AN ARCTIC HUNT, MR. FLICK?

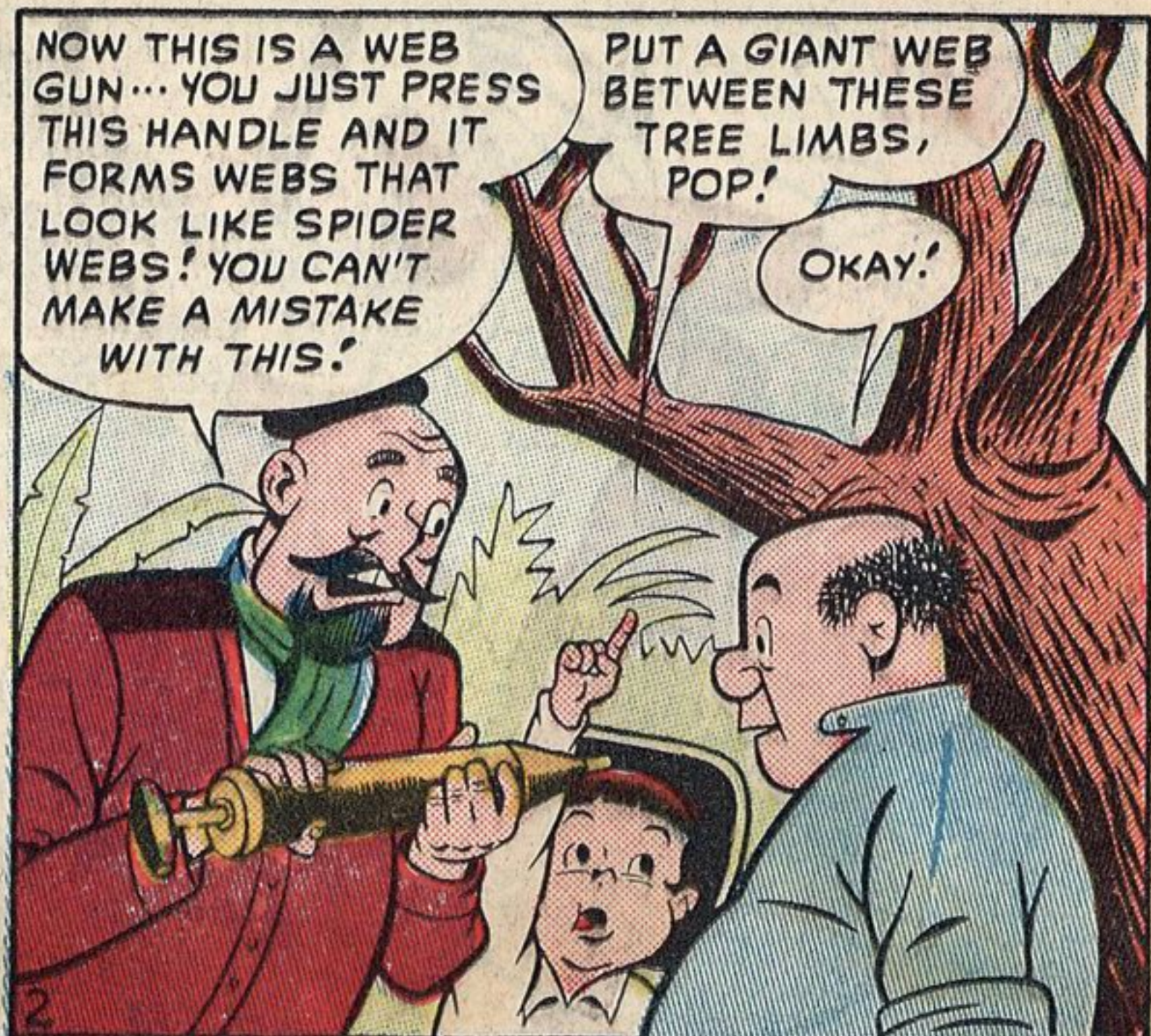
YOU'RE FIRED!

PLEASE, MR. FLICK... GIVE HIM ONE MORE CHANCE!



HARUMPH! WELL, ALL RIGHT... WHILE THEY'RE CLEANING THE SNOW OFF THE JUNGLE SCENE... WE'LL SHOOT THE GIANT SPIDER SCENE!

GEE... THANKS, MR. FLICK!

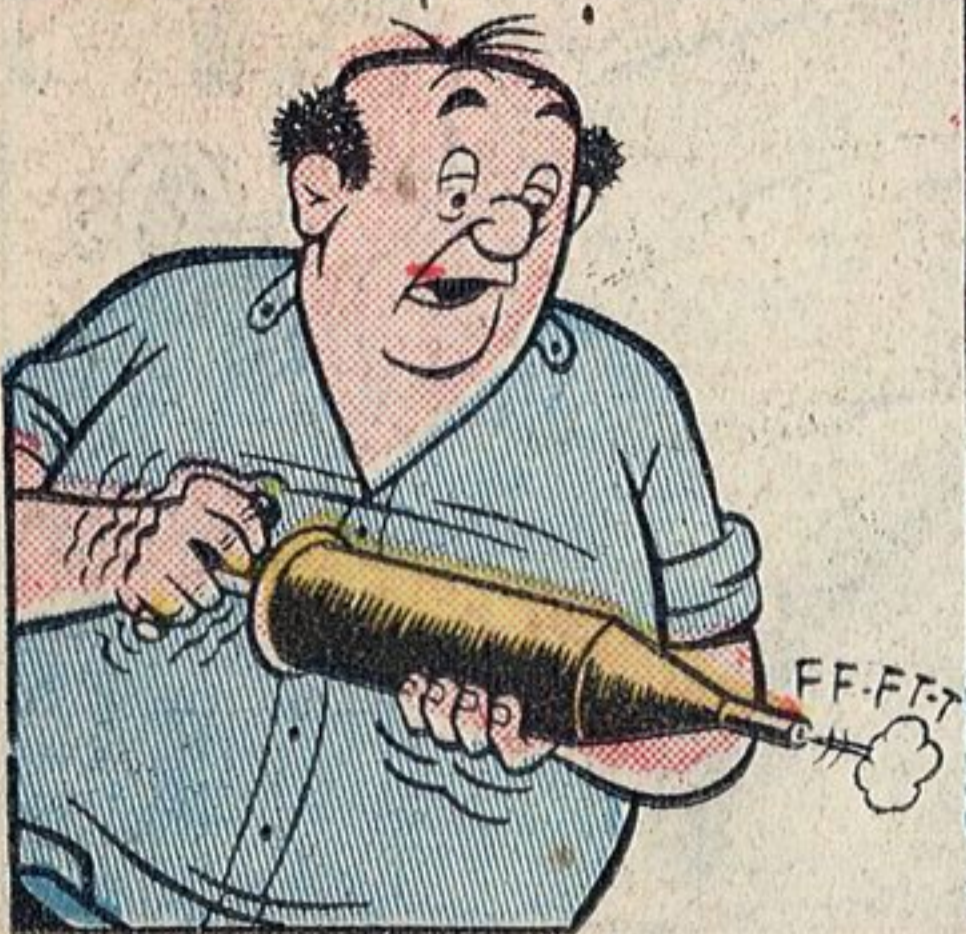


NOW THIS IS A WEB GUN... YOU JUST PRESS THIS HANDLE AND IT FORMS WEBS THAT LOOK LIKE SPIDER WEBS! YOU CAN'T MAKE A MISTAKE WITH THIS!

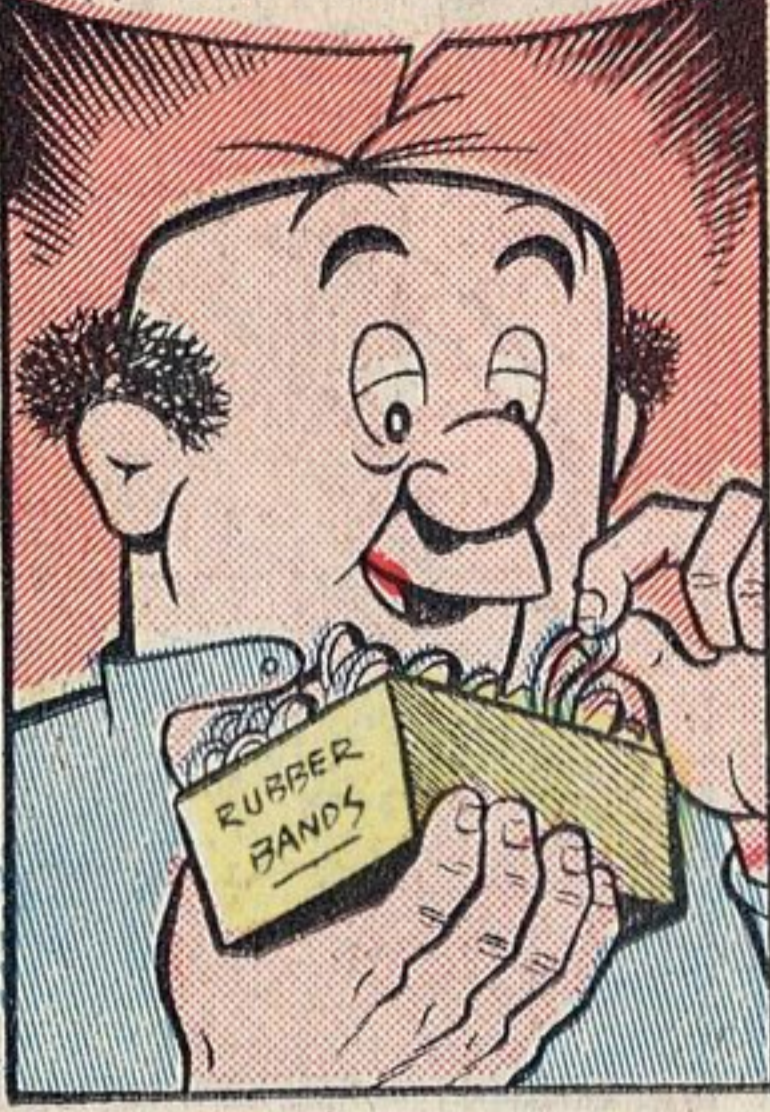
PUT A GIANT WEB BETWEEN THESE TREE LIMBS, POP!

OKAY!

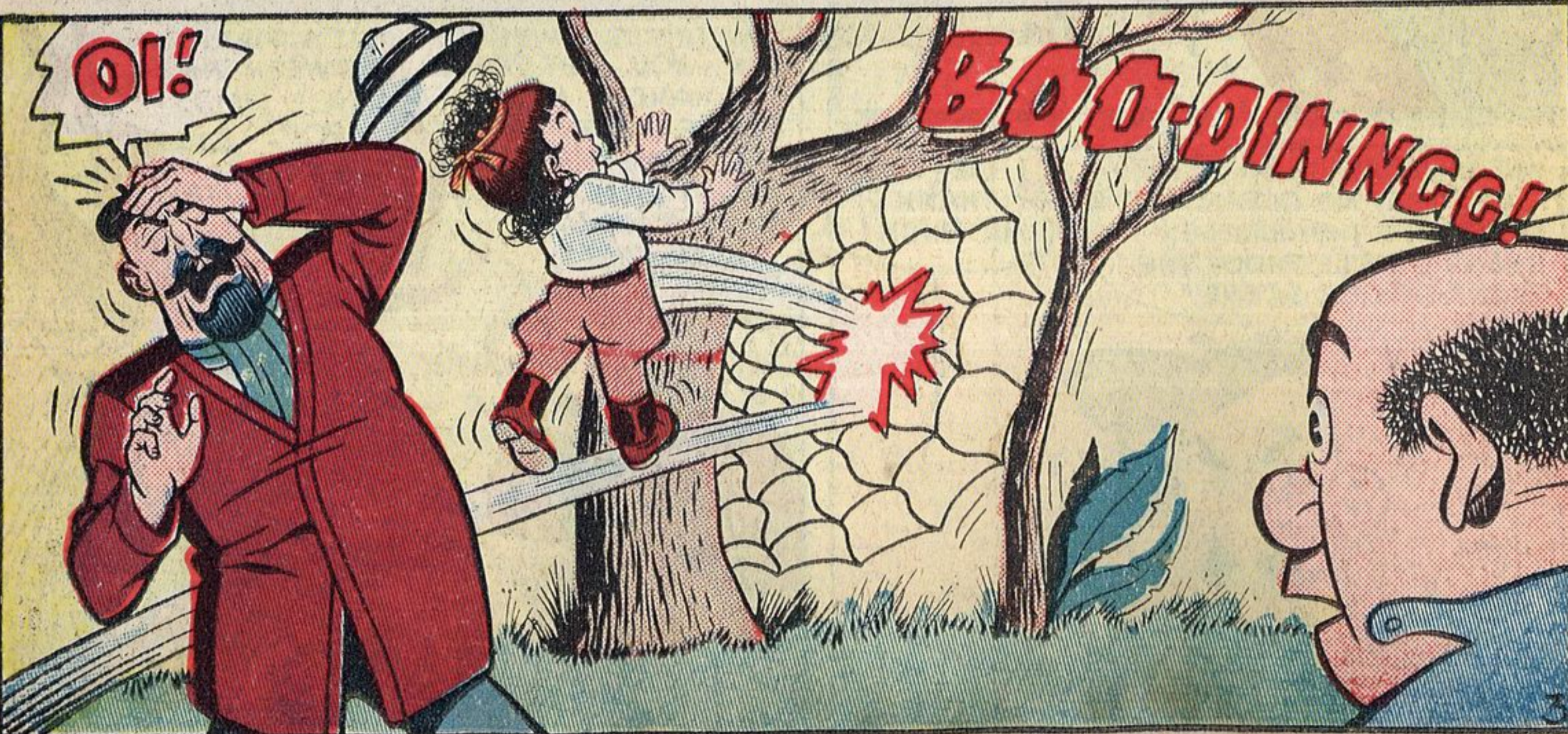
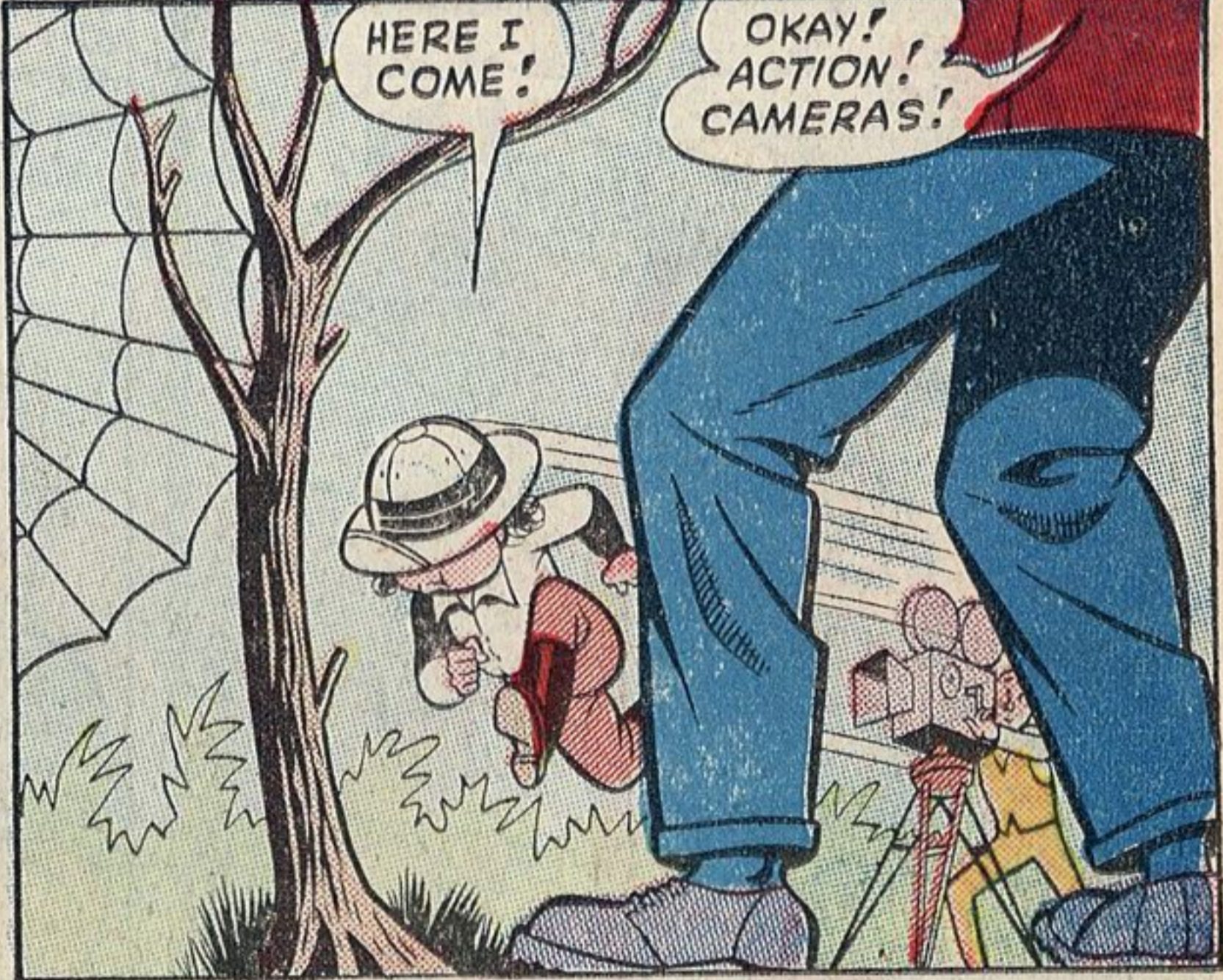
HMM...IT DOESN'T WORK!
IT MUST BE EMPTY, AND
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
CONCOCT THE WEB
FLUID...

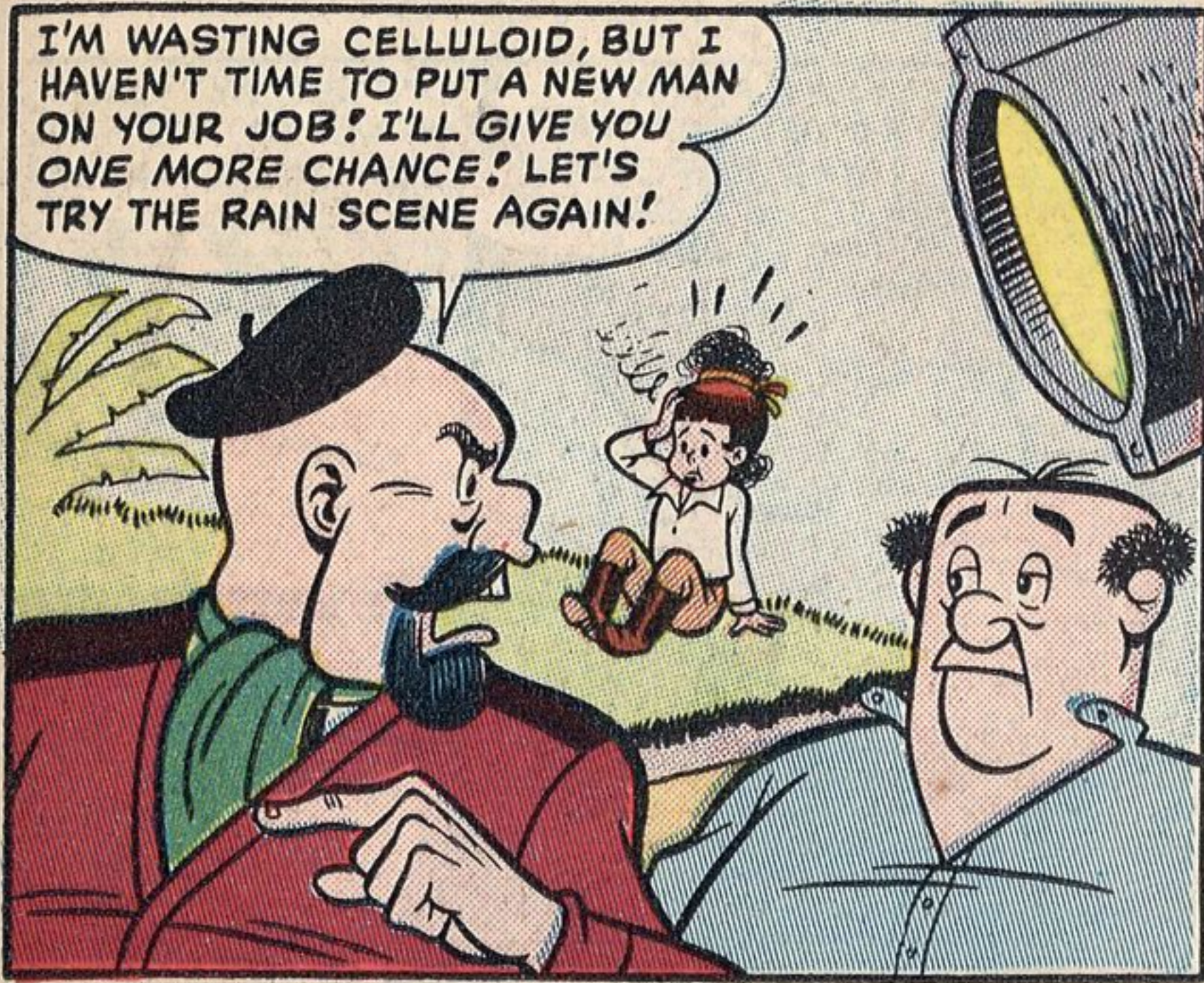


I GOT IT... I'LL USE
THIS BOX OF RUBBER
BANDS... THEY'LL MAKE
A PERFECT WEB!

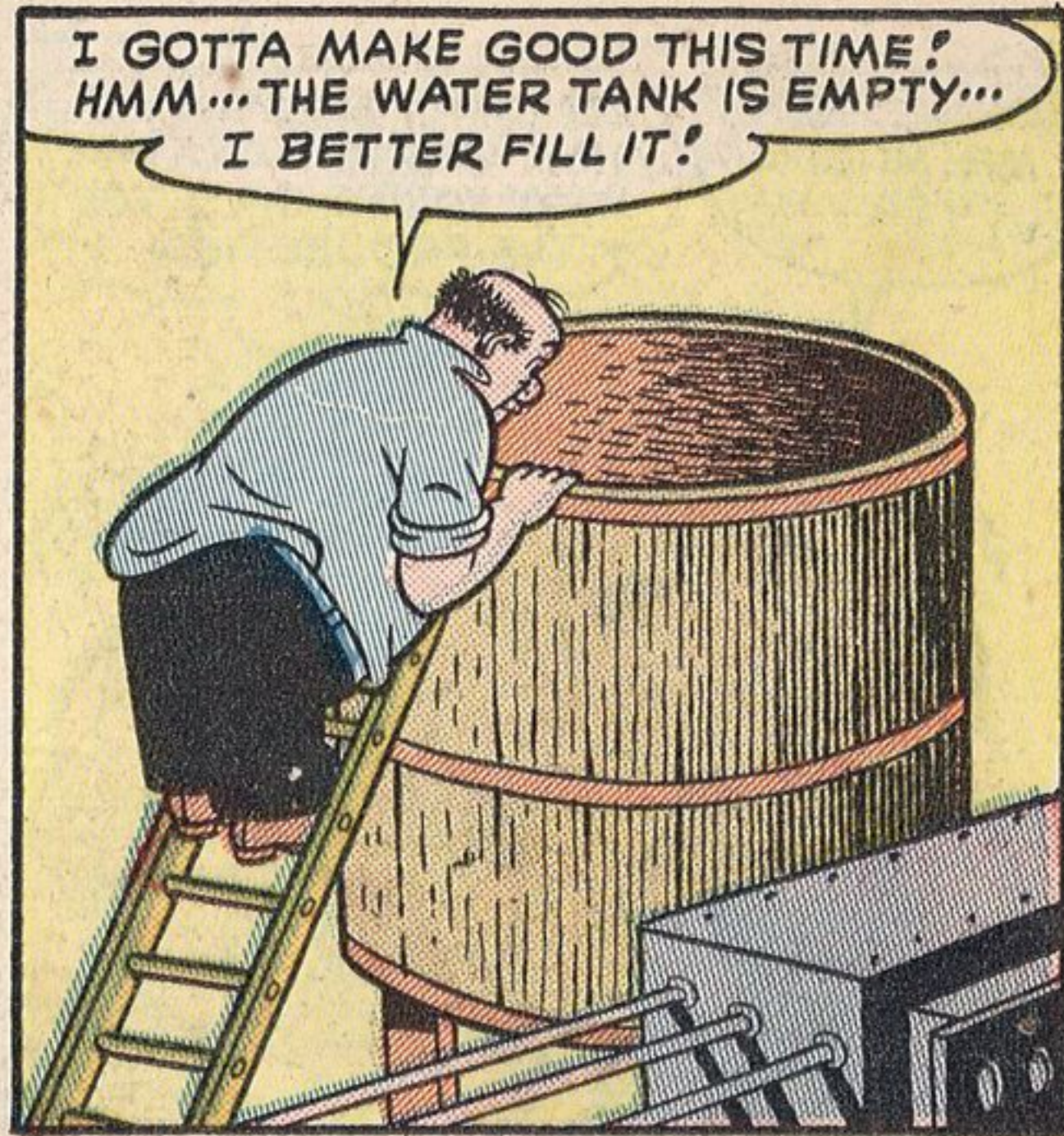


HMM...NOT A BAD WEB, MR.
RUMPUS! LET'S GO, CIT! IN
THIS SCENE YOU RUN FULL
FORCE INTO THE WEB AND
BECOME ENTANGLED!
READY...





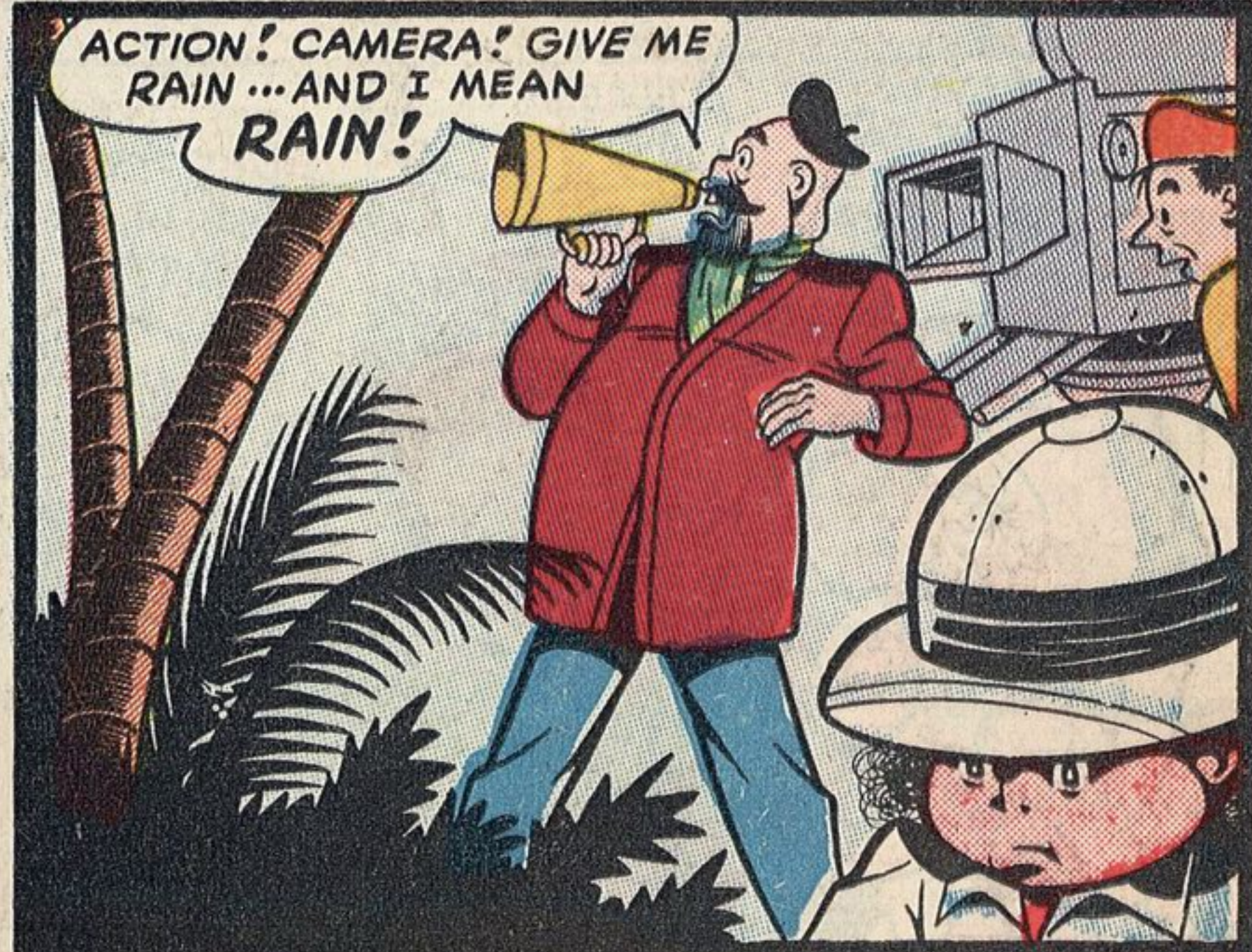
I'M WASTING CELLULOID, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO PUT A NEW MAN ON YOUR JOB! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! LET'S TRY THE RAIN SCENE AGAIN!



I GOTTA MAKE GOOD THIS TIME! HMM...THE WATER TANK IS EMPTY... I BETTER FILL IT!



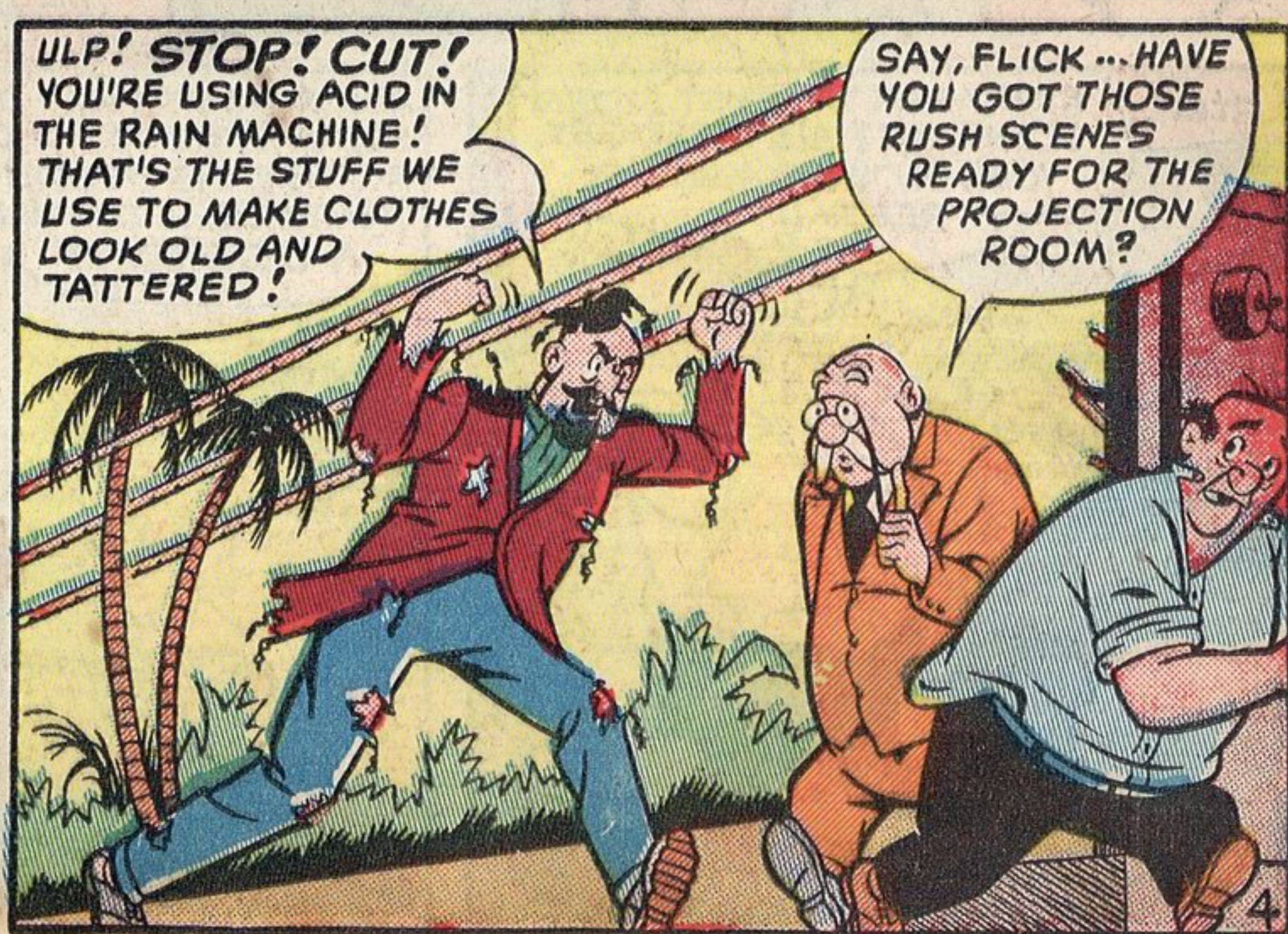
THIS TANK MUST CONTAIN THE WATER THEY USE FOR RAIN!



ACTION! CAMERA! GIVE ME RAIN...AND I MEAN RAIN!



AHHH! THAT'S BETTER!



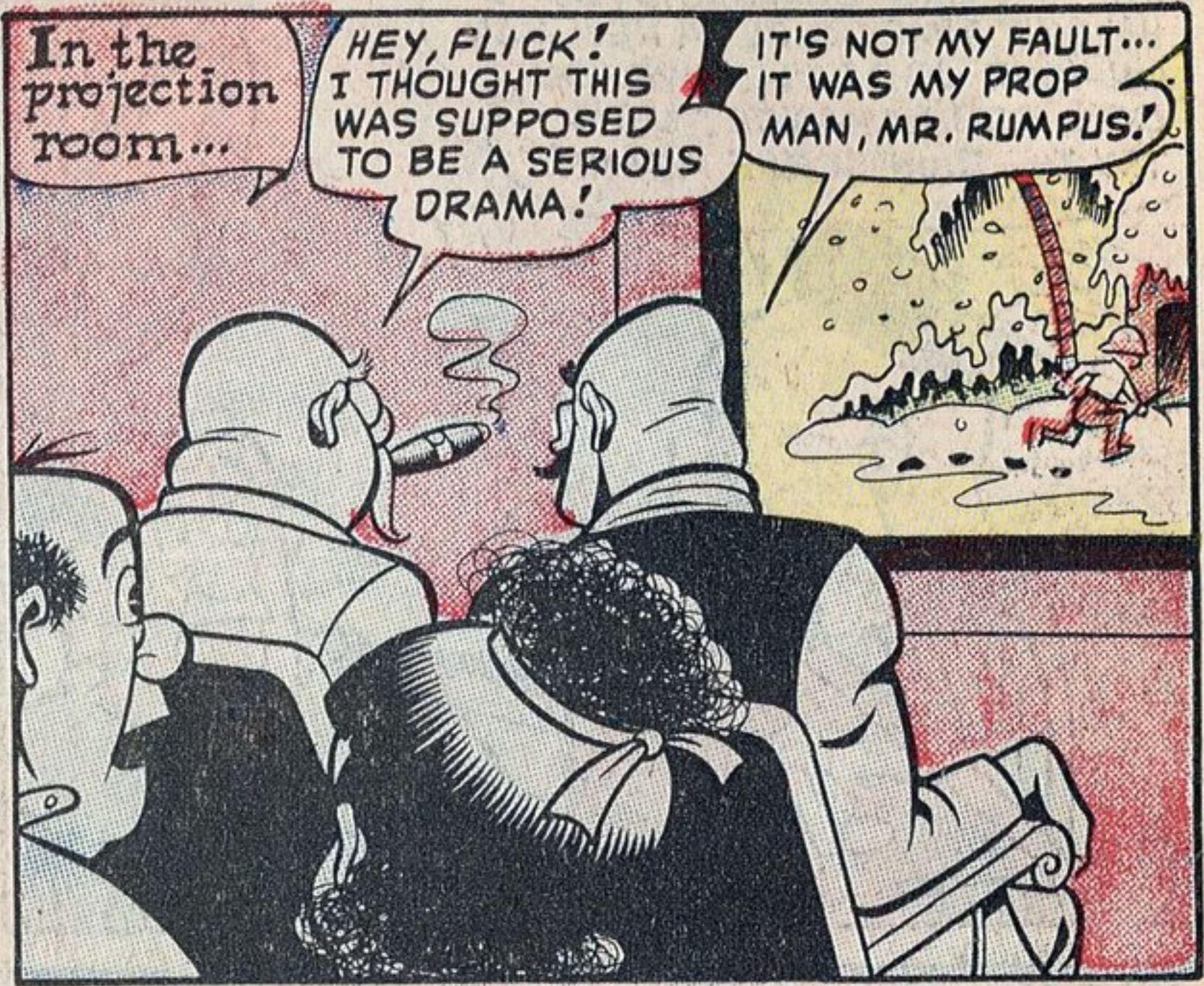
ULP! STOP! CUT! YOU'RE USING ACID IN THE RAIN MACHINE! THAT'S THE STUFF WE USE TO MAKE CLOTHES LOOK OLD AND TATTERED!

SAY, FLICK...HAVE YOU GOT THOSE RUSH SCENES READY FOR THE PROJECTION ROOM?



OH, HELLO, MR. MOGUL... I...ER...

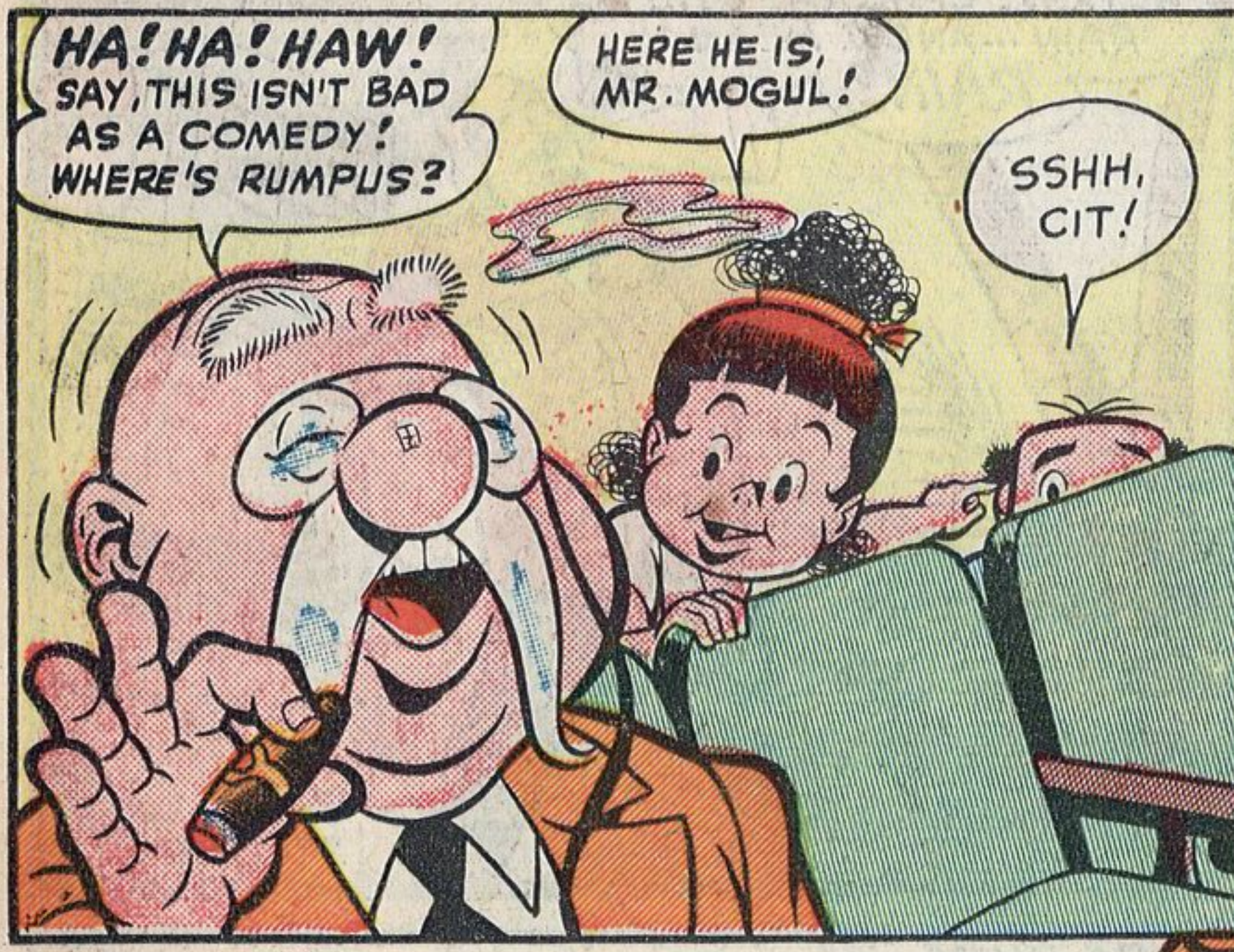
WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME ON RETAKES! TAKE WHAT YOU'VE SHOT TO THE PROJECTION ROOM!



In the projection room...

HEY, FLICK! I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SERIOUS DRAMA!

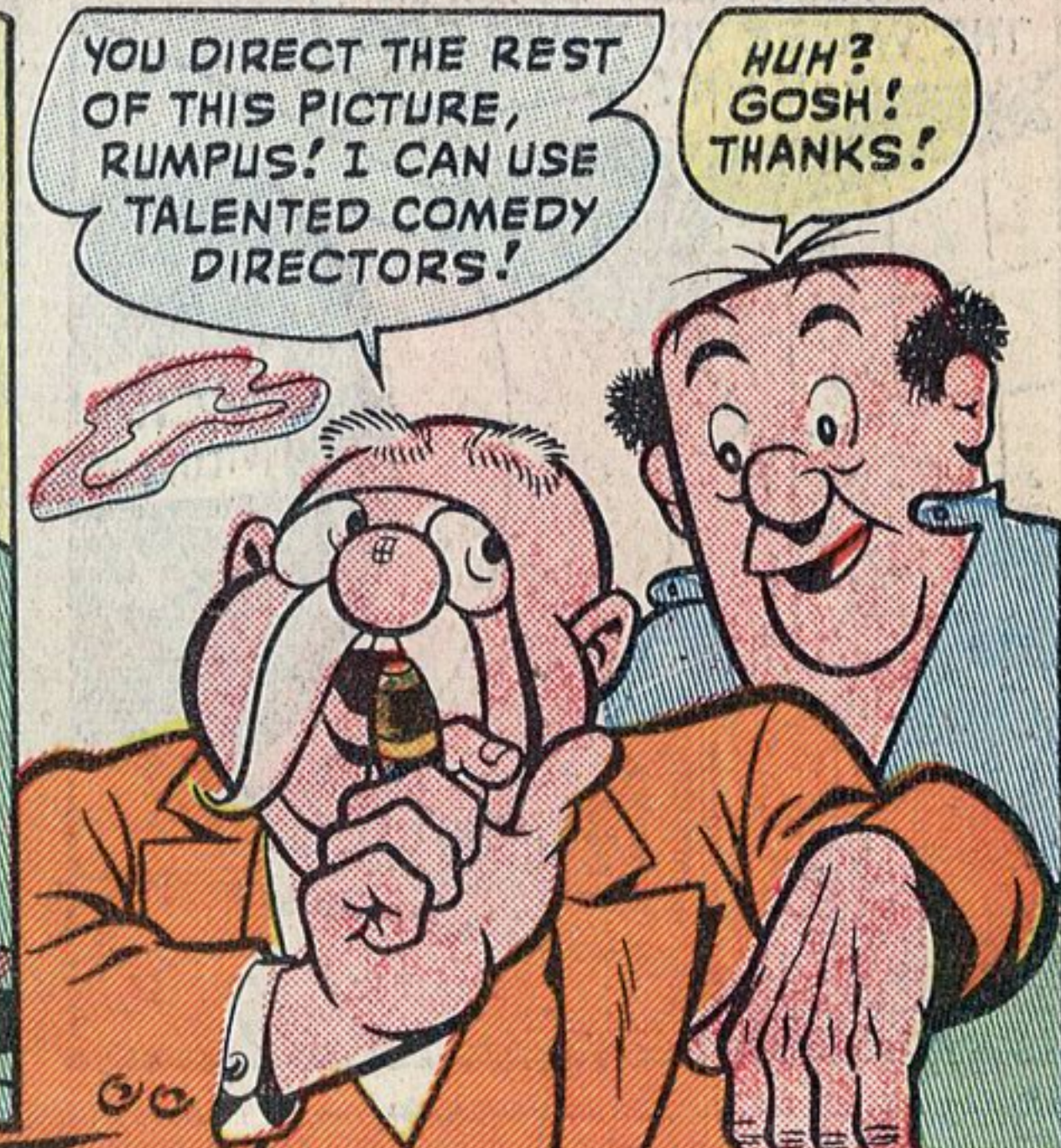
IT'S NOT MY FAULT... IT WAS MY PROP MAN, MR. RUMPUS!



HA! HA! HAW! SAY, THIS ISN'T BAD AS A COMEDY! WHERE'S RUMPUS?

HERE HE IS, MR. MOGUL!

SSHH, CIT!



YOU DIRECT THE REST OF THIS PICTURE, RUMPUS! I CAN USE TALENTED COMEDY DIRECTORS!

HUH? GOSH! THANKS!



Later...

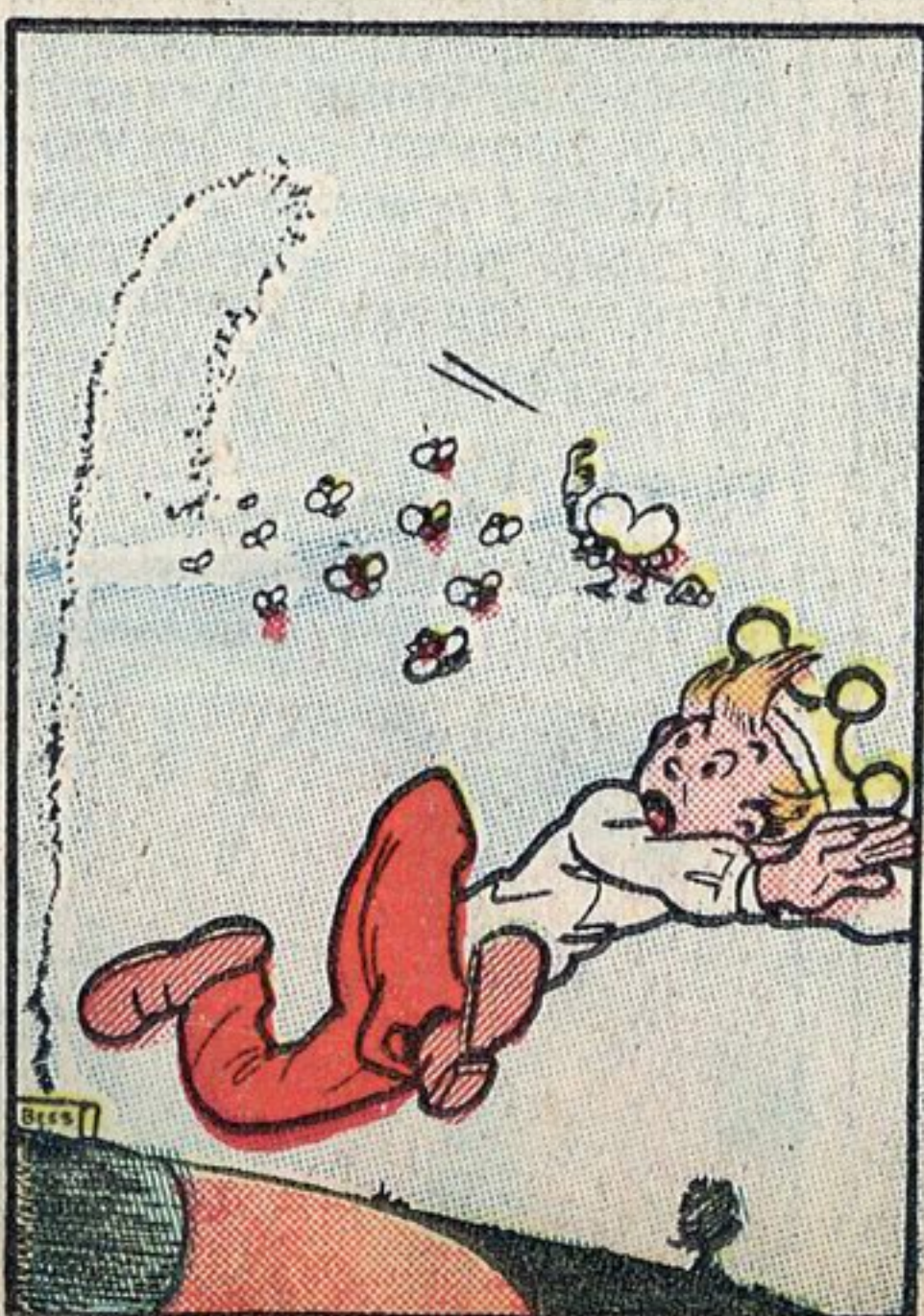
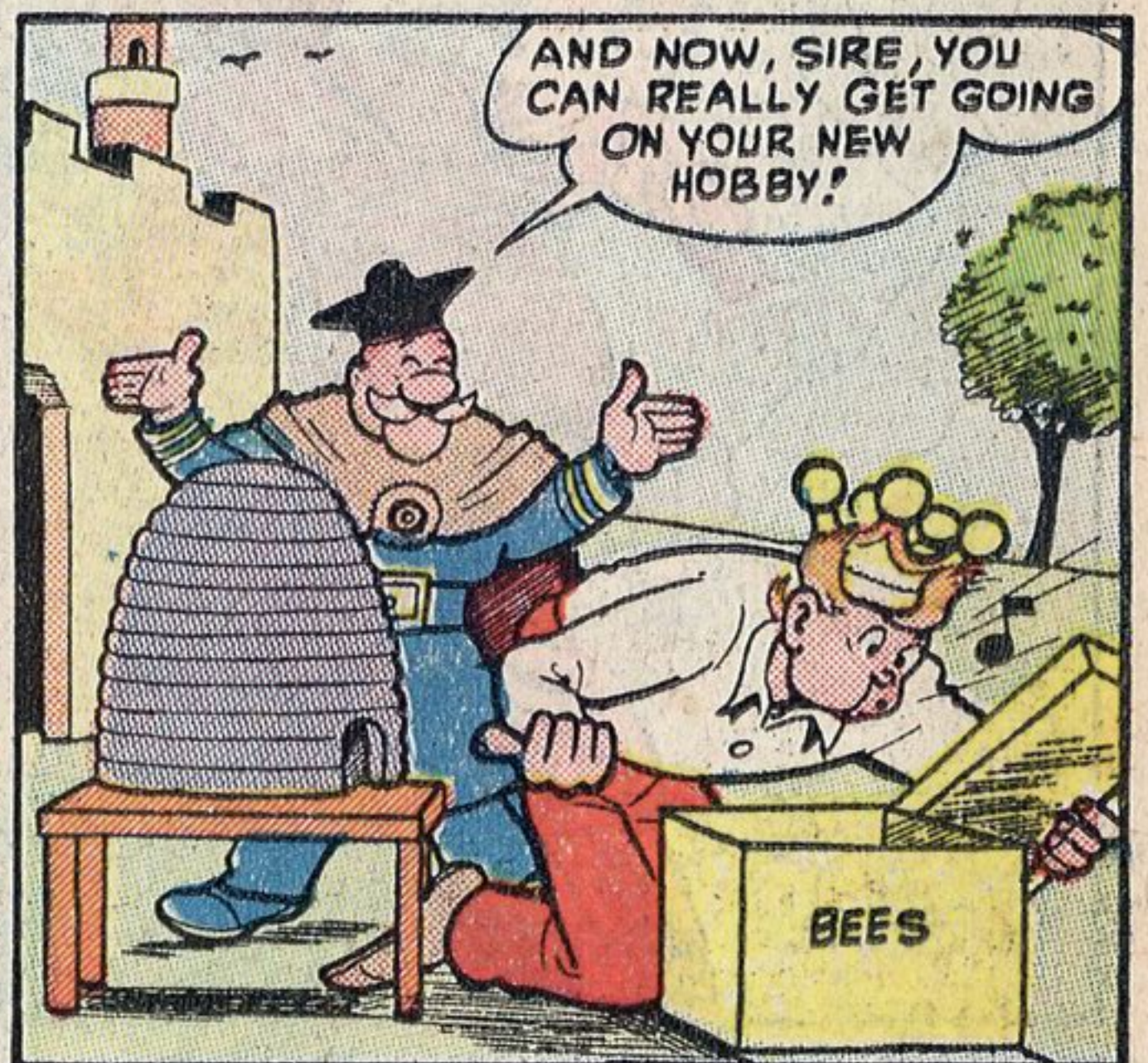
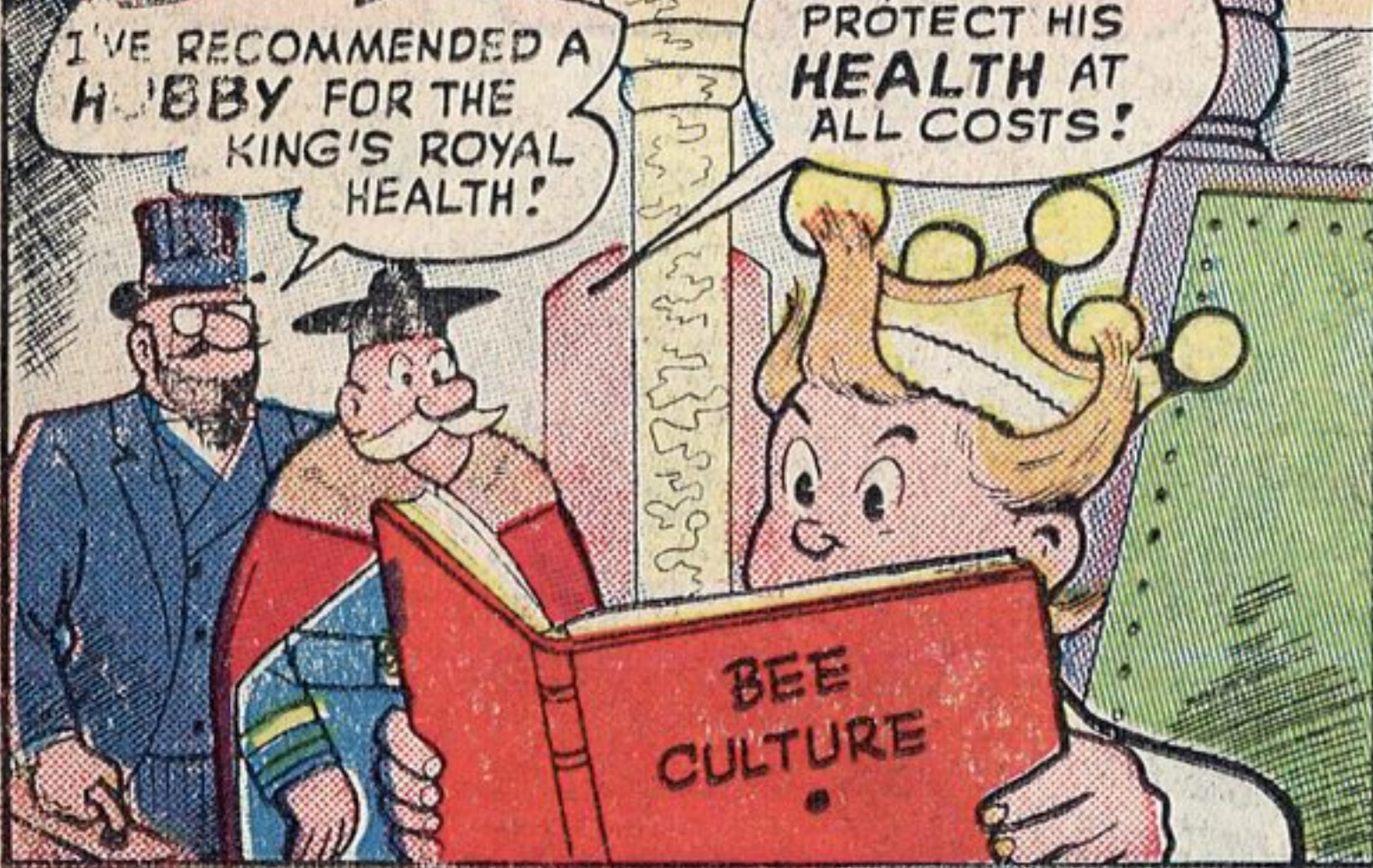
READY FOR THE DUST STORM SCENE, CIT? ALL RIGHT, GET YOUR BLOWING MACHINE READY...



AND I DON'T WANT DUST! BLOW SNEEZING POWDER ACROSS THE DESERT SET! REMEMBER! THIS IS NOW A COMEDY!

OKAY, MR. RUMPUS! A-A-ATCHOO!

Archie O'TOOLE



Black X



Though a metropolitan police force would hardly expect to deal with demons from another sphere, that is precisely the assignment given Inspector Beef Burton and his men! But without the help of BLACK X and his faithful servant BATU, the career of the dreadful TSIN might not have met with timely interruption!

A mysterious figure approaches Officer Gilhooley on his beat...

WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU STARTLED ME!

MY APOLOGIES, OFFICER! I AM MR. JAKARTA, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW MELANESIAN REPUBLIC! MY LIFE IS IN DANGER!



THERE ARE EVIL FORCES AT WORK IN MY COUNTRY, OFFICER! TONIGHT I FOUND THIS CARVING ON MY DOORSTEP! IT IS THE TSIN!

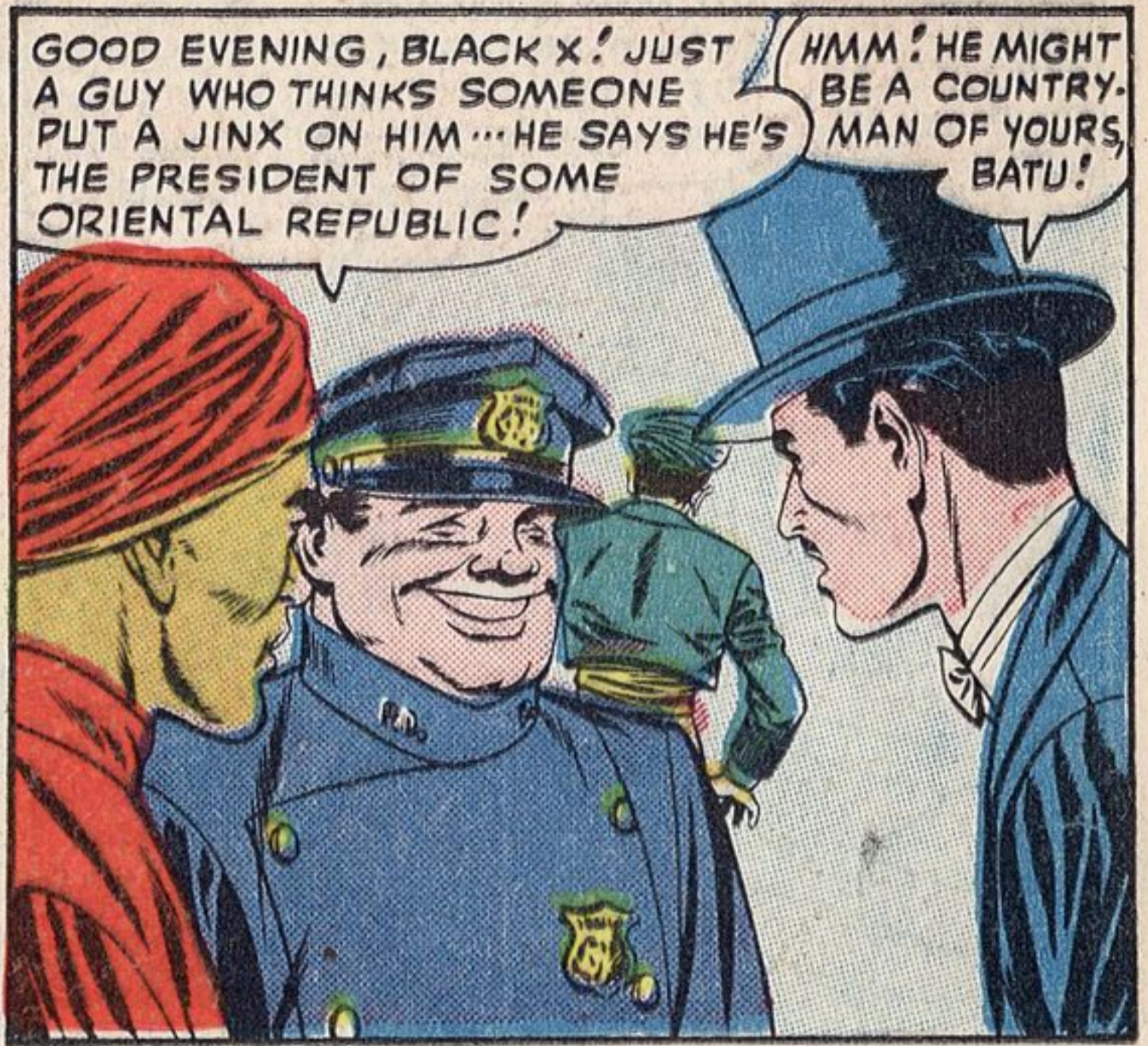
WHATEVER IT IS, IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY DANGEROUS TO ME, MR. JAKARTA!



THAT IS BECAUSE YOU DO NOT KNOW MY COUNTRY! MY PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT WHOEVER RECEIVES THE TSIN WILL DIE! MY HOURS ARE NUMBERED!

FORGET IT, MR. JAKARTA! THIS ISN'T MELANESIA... WE WON'T LET SOUVENIRS WORRY YOU!





YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME ... BUT WAIT AND SEE!

IT'S LATE, BATU! TIME WE WERE HOME IN BED ...HELLO, GILHOOLEY! WHO WAS THAT?

GOOD EVENING, BLACK X! JUST A GUY WHO THINKS SOMEONE PUT A JINX ON HIM ...HE SAYS HE'S THE PRESIDENT OF SOME ORIENTAL REPUBLIC!

HMM! HE MIGHT BE A COUNTRY-MAN OF YOURS, BATU!



HE SAYS SOME GADGET CALLED THE TSIN IS GOING TO KILL HIM! HE MUST BE NUTS!

HE IS NOT MY COUNTRYMAN, SAHIB... BUT I HAVE HEARD OF THE TSIN! IN SOME PARTS OF ASIA PEOPLE BELIEVE IN IT... THE TIGER DEMON OF VENGEANCE! THE BELIEF IS STRONG IN THE REPUBLIC OF MELANESIA!

YOUR INFORMATION INTERESTS ME, BATU! TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A DEMON WOULD BE A NEW EXPERIENCE!

WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS, SAHIB! I HAVE HEARD THAT THE TSIN RESPECTS NO HUMAN AUTHORITY!



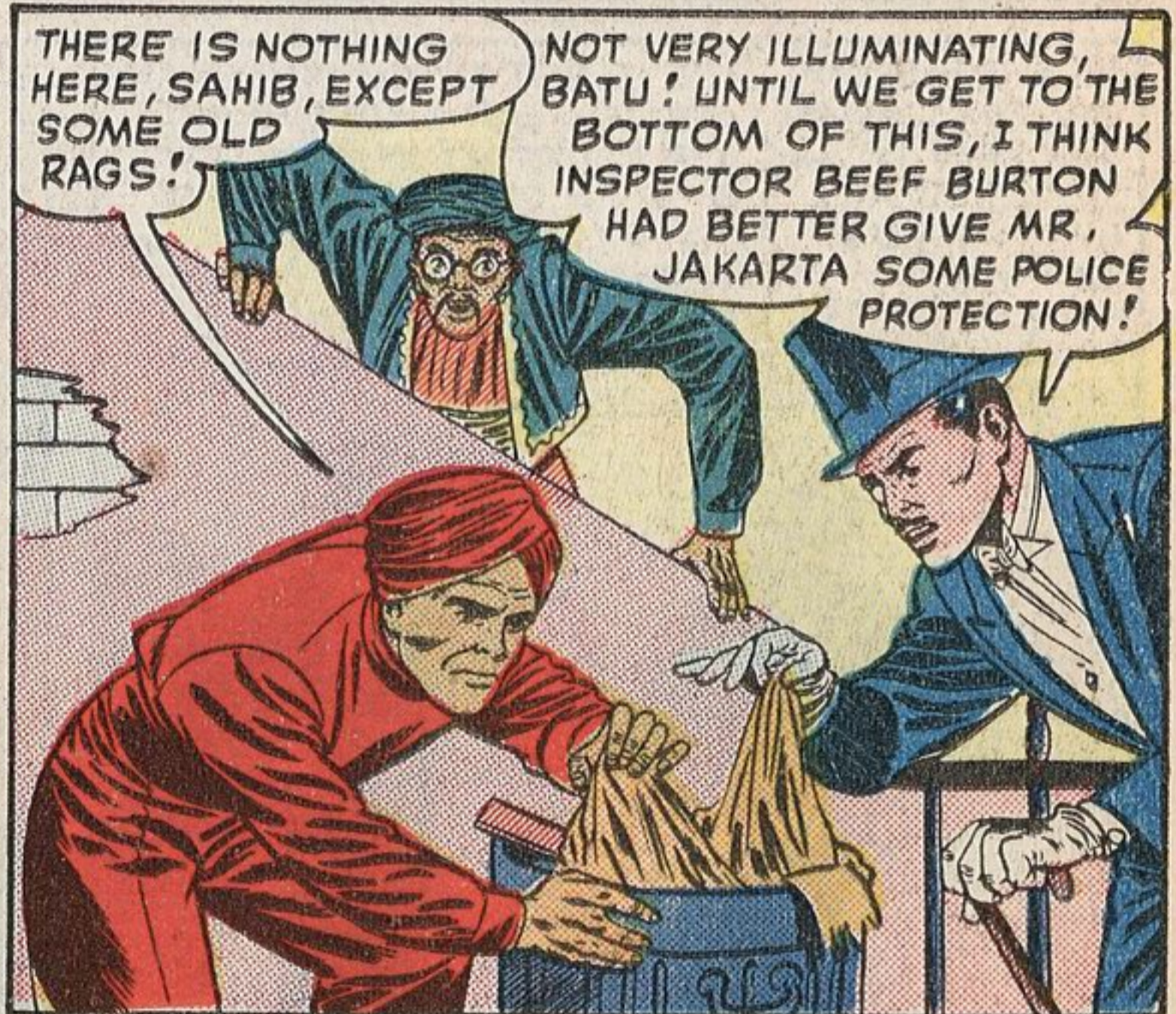
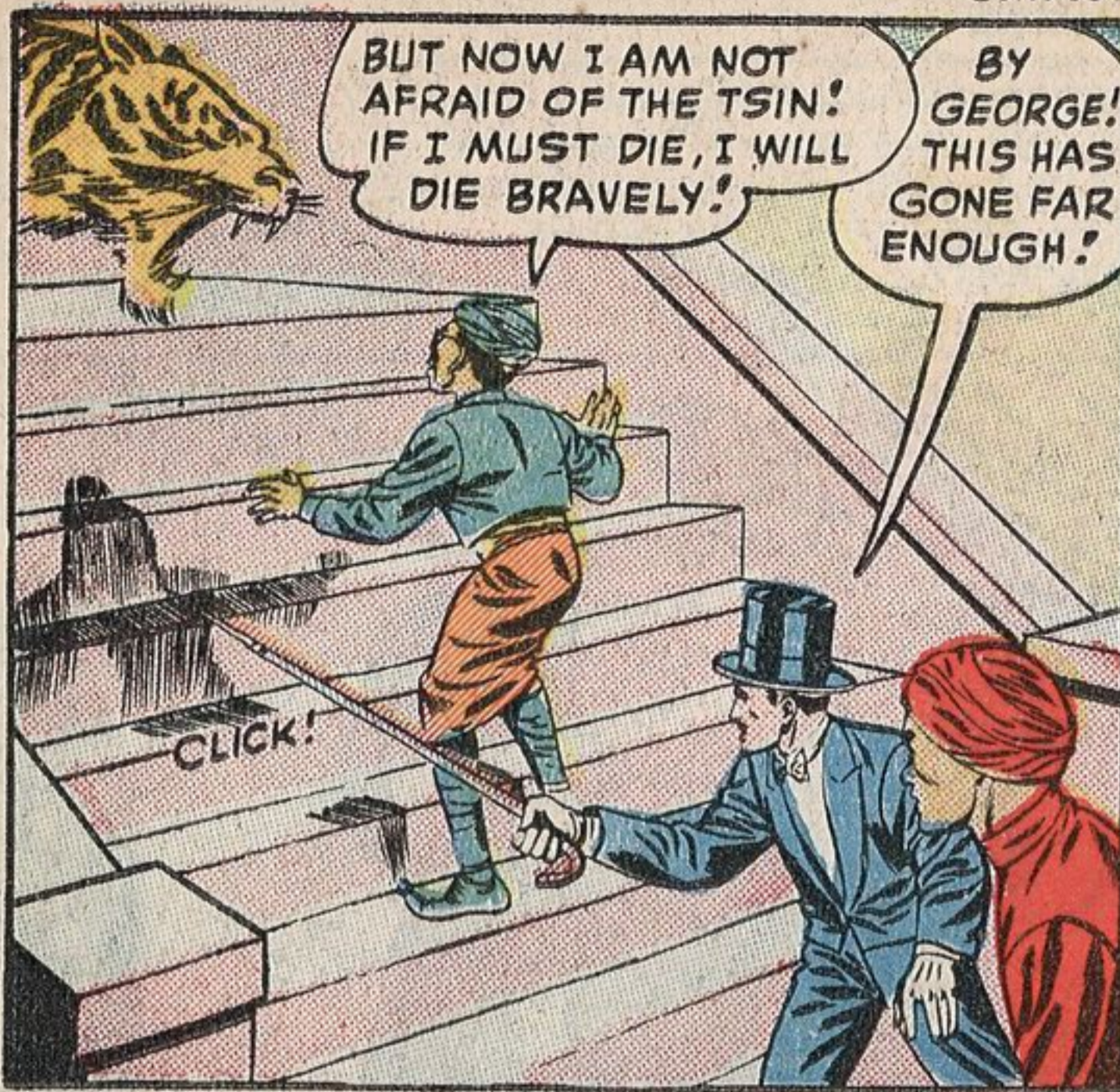
LOOK! THERE IS SOMETHING HIDING IN THE SHADOW OF THE STEPS!

I SMELL TROUBLE, BATU! I'VE A FEELING I DID WELL TO BRING MY SWORD-CANE!

AHHH! THE TSIN!

MY WORD, BATU! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING TO THIS SUPERSTITION! THE THING SEEMS TO BE GROWING IN SIZE!

SMASH COMICS



Half an hour later...



Shortly thereafter...



SMASH COMICS



A STRANGE BUSINESS, SAHIB! I HAVE A FEELING THAT ALL IS STILL NOT WELL!

I SHARE THAT FEELING, BATU! WHAT WAS THAT?

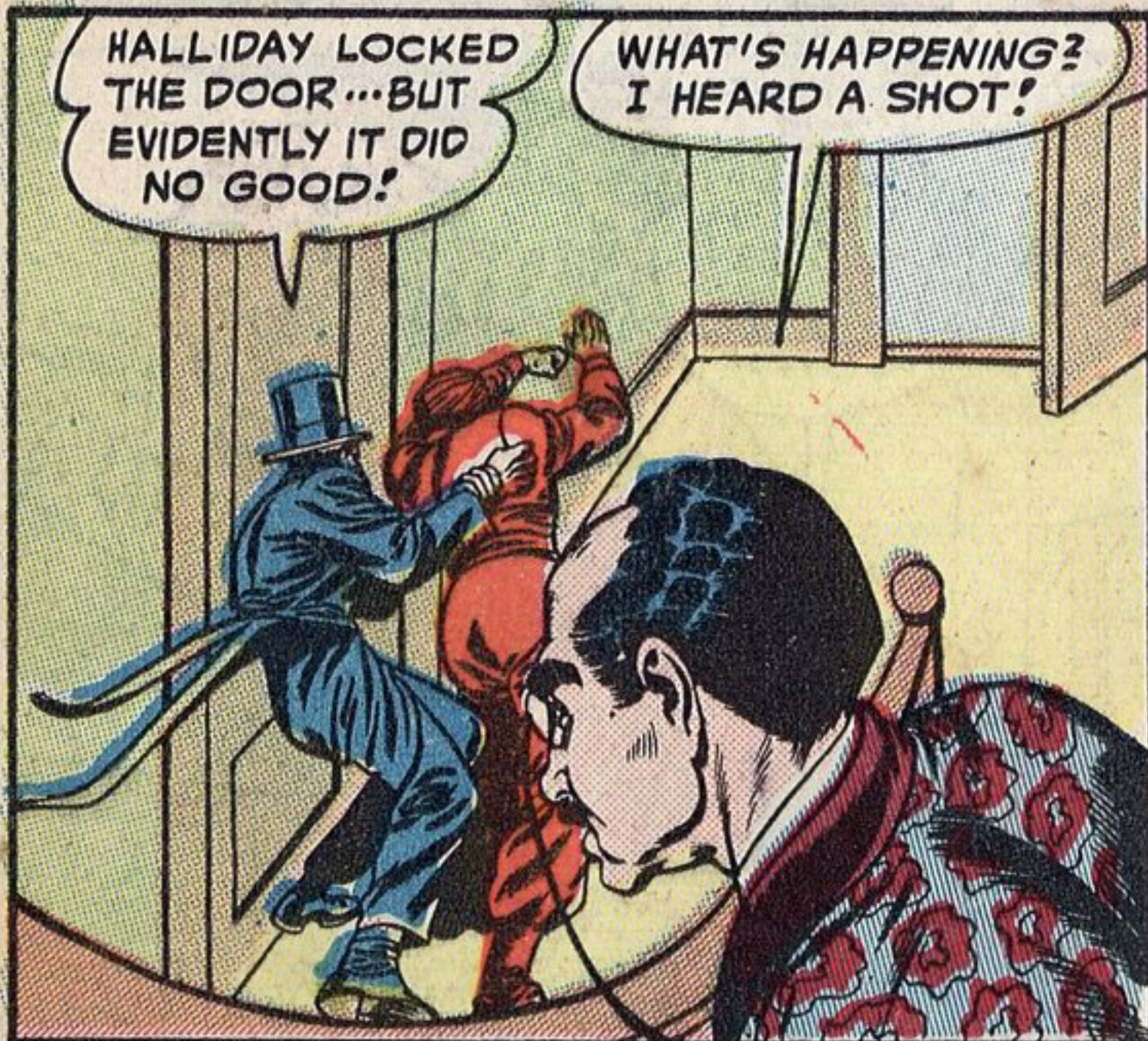
HELP!



YOU MUST BE PSYCHIC, BATU! OUR DEMON SEEMS TO BE BACK ON THE JOB AGAIN!

IT IS INDEED THE VENGEFUL SPECTER, SAHIB!

BANG!



HALLIDAY LOCKED THE DOOR... BUT EVIDENTLY IT DID NO GOOD!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I HEARD A SHOT!



HE'S DEAD! I GUESS THE TSIN IS NO JOKING MATTER, BATU!

THE DETECTIVE IS DEAD ALSO, SAHIB! EVEN THE MOUSE DID NOT SURVIVE!



THERE MUST BE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION, BATU! THERE ARE NO MARKS ON THESE MEN... AND EVERYTHING IS LOCKED TIGHT EXCEPT...

I WILL GO SUMMON THE POLICE ON THE TELEPHONE, SAHIB!

IF THE POLICE ARE COMING, I'D BETTER DRESS!



...EXCEPT THE FIREPLACE! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING!

GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



SOMETHING UP THERE... THIS CHIMNEY MUST BE CONNECTED WITH THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS!



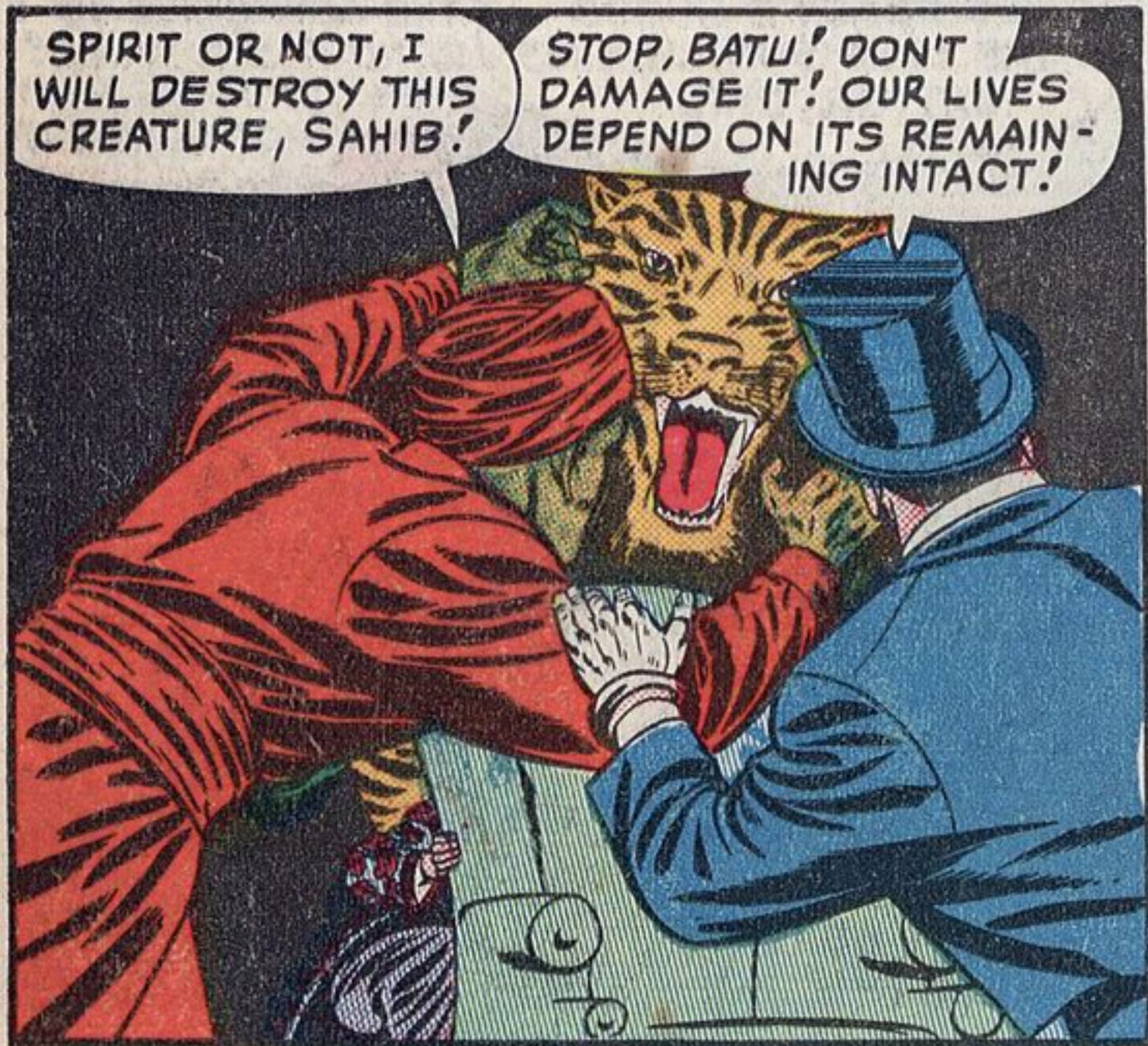
YOU HAVE FOUND A CLUE, SAHIB?

YES, BATU! WE SAW SOME OLD RAGS IN THE ASH-CAN WHERE THE TSIN FIRST APPEARED! I THINK WE MIGHT SEE THE SAME KIND OF MATERIAL IN MR. PONSONBY'S APARTMENT! LET'S GO UP THERE!



BATU... LOOK! I THOUGHT SO!

THE TSIN!



SPIRIT OR NOT, I WILL DESTROY THIS CREATURE, SAHIB!

STOP, BATU! DON'T DAMAGE IT! OUR LIVES DEPEND ON ITS REMAINING INTACT!



BUT SAHIB...

LEAVE THE DEMON ALONE... AND HELP ME WITH THIS!

WHAT TH...!



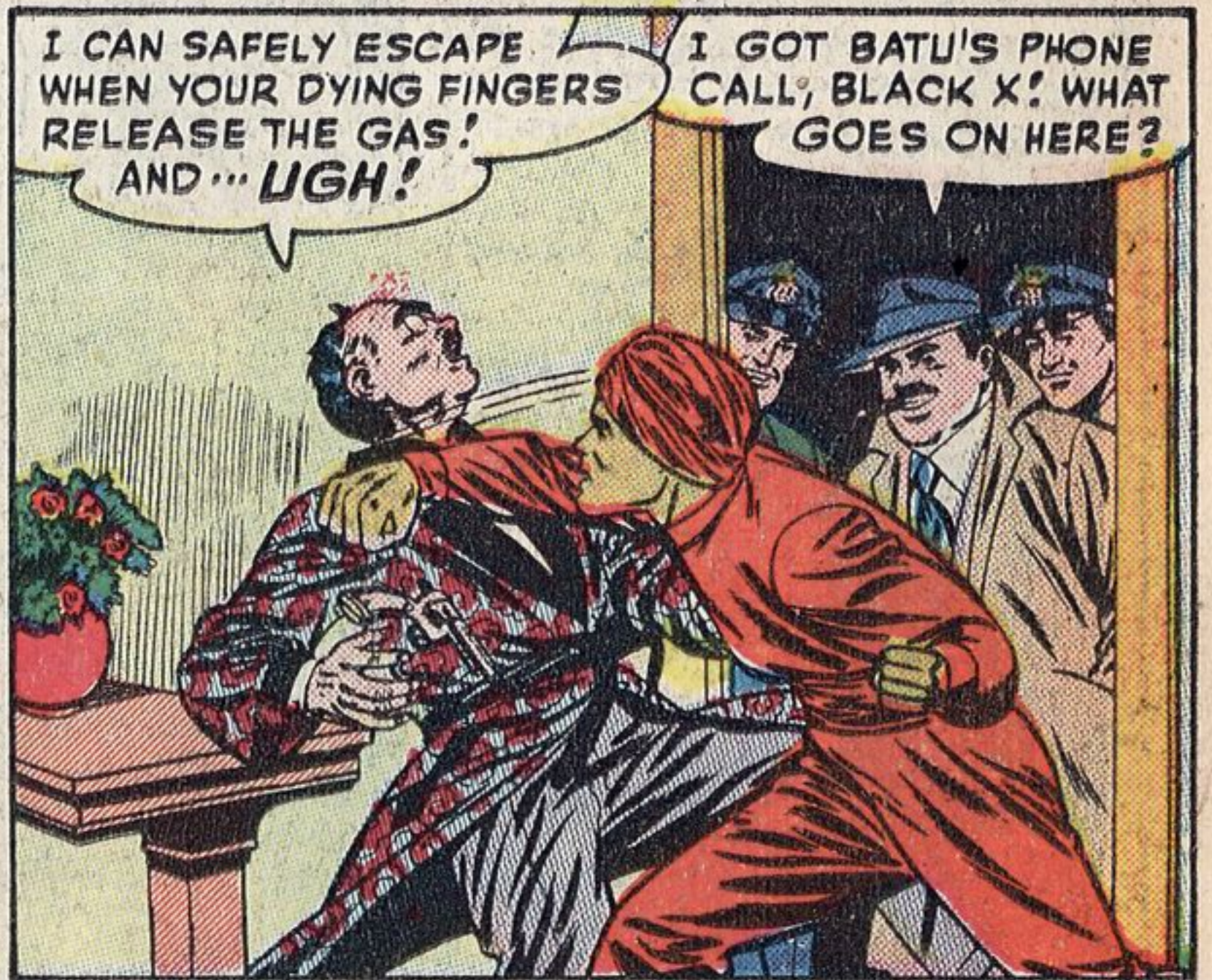
A BALLOON, BATU! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, THIS IS MR. PONSONBY, THE OIL MAGNATE!

CURSE YOU, BLACK X! I'M PONSONBY... BUT YOU'LL BOTH CARRY THAT KNOWLEDGE TO THE GRAVE! HERE INDOORS THE EFFECT OF THE TSIN CANNOT BE DISSIPATED SO EASILY!



I COULD HAVE SHOT YOU BOTH, BUT NOW THAT I'VE SHOT THE TSIN, YOU'LL DIE ANYWAY AND THE SECRET WILL BE SAFE FROM THE POLICE!

GRAB HIM, BATU!





LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling



HOLA! HAZ ABOUT A COPO' COFFEE, HELGA, HAH?

SURE, PEECOLO-- FOR YOU ANY TIME-- -- UHH---



PFOO! VAR HAVE YOU BEEN?



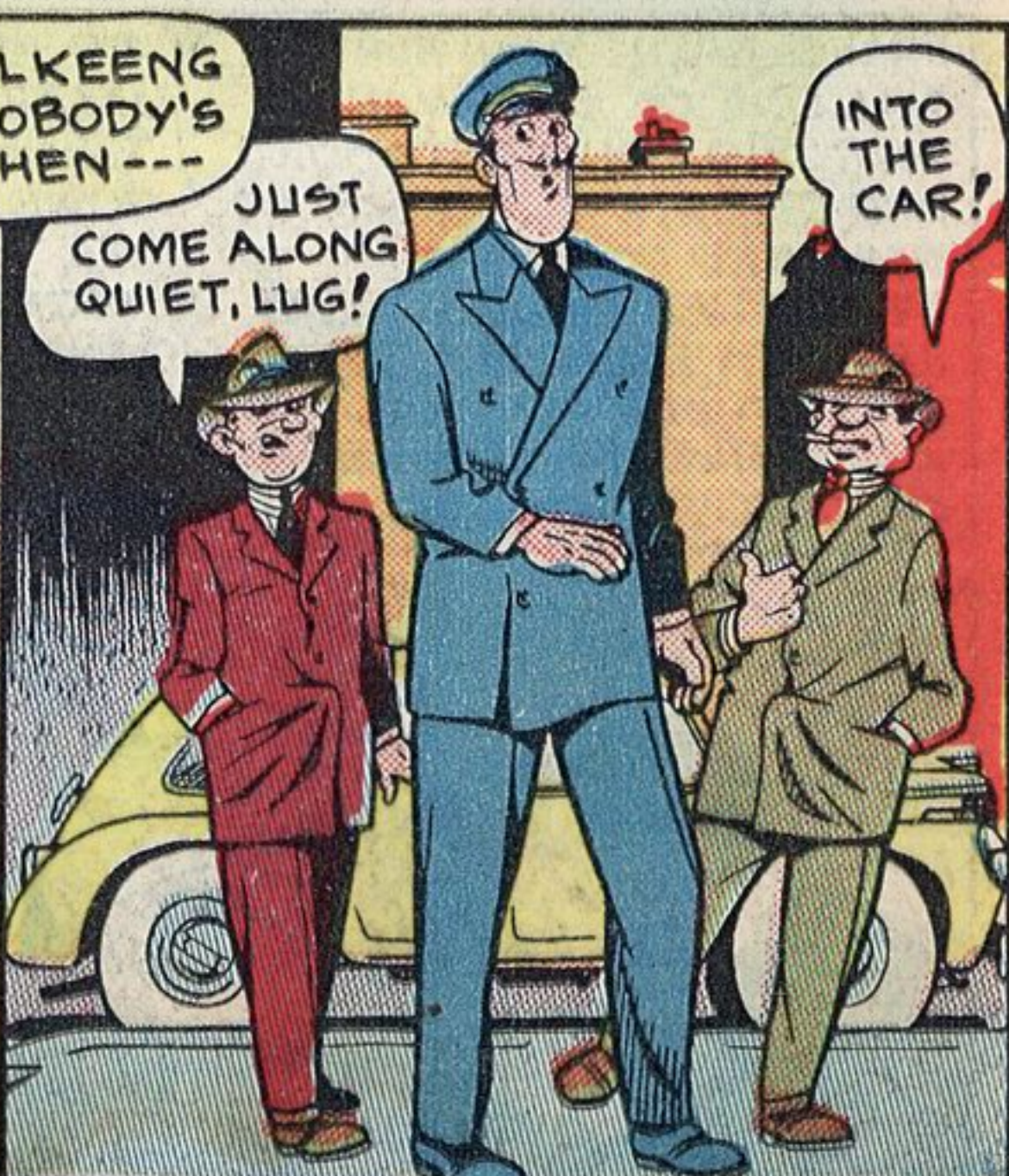
SKEDADDLE OUT OF HAR! AY YUST CLEANED THE KITSEN! PFOO!

WHY, PEECOLO! HORRORS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



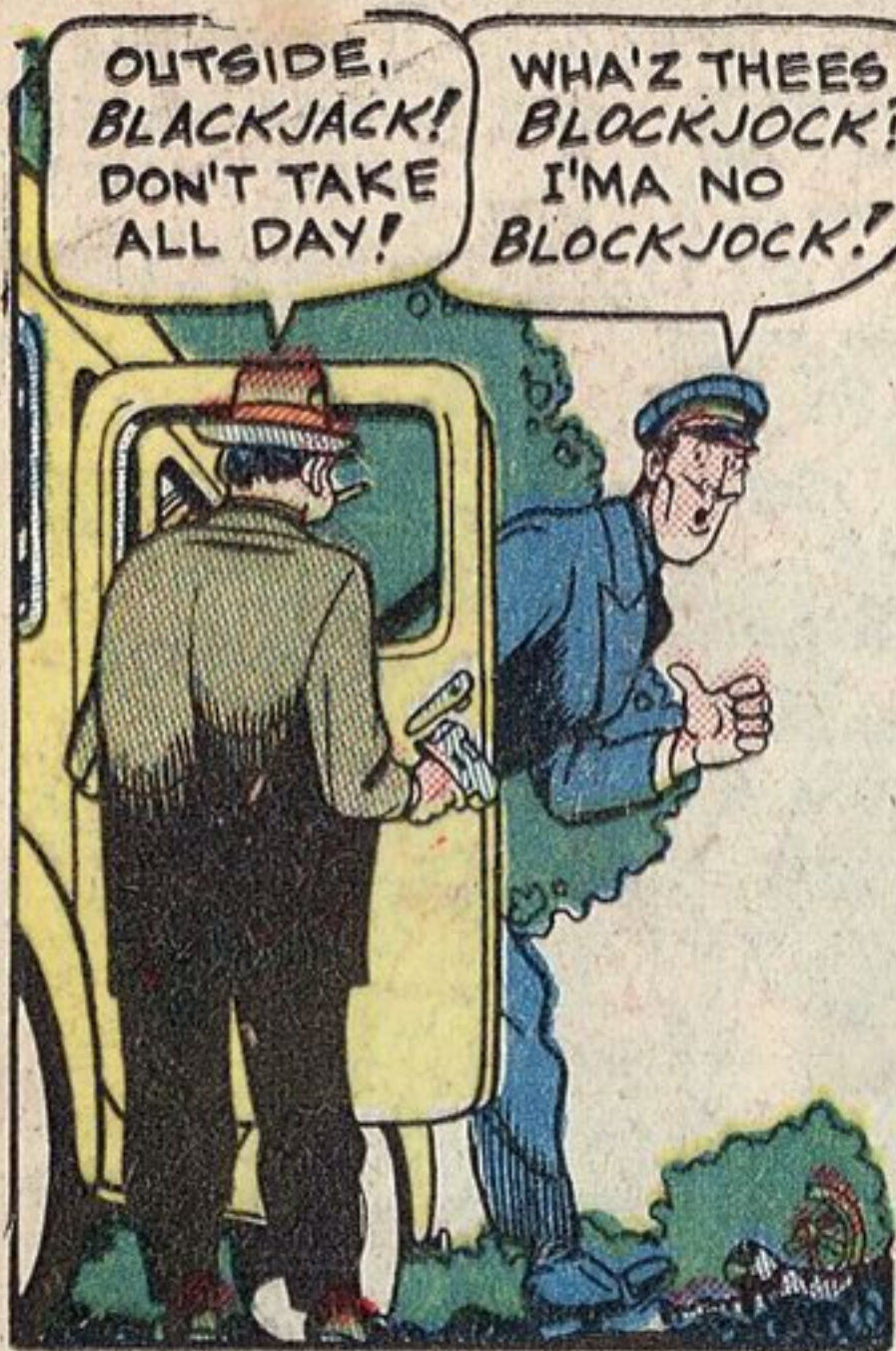
EXCOOS'A PLEASE, MISS BRENDA! I'MA GET EEN A BEET OF TROBBLES! WAS LIKE THEES---

I'MA JOST WALLEENG ALONG LIKE NOBODY'S BEEZNESS WHEN---



JUST COME ALONG QUIET, LUG!

INTO THE CAR!



OUTSIDE, BLACKJACK! DON'T TAKE ALL DAY!

WHA'Z THEES BLOCKJOCK? I'MA NO BLOCKJOCK!



THE GUY'S A COMEDIAN, NO LESS! START DIGGING, COMEDIAN!

DEEGING? I-- WHAR I'MA GONNA DEEG?



YOU KNOW BETTER THAN WE DO, BLACKJACK-- THAT'S WHY YOU GOT THE JOB!

HAZ THEES? HALL RIGHT?

IT BETTER BE!



SAY, NATE, YOU SURE ABOUT THIS LUG? I NEVER HEARD NO MENTION O' NO MOUSTACHE!

HM.. THA'S RIGHT--AND WHAT'S HE DOIN' IN THAT CHAUFFEUR'S OUTFIT? HEY-- MAYBE WE GOT THE WRONG GUY!!



YOU BETCHA YOU'SA PEECK THE WRONG GUY!--



--THE WRONG GUY TO TONGLE WEETH!



CITY GARBAGE DUMP

YOU MAY HAVE STUMBLERD ACROSS SOMETHING HOT, PEECOLO! HERE!-- I'M SWITCHING TO LADY LUCK!

OH, DEAR.. THERE'S NO WAY TO AVOID IT... I SUPPOSE THE INVESTIGATION MUST START AT THE DUMP!

CAREFUL, PEECOLO-- HAH! THEY IF ANYONE'S AROUND, WE WANT TO SEE THEM FIRST!

ARE RETURNED! OVER THAR!

THAT BIG FELLOW.. HE'S BLACKJACK JORDAN! I'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT HE'S TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON LITTLE AUGIE'S "NUMBERS" COMBINE!

SAY! IT'S BEGINNING TO DAWN ON ME! THE OTHERS ARE LITTLE AUGIE'S MOBSTERS.. THEY'RE ALL PINT-SIZED!

HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SCRAMBLE THE NUMBERS RACKET, PEECOLO-- YOU GIVE THEM ONE SHOT FROM HERE AND THEN STEAL AROUND BEHIND THEM WHILE I TRY TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED!

--OKAY, SO I PUT LITTLE AUGIE SIX FEET UNDER THIS MORNING! BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF DIGGIN' HIM UP? WHAT'S THE USE?

JUST DIG, BLACKJACK! HE'S GOT THE KEY TO HIS SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ON HIM -- THAT'S WHAT WE WANT!

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME! I BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU GUYS TO COME AN' DIG ME OUTA HERE ALL DAY--

YAAH!

OH, IT'S YOU!

SMASH COMICS



HERE'S WHERE YOU GET IT, BLACKJACK!



HI, BOYS! HAVING A LITTLE PARTY?

LADY LUCK!!!



BETTER HAND OVER THE ARTILLERY, KIDS! THE COPS HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!



LET 'EM COME AN' GET US!

WHEW!



HOTSY-TOOTSY! AN OLD SNOW-
PLOW! BANG BANG



WHAT'S ALL THE GUNPLAY ABOUT? YOU CAN HEAR IT HALF A MILE AWAY!



THEY ALL HERE?

ALL EXCEPT LITTLE AUGIE-- WHAT BECAME OF HIM?



OUCH!

Batch BACHELOR

ADMISSION
ADULTS 50¢
CHILDREN 25¢



BY
BART
TUMBY

BOO HOO!
WHAT A
WONDERFUL
PICTURE!
SOB!

WE GOTTA CUT OUT THESE SAD
MOVIES! YOU'RE SHRINKING
MY SUIT!



NOW
SHOWING
"FOR
CRYING
OUT
LOUD"
Year's
Saddest
Picture

STARRING
Sylvia Sobb

NO, BUNNY, NO!
DON'T YOU LIKE
ANYTHING
BUT SAD
PICTURES?

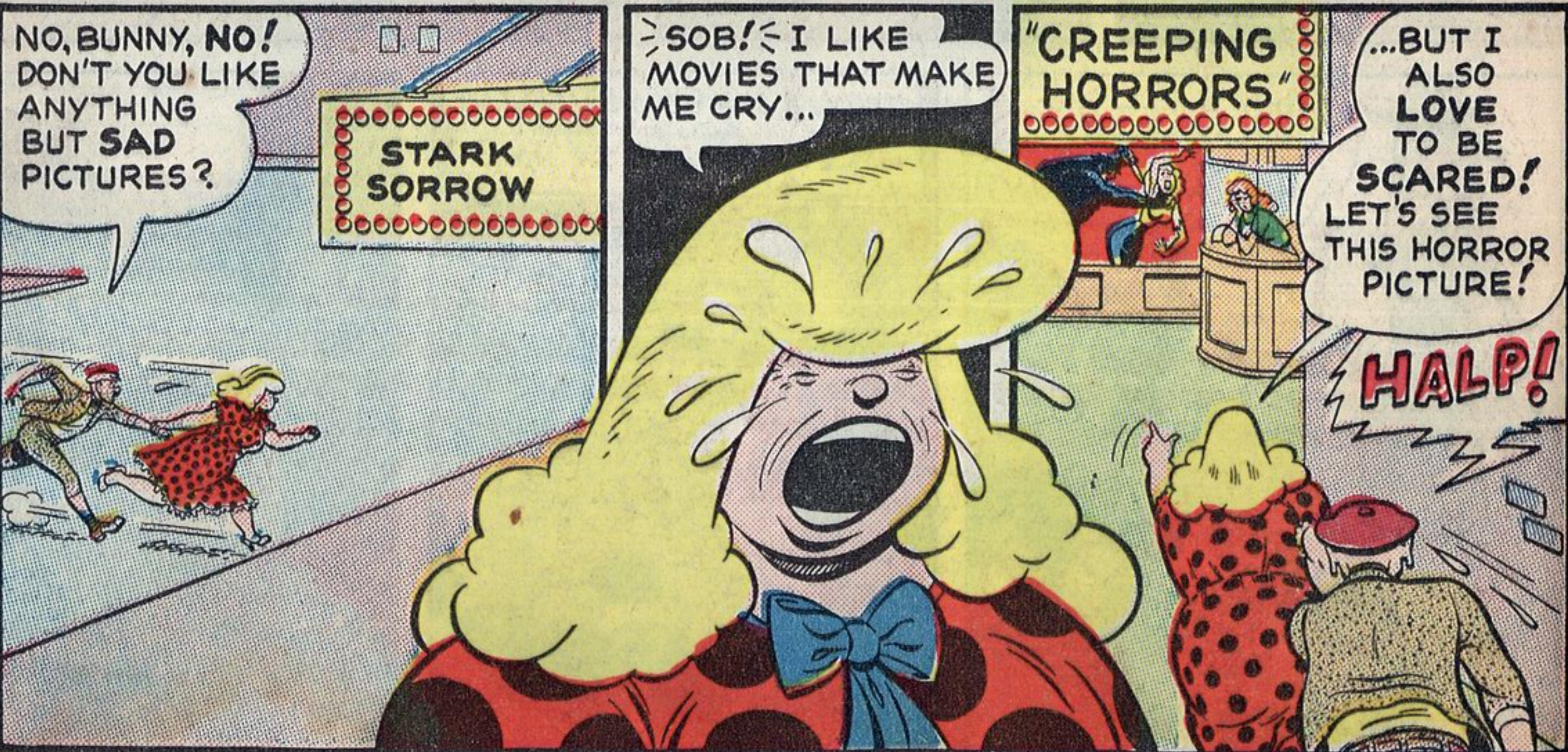
STARK
SORROW

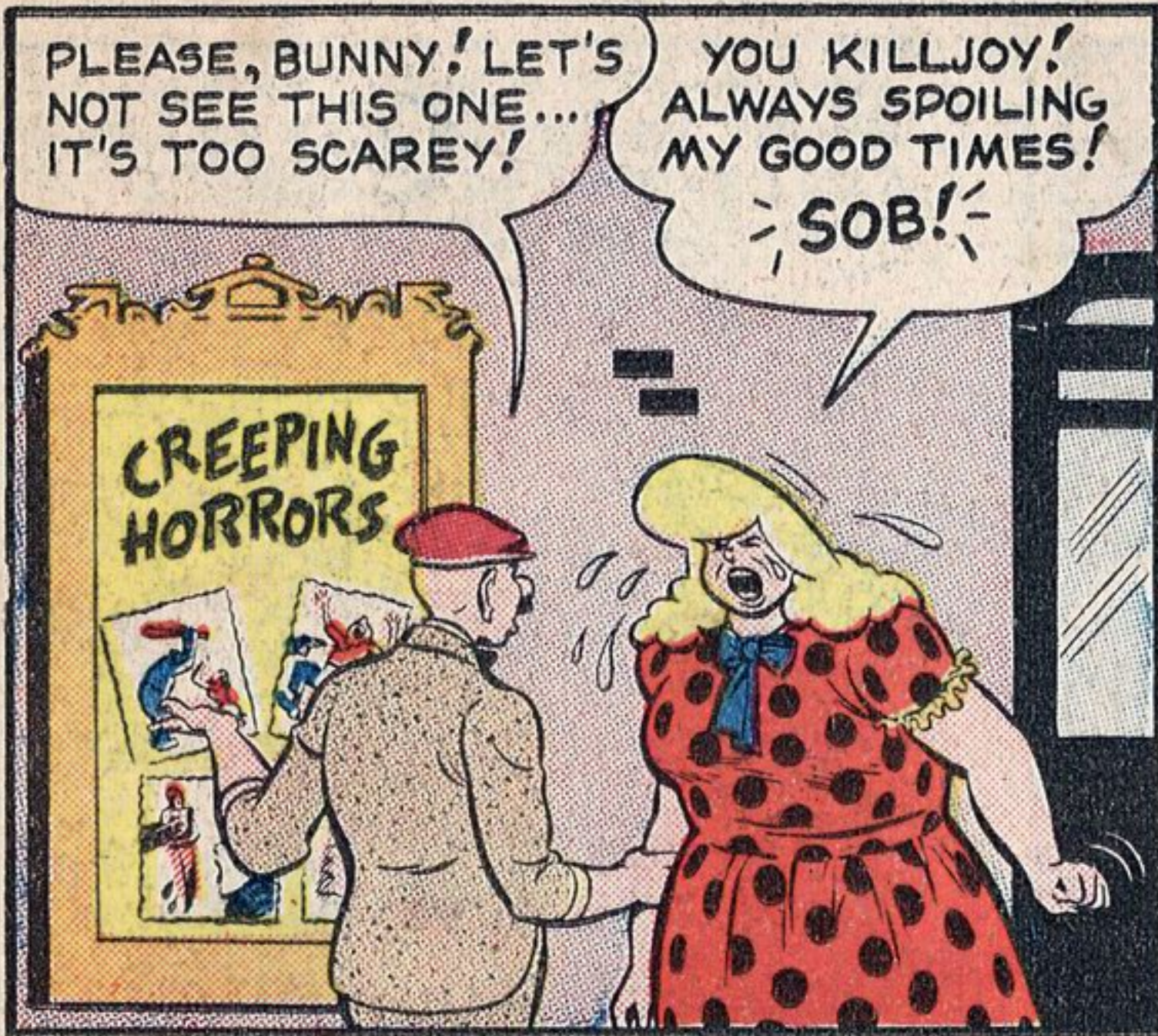
SOB! I LIKE
MOVIES THAT MAKE
ME CRY...

"CREEPING
HORRORS"

...BUT I
ALSO
LOVE
TO BE
SCARED!
LET'S SEE
THIS HORROR
PICTURE!

HALP!

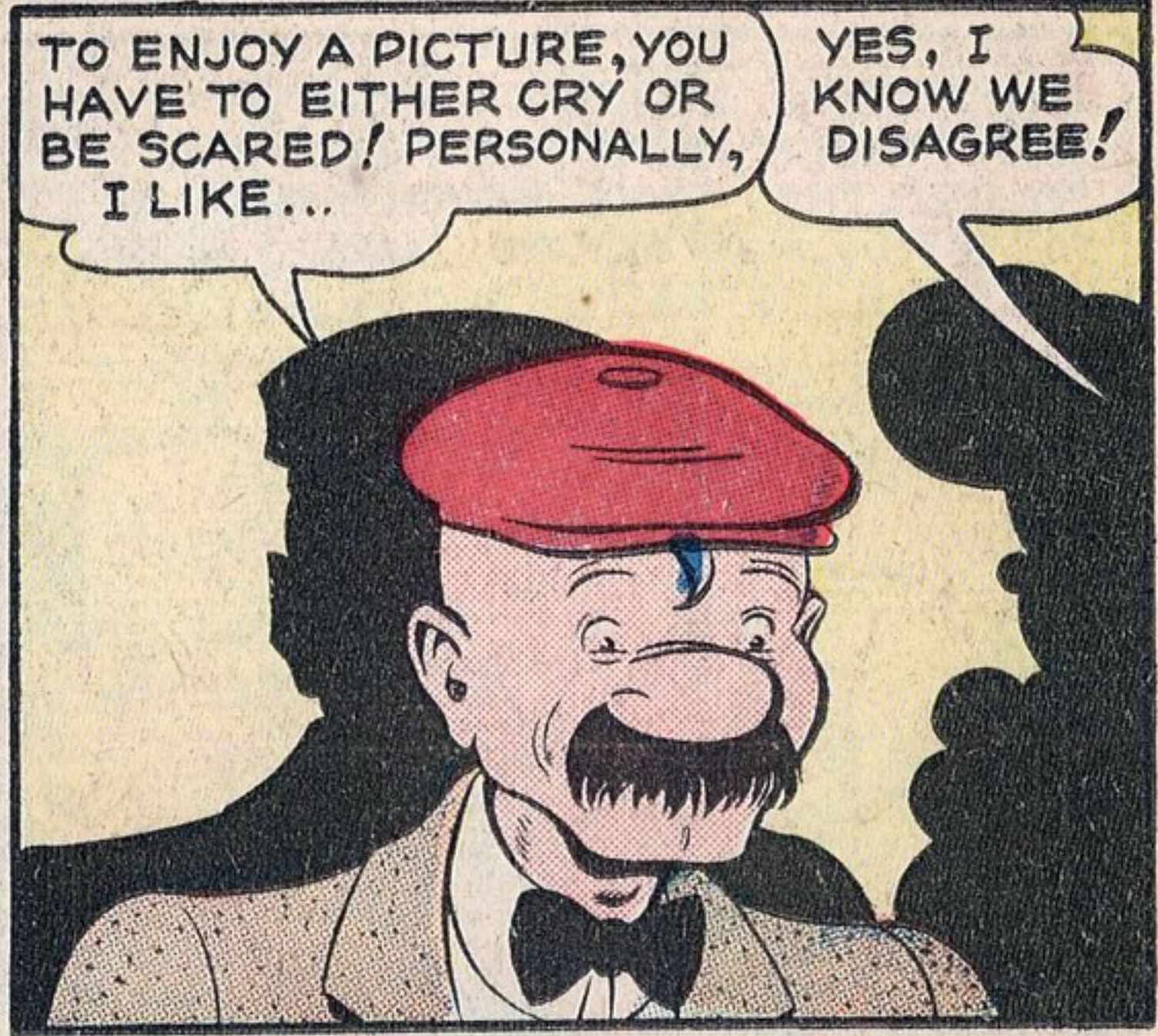




PLEASE, BUNNY! LET'S NOT SEE THIS ONE... IT'S TOO SCAREY!

YOU KILLJOY! ALWAYS SPOILING MY GOOD TIMES!

SOB!



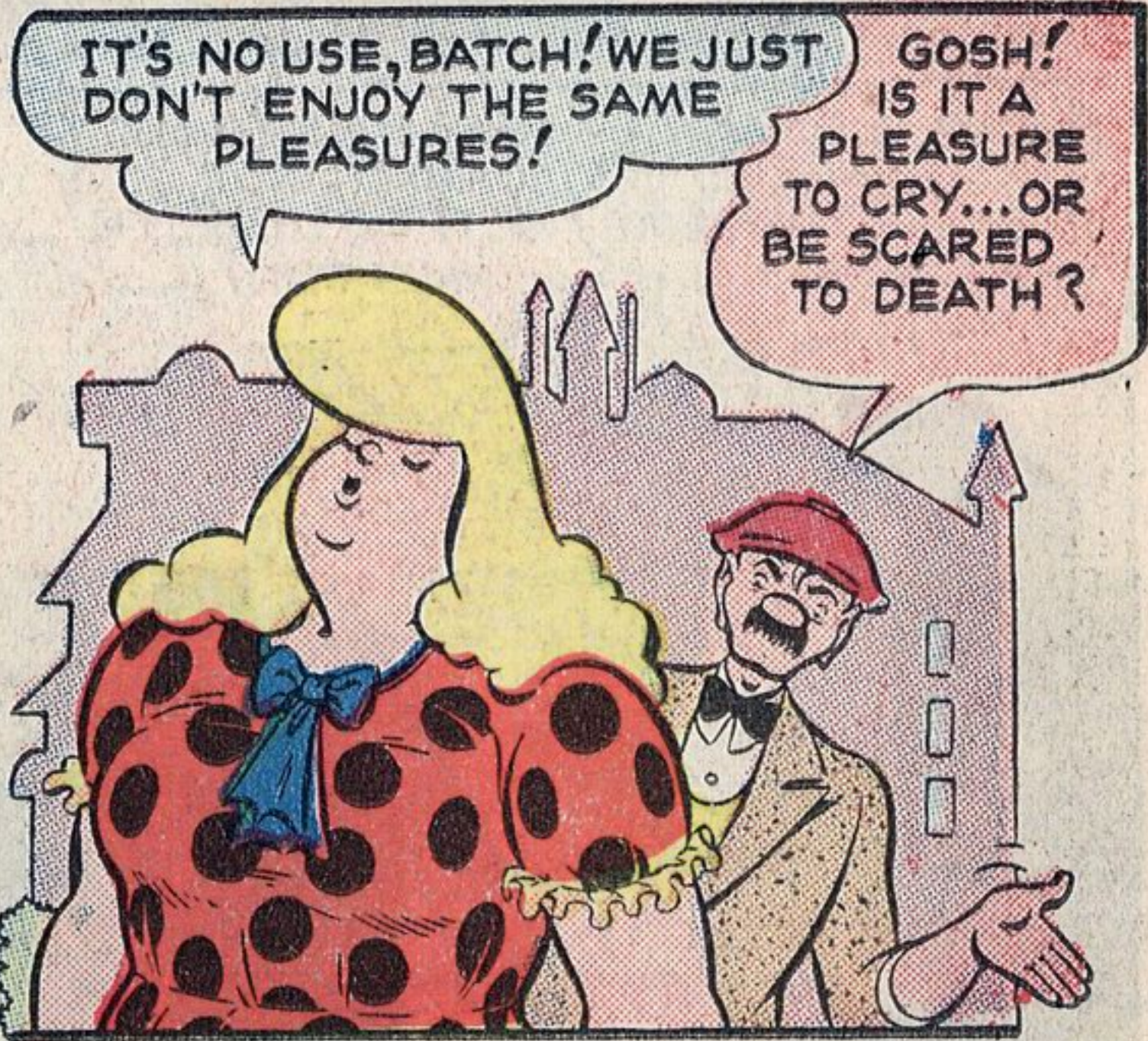
TO ENJOY A PICTURE, YOU HAVE TO EITHER CRY OR BE SCARED! PERSONALLY, I LIKE...

YES, I KNOW WE DISAGREE!



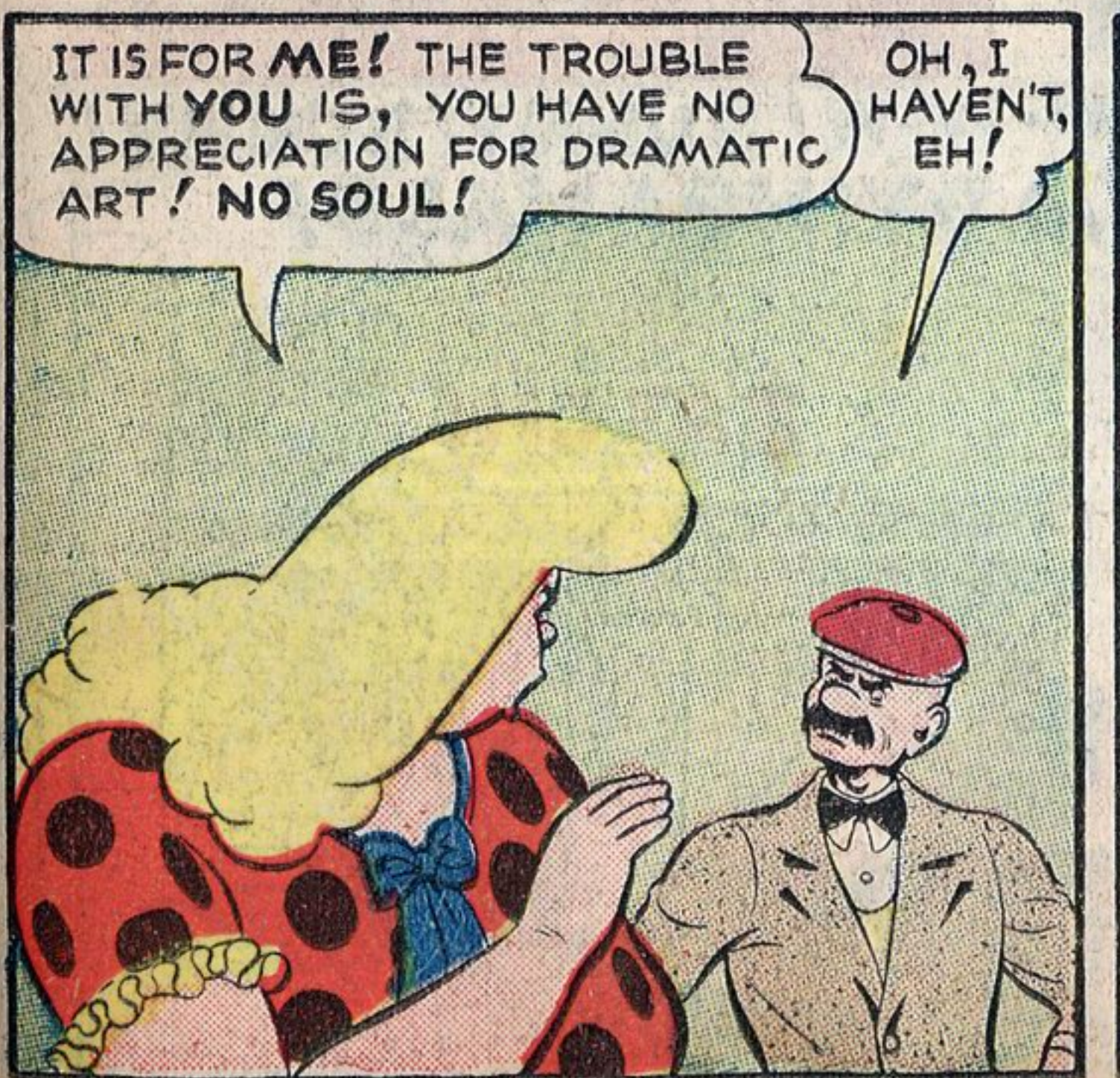
IF TWO PEOPLE DON'T LIKE THE SAME THINGS, THEY'LL NEVER GET ALONG! GOOD-BYE, BATCH!

BUNNY! WAIT!



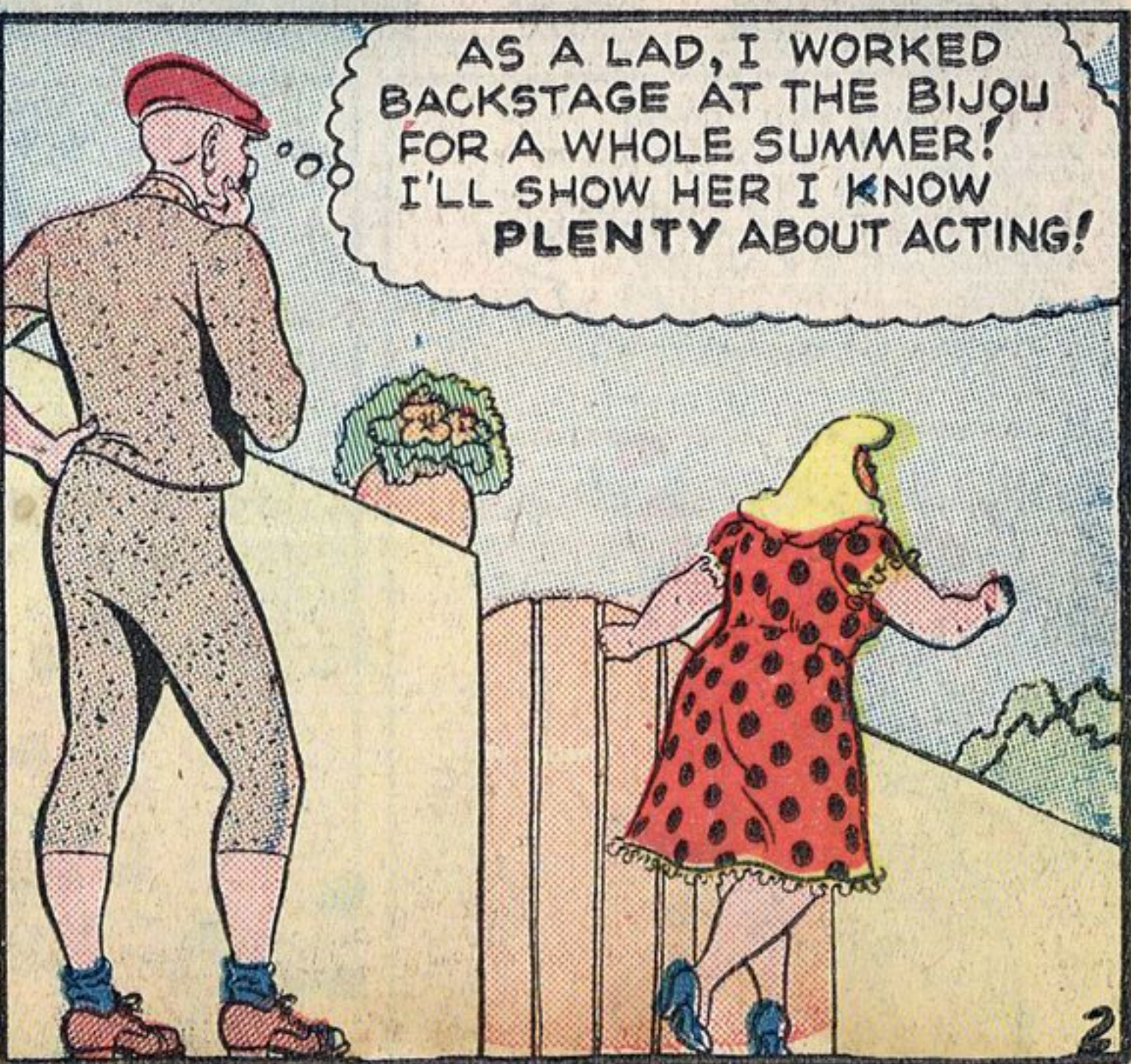
IT'S NO USE, BATCH! WE JUST DON'T ENJOY THE SAME PLEASURES!

GOSH! IS IT A PLEASURE TO CRY... OR BE SCARED TO DEATH?



IT IS FOR ME! THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS, YOU HAVE NO APPRECIATION FOR DRAMATIC ART! NO SOUL!

OH, I HAVEN'T, EH!



AS A LAD, I WORKED BACKSTAGE AT THE BIJOU FOR A WHOLE SUMMER! I'LL SHOW HER I KNOW PLENTY ABOUT ACTING!

Batch goes home and...

AHA! HERE IT IS! AFTER THE SHOW FOLDED, THEY GAVE ME THIS OLD HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME COSTUME INSTEAD OF MY SALARY!



WHY WASTE MONEY TAKING BUNNY TO SHOWS JUST SO SHE CAN CRY AND BE SCARED? I CAN SCARE HER MYSELF!



BUNNY IS RIGHT! A COUPLE SHOULD TRY TO ENJOY THE SAME THINGS!

SHE LOVES TO BE SCARED AND I LOVE TO ACT! WE'LL BOTH HAVE FUN!



CHUCKLE! I'LL STRAP THIS PHONY DAGGER TO MY CHEST AND THEN DOUSE MYSELF WITH CATSUP! THIS'LL SCARE HER BUT GOOD!

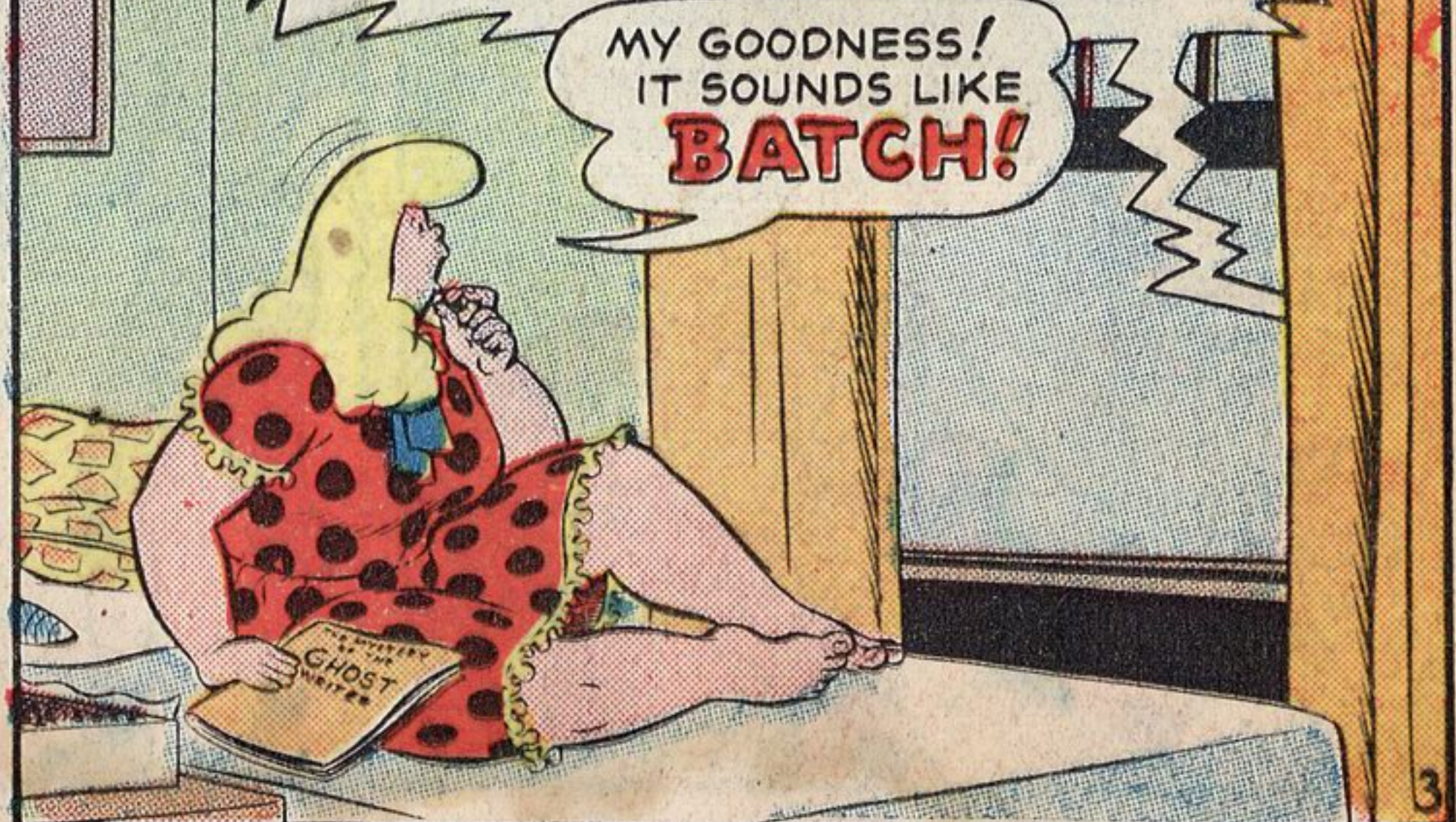


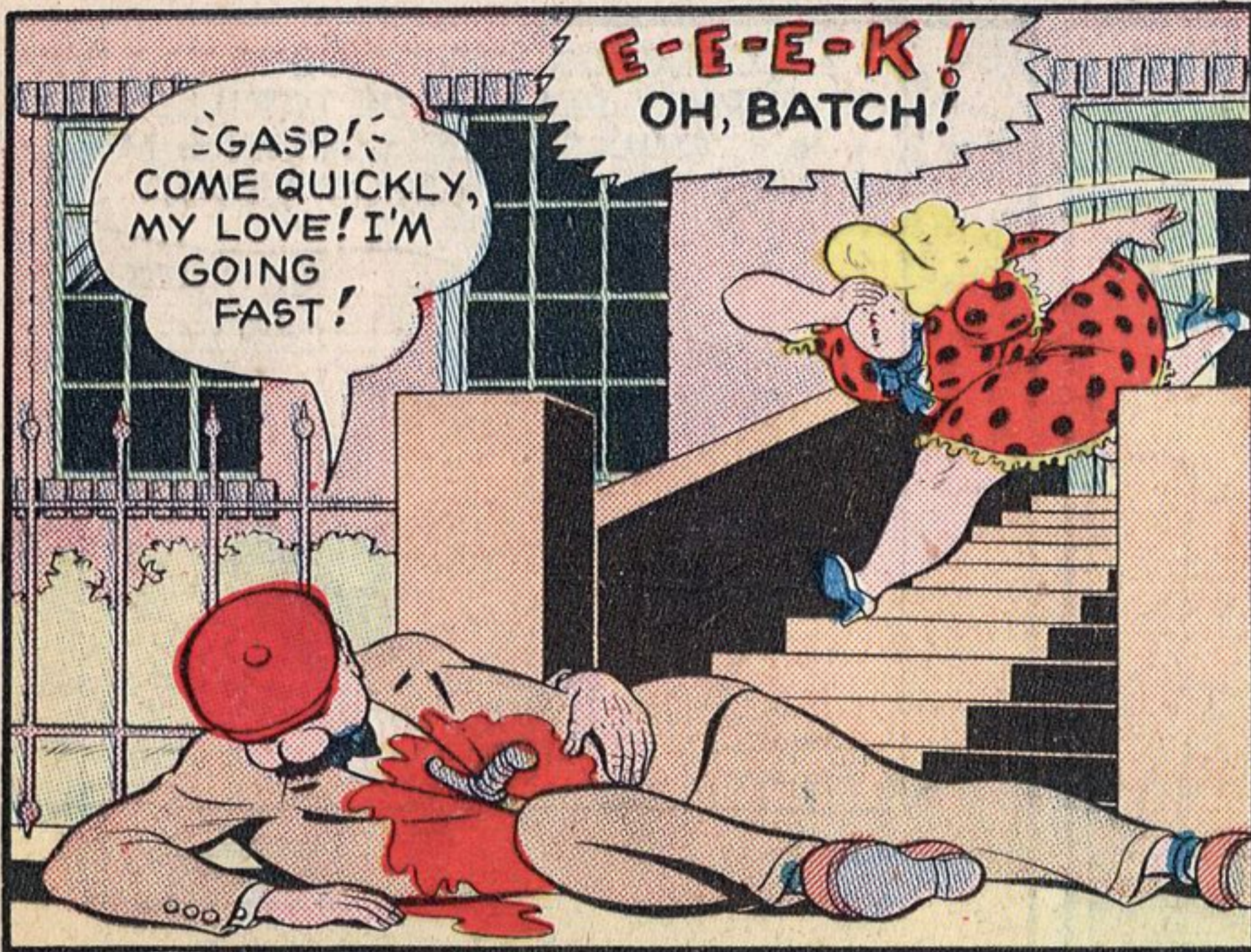
HA! NOW I'LL RUN AROUND IN FRONT OF BUNNY'S PLACE! SHE'LL BE HOME BY NOW!



YOW-W-W! BUNNY! BUNNY! I'M DYING! HALP!

MY GOODNESS! IT SOUNDS LIKE BATCH!





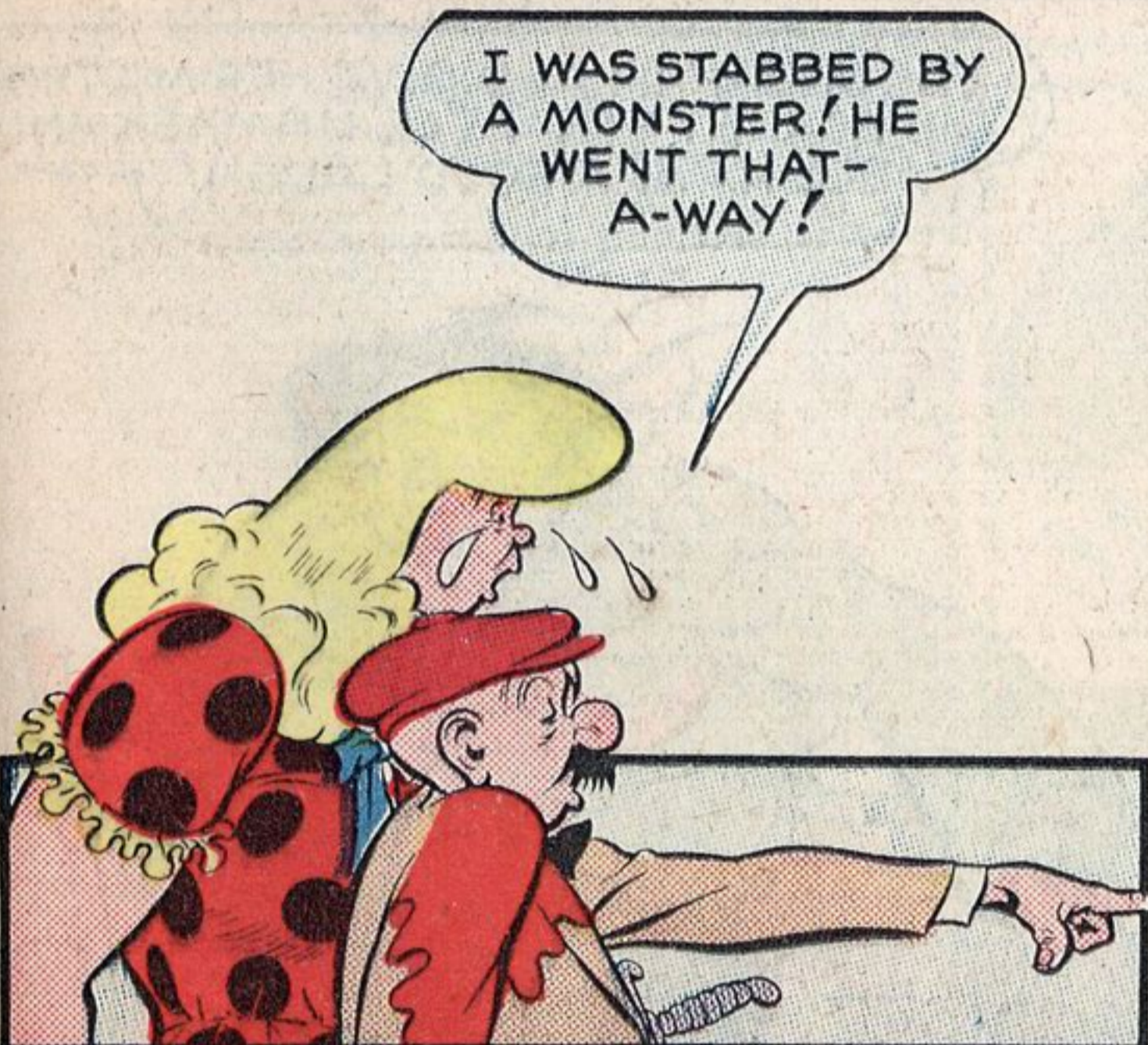
:-GASP!:-
COME QUICKLY,
MY LOVE! I'M
GOING
FAST!

E-E-E-K!
OH, BATCH!

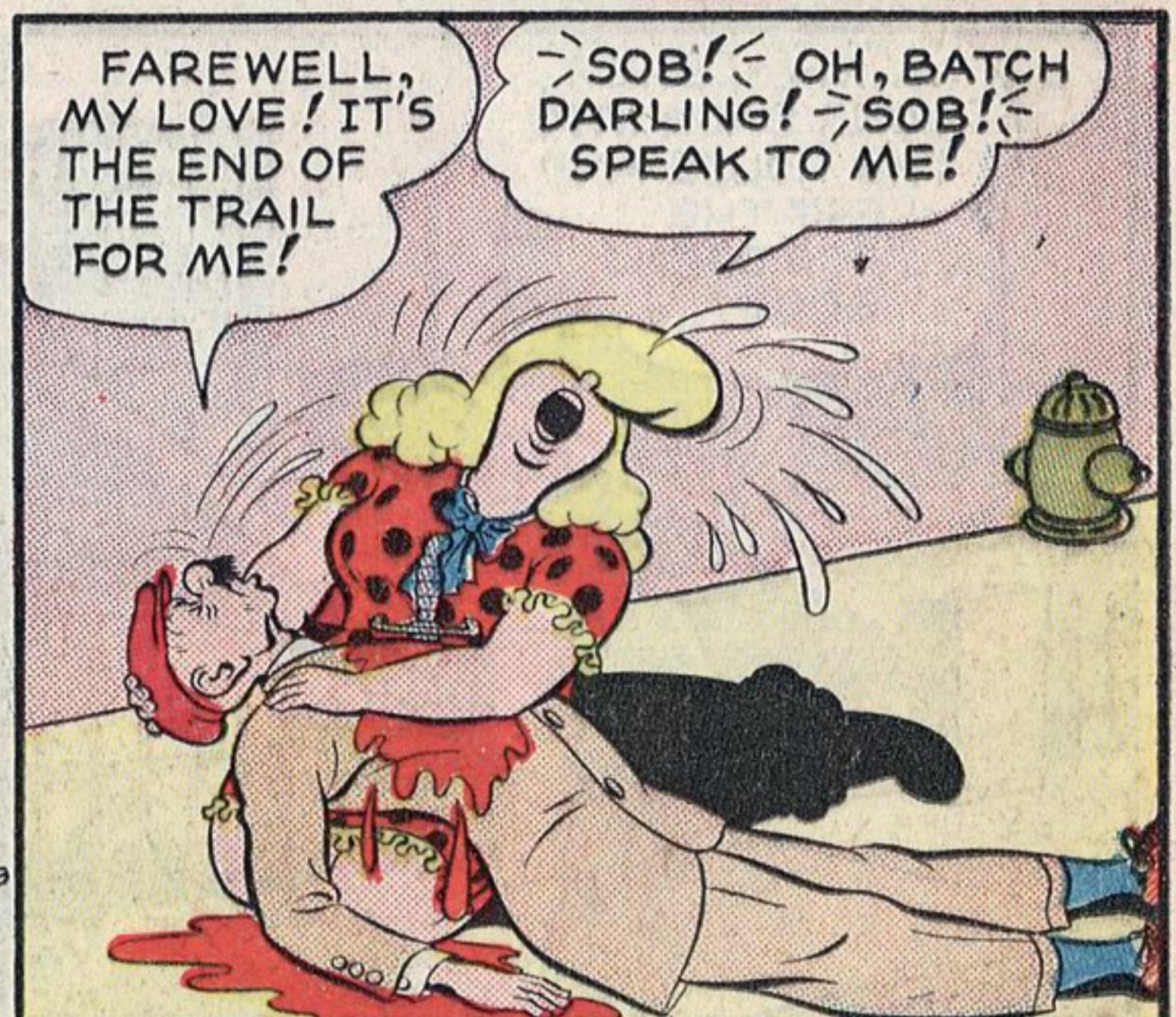


:-SOB!:- OH, BATCH! :-SOB!:-
YOU'RE COMMITTING **SUICIDE**
BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY QUARREL
WE HAD!

:-GASP!:-
NO,
'T WASN'T
THAT!



I WAS STABBED BY
A MONSTER! HE
WENT THAT-
A-WAY!

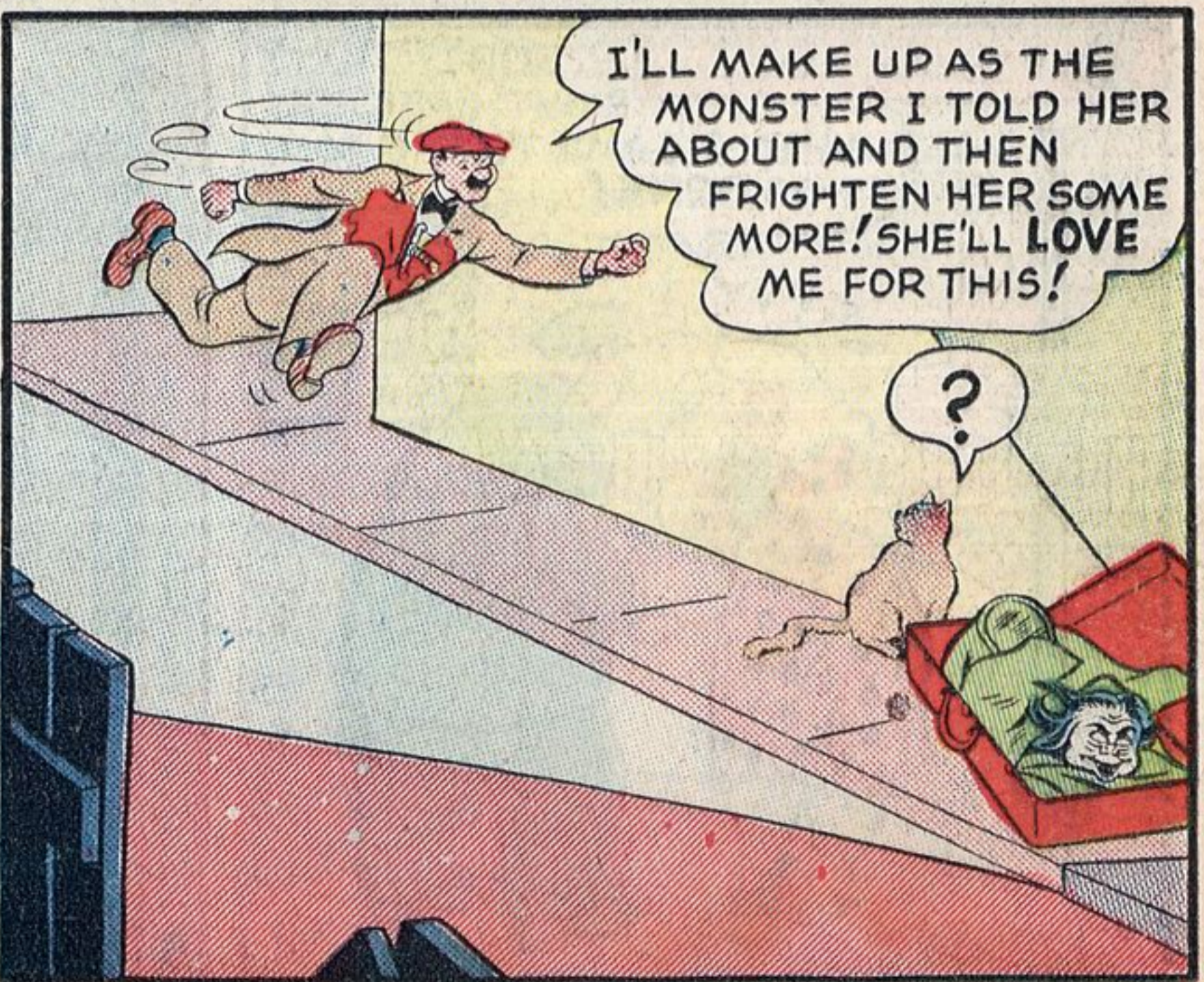


FAREWELL,
MY LOVE! IT'S
THE END OF
THE TRAIL
FOR ME!

:-SOB!:- OH, BATCH
DARLING! :-SOB!:-
SPEAK TO ME!



GOSH! SHE'S
FAINTED! I'D
FEEL LIKE A HEEL IF
I DIDN'T KNOW SHE
ENJOYS BEING
SCARED!

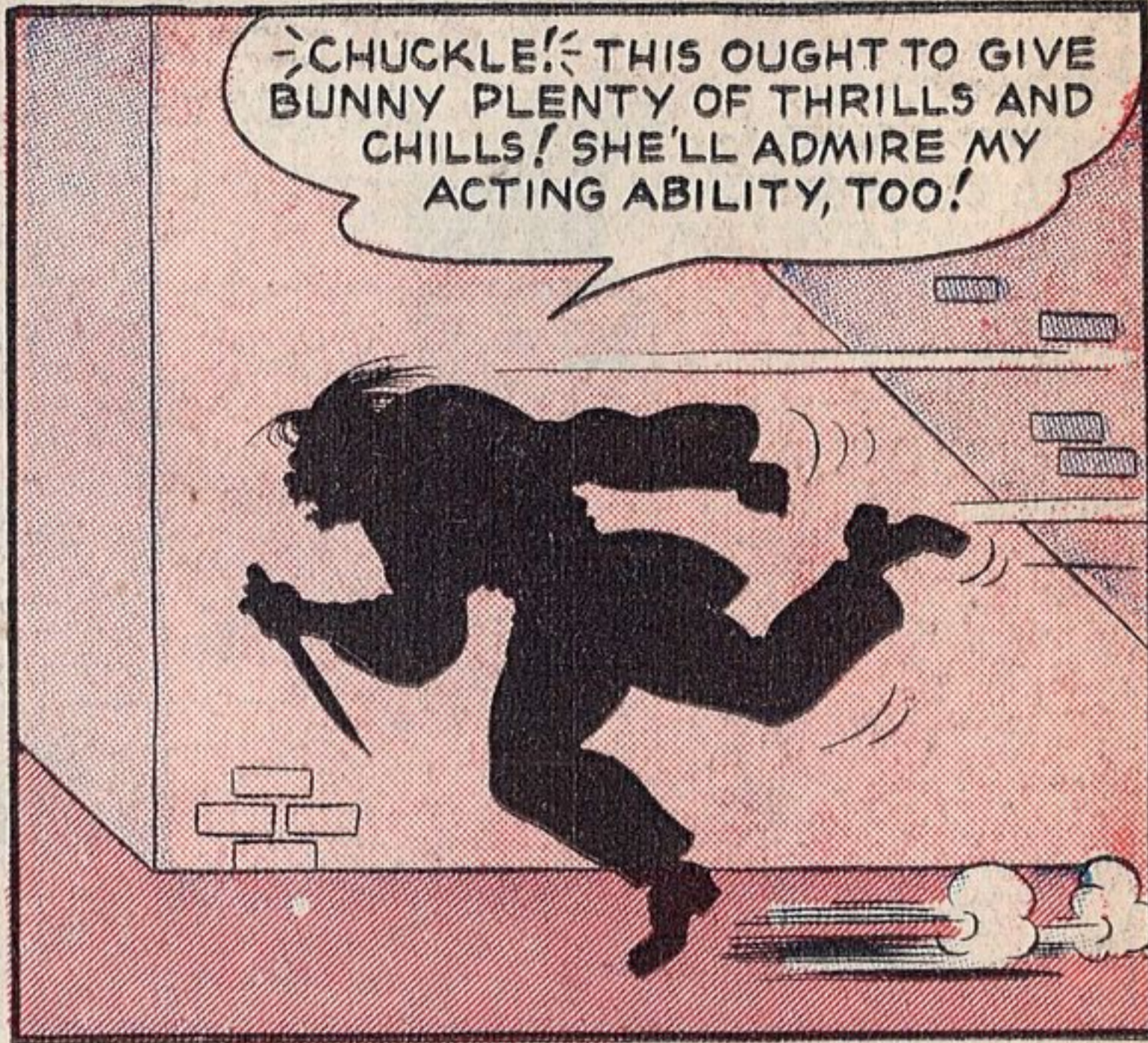


I'LL MAKE UP AS THE
MONSTER I TOLD HER
ABOUT AND THEN
FRIGHTEN HER SOME
MORE! SHE'LL **LOVE**
ME FOR THIS!

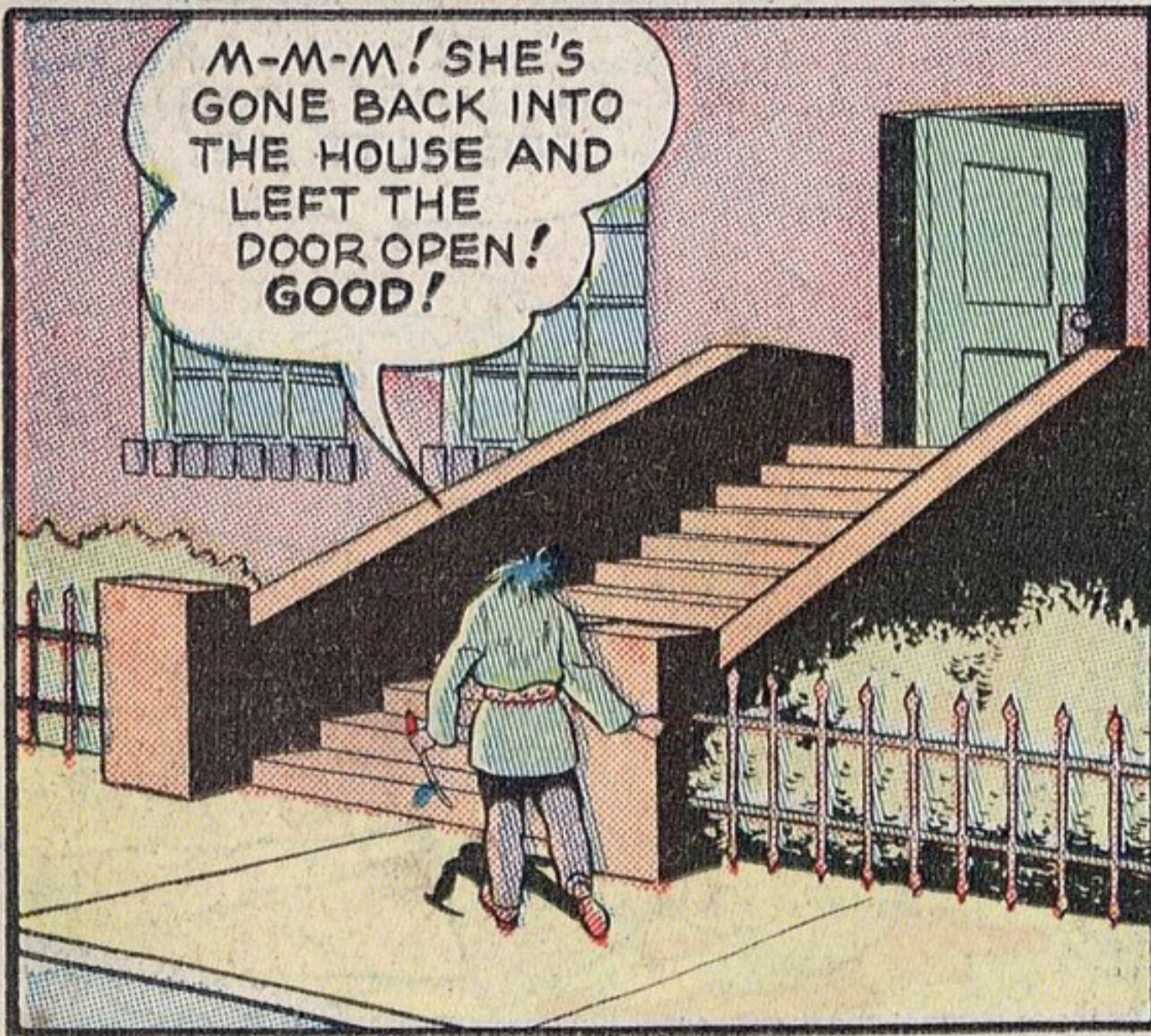
?



THIS OLD HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME OUTFIT WILL DO THE TRICK!



CHUCKLE! THIS OUGHT TO GIVE BUNNY PLENTY OF THRILLS AND CHILLS! SHE'LL ADMIRE MY ACTING ABILITY, TOO!



M-M-M! SHE'S GONE BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND LEFT THE DOOR OPEN! GOOD!



I'LL SNEAK IN AND GIVE HER ANOTHER BIG SCARE! THEN I'LL UNMASK AND WE'LL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH!



But meanwhile...

SOB! THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER! WHEN I CAME TO, THE BODY WAS GONE!



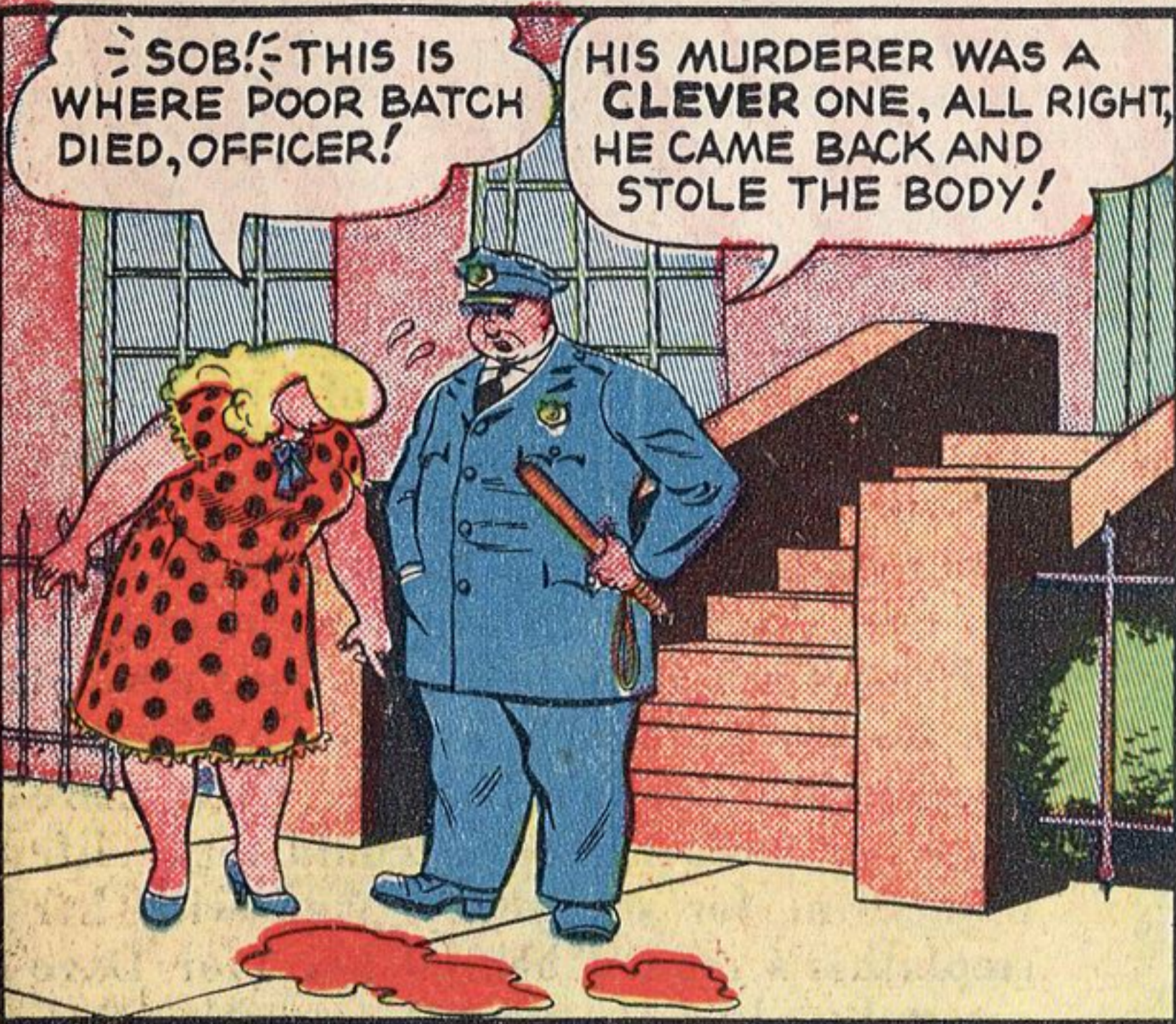
TURN OUT THE HOMICIDE SQUAD! GENERAL ALARM! MURDERING MANIAC AT LARGE!

SOB! THIS IS WHERE POOR BATCH DIED, OFFICER!

HIS MURDERER WAS A CLEVER ONE, ALL RIGHT, HE CAME BACK AND STOLE THE BODY!

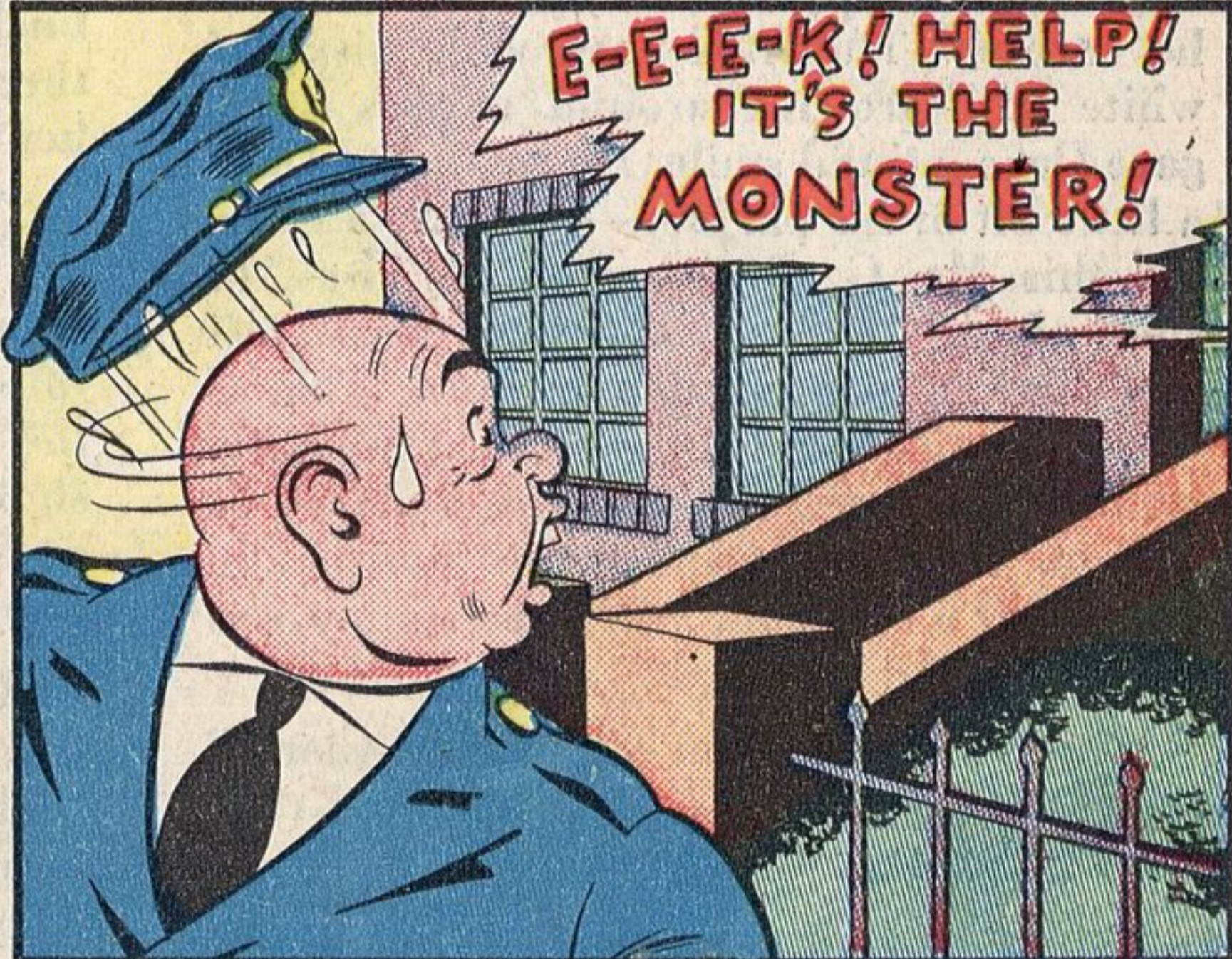
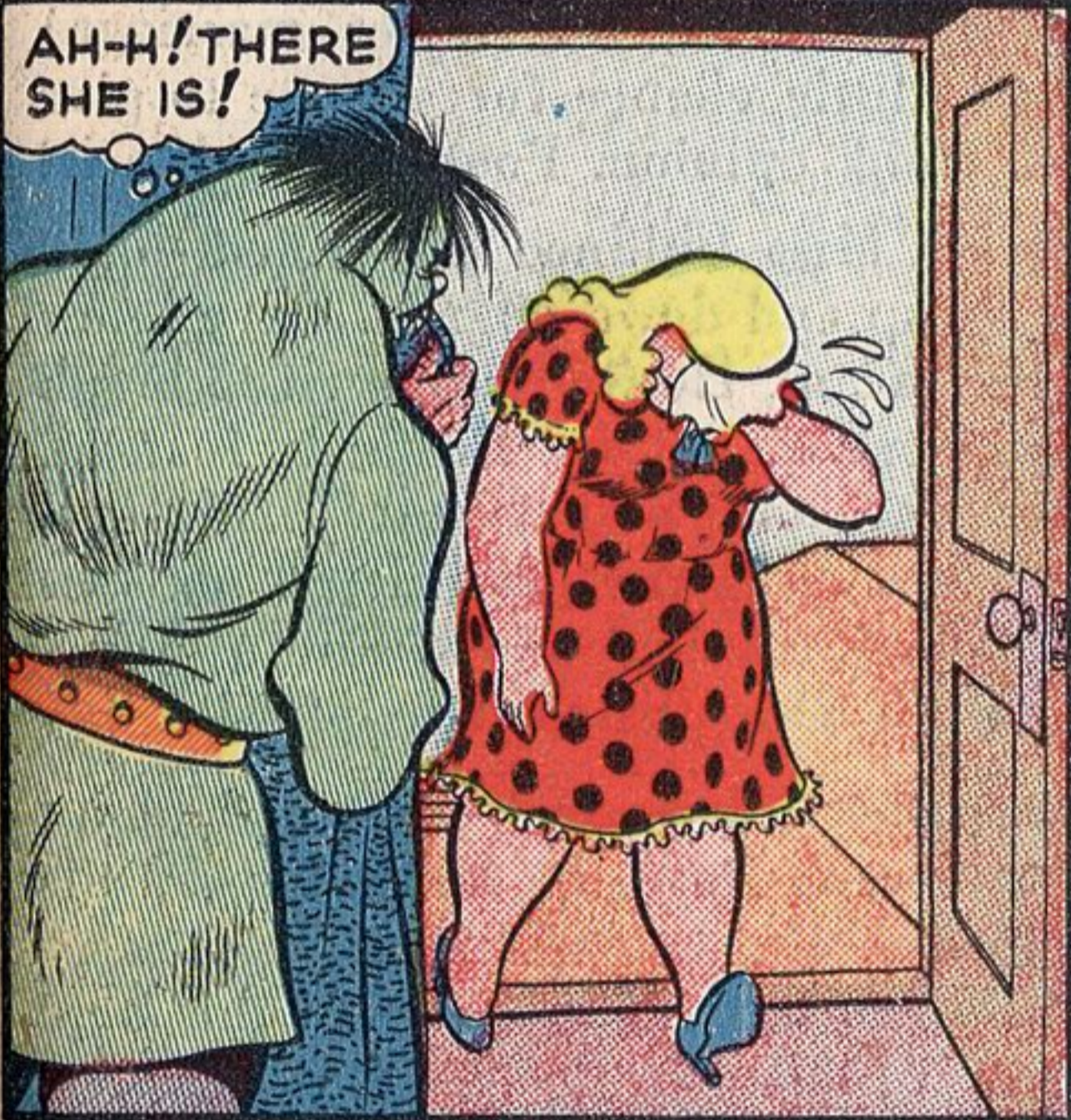
DON'T WORRY, LADY! THE HOMICIDE SQUAD WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

SOB!



AH-H! THERE SHE IS!

E-E-E-K! HELP! IT'S THE MONSTER!



E-E-E-E-K!

CHUCKLE! CHUCKLE!

CRACK!

BAM!

Later... SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE ME IN REAL LIFE WHAT I ENJOY IN THE MOVIES!

WELL, I ALWAYS ENJOY SEEING THE VILLAIN END UP IN JAIL! S'LONG, MONSTER!

BUNNY, COME BACK!



The Open WINDOW

DAVE CLARK stood in the audition studio for a moment, watching the rain splatter against the window panes. The heaviest rain of the season . . . there must be eight inches of water soaking into the ground by now. He had expected by this time to be packing his bags for a long, restful week end. Instead, at this late hour, he was still in the studio; and, to make matters as bad as possible, stuck with an audition!

The group of people in the reception room looked up with varying reactions as he entered. The little man with wisps of white hair growing around a pink scalp gave Dave a timid smile. He reminded Dave a little bit of his pal Doc—but only a little, for this Mr. G. Rogers Bulfinch, was, in spite of his timidity, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in town. That is why Dave Clark, top announcer at the radio station, had been required by his boss to stay on hand and manage this audition in person, at a late hour when the station was off the air for the night.

“S-sorry to keep you so late, Mr. Clark,” the little guy stuttered, as if he could read Dave’s thoughts.

“Humph! It’s his job, isn’t it?”

Dave didn’t have to look to know who made that remark. The big, dominating woman wrapped in expensive furs was obviously the cause of Mr. Bulfinch’s timidity. Any man incautious enough to marry her would certainly do what she said, just because she could make life so miserable for him if he did not. And poor Mr. Bulfinch, with all his millions, had made that mistake. Mrs. Bulfinch glared around the room through her lorgnette, and Dave hid a grin as he saw Sniffer Scoop scurry into a corner as if her glance were sharp enough to hurt him. Well, maybe it was.

The third member of the Bulfinch family present in the room was the cause of the

audition. A slender edition of her mother and dressed even more expensively, Letitia Bulfinch was as good-looking as money could make her with what it had to work on. And the results, Dave thought to himself, wouldn’t have been too bad, were it not for the permanent expression of scorn stamped on Letitia’s features. Even more than her mother, Letitia could make life unpleasant for everybody. And with her stepfather’s money behind her (for Dave remembered hearing that she was Mrs. Bulfinch’s daughter by an earlier marriage) there was little chance for anyone to give her his frank opinion. Poor Mr. Bulfinch!

“Well?” Miss Bulfinch demanded, looking Dave up and down angrily. Dave knew what she meant. He was supposed to break into loud praises of Miss Bulfinch. Instead, the rasping sound of her voice made him shudder, recalling the past fifteen minutes during which she had orated into a microphone while Dave listened helplessly.

When Dave’s boss had explained about the audition to Dave, he had shrugged his shoulders helplessly “Old Bulfinch owns a lot of stock in the station, and now this stepdaughter of his has decided she wants a career in radio. We’ll have to work something out.”

“I am required to make my report first to Mr. Prentiss,” Dave said smoothly. “Red tape, you know. Then he’ll talk with you, Miss Bulfinch. Now, if you’ll excuse me for a few moments. . . .”

Thankfully Dave hurried through the door, feeling the glares of Mother and daughter which followed him. Sniffer Snoop hurried out after Dave and stood in the hall mopping his forehead. “Whew!” he gasped. “Say, why didn’t you tell me what I was getting into when you told me to wait for you in there?”

Dave, now that he was out of the sacred

SMASH COMICS

Bulfinch presence, allowed himself to laugh out loud. The only thing that had made the gathering bearable was the fun of watching the women's outraged glances as they stared at the odd figure of Dave's volunteer assistant. For this particular job, Detective Sniffer Snoop.

"Wait here," he said. "I'll only be a few minutes and then we'll . . ."

His voice was broken off by the sound of a scream—an awful, blood-curdling shriek from the reception room he had just left.

Dave raced back and threw open the door, Sniffer at his elbow. Everything registered in his brain with his first glance into the room: The tall French window open to the storm . . . the two women standing whitefaced, one on each side of the opening . . . and no one else there at all. Little Mr. Bulfinch was gone!

"Mr. Bulfinch. . . ?" Dave said inquiringly, though he knew the answer.

The daughter pointed at the black space outside the window, and opened her mouth for a scream. The mother collapsed into a low chair, covering her face with her hands.

"He fell?" Dave demanded.

"I . . . I think he jumped!" Miss Bulfinch gasped. "After he opened the window he stood looking out for a minute . . . and then he said 'Good-bye,' and disappeared!"

"Yes," Mrs. Bulfinch sobbed from between her hands, "he jumped! Oh, my poor G. Rogers!"

Dave studied the situation intently. Then he turned to Sniffer and said something in a low, hasty voice. Sniffer rushed away. As Dave watched the women, he felt like snorting. He was willing to bet that little Mr. Bulfinch never jumped out of that window. He had been pushed, by one or both of these women who stood to inherit his large fortune. But was there any way to prove it?

"I am sorry to distress you," Dave said, "but we'll have to call the police, and it's best to get things straight before they arrive. Would you mind taking the same posi-

tions where you were standing when Mr. Bulfinch . . . fell?" He watched as both women moved hastily across the room, to a point as far away from the open window as they could get.

There was an instant of silence, and into it came a slight, scratching sound from outside the window. Dave watched as both women stiffened. Then, a wet, bedraggled figure appeared in the opening.

"G. Rogers!" the women shrieked. "It's his ghost!" Almost babbling with fear, they watched as the figure climbed into the room. It was no surprise to Dave. Recalling that a canopy projected over the terrace not far below the window, he had felt sure that Mr. Bulfinch would not be badly injured by his fall. And he had sent Sniffer down to find him and to send him back up, by ladder, to confront the women with a sudden, dramatic return. It had certainly been effective.

Instead of speaking, G. Roger Bulfinch stood and stared at his family. He had straightened up, and seemed to have grown several inches in height. Both women rushed toward him caressingly.

"It was so awful!" they babbled. "We were heartbroken! It made us realize how much you meant to us . . . from now on we'll do anything you say, always!"

"You will, huh?" Mr. Bulfinch stared at them grimly. "You'd better! To start with, we'll forget this radio nonsense and go home at once."

"Oh, yes indeed!" Miss Bulfinch agreed. "Whatever you say!"

Dave grinned to himself. No need to wonder which one was guilty. By attempted murder, they had delivered themselves into Mr. Bulfinch's hands. He wouldn't call the police . . . at least as long they behaved themselves. With such a weapon, Mr. Bulfinch would be a henpecked husband no longer.

"Thanks, young man," Mr. Bulfinch said, winking broadly at Dave. Then he strode away down the hall while the two women fluttered subserviently after him. Dave and Sniffer, watching them disappear, turned to give each other a solemn handshake.

THESE APPLES ARE AS HARD AS CANNONBALLS!

THEN LET'S SHOOT THE WORKS, CHUCK!

When Stoolie Pete is kidnapped after he offers to turn state's evidence, it seems that an innocent man will go to the chair, until Chuck Lane dons *The JESTER'S* gear, rescues Pete, and brings the guilty men to justice!

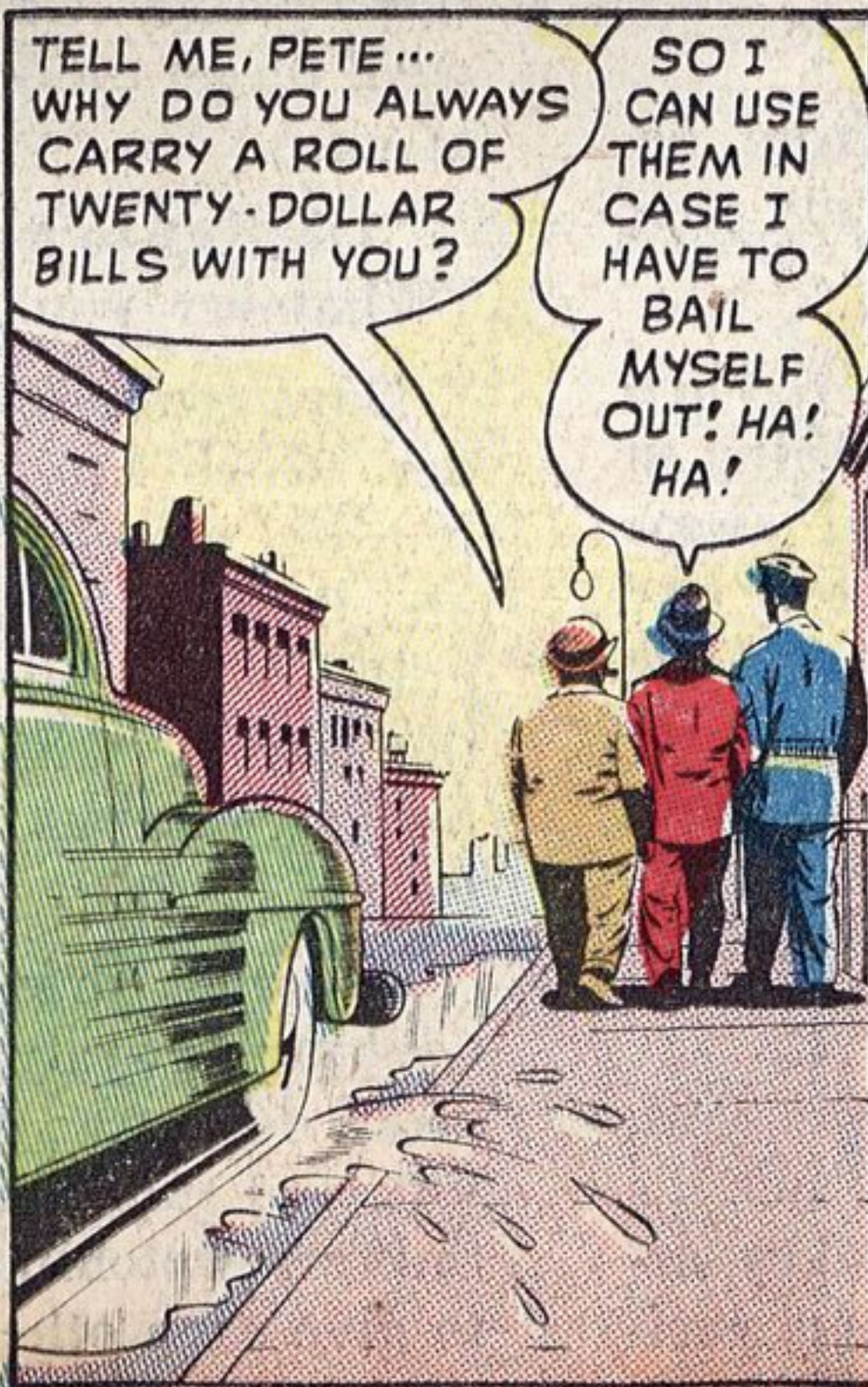


The JESTER



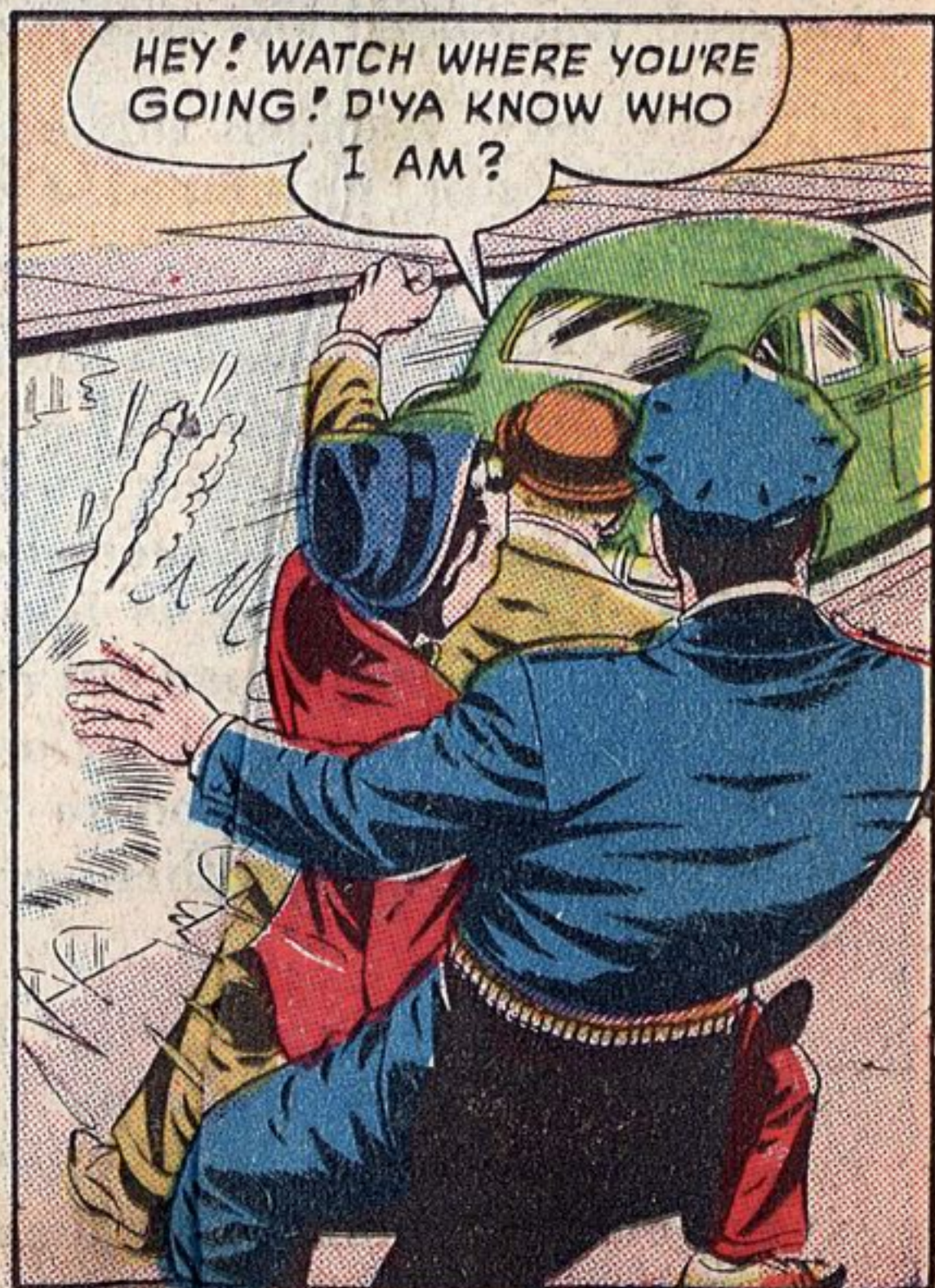
I'M GLAD YOU'LL TESTIFY FOR US, PETE! YOU'LL SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE!

YEP, CHESTER IS INNOCENT! WHY SHOULD HE FRY?

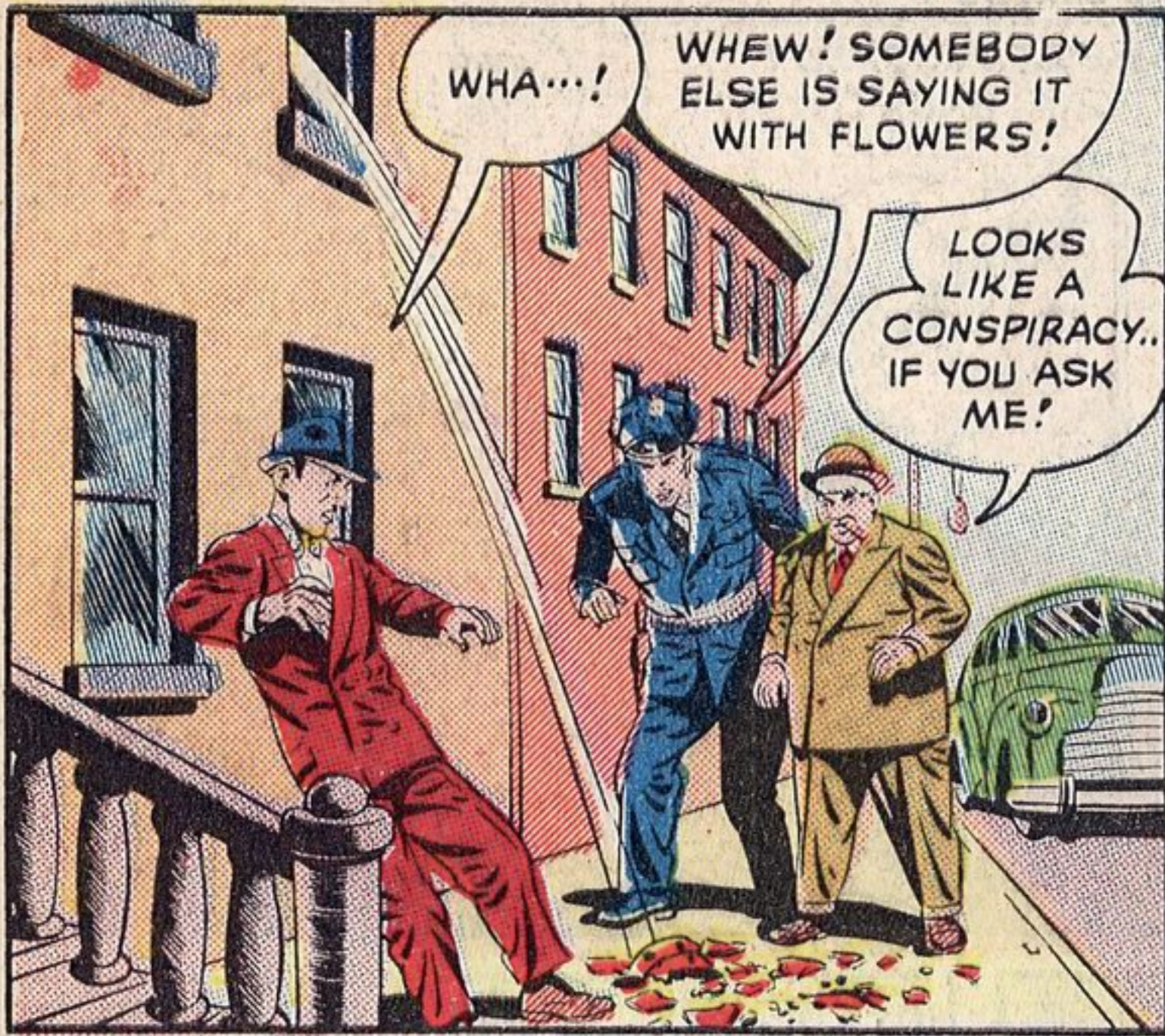


TELL ME, PETE... WHY DO YOU ALWAYS CARRY A ROLL OF TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS WITH YOU?

SO I CAN USE THEM IN CASE I HAVE TO BAIL MYSELF OUT! HA! HA!



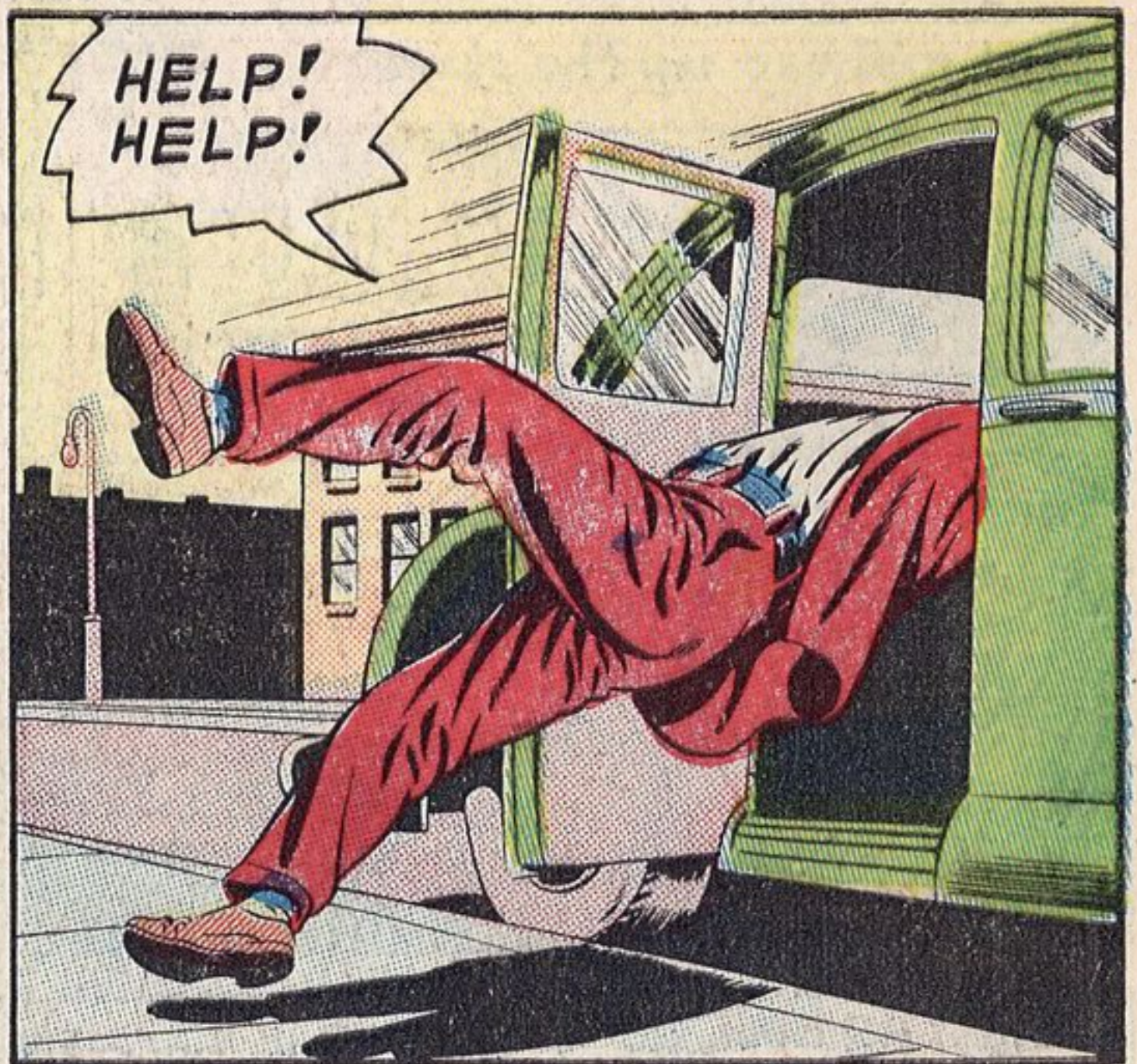
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING! D'YA KNOW WHO I AM?



WHA...!

WHEW! SOMEBODY ELSE IS SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS!

LOOKS LIKE A CONSPIRACY.. IF YOU ASK ME!



HELP! HELP!



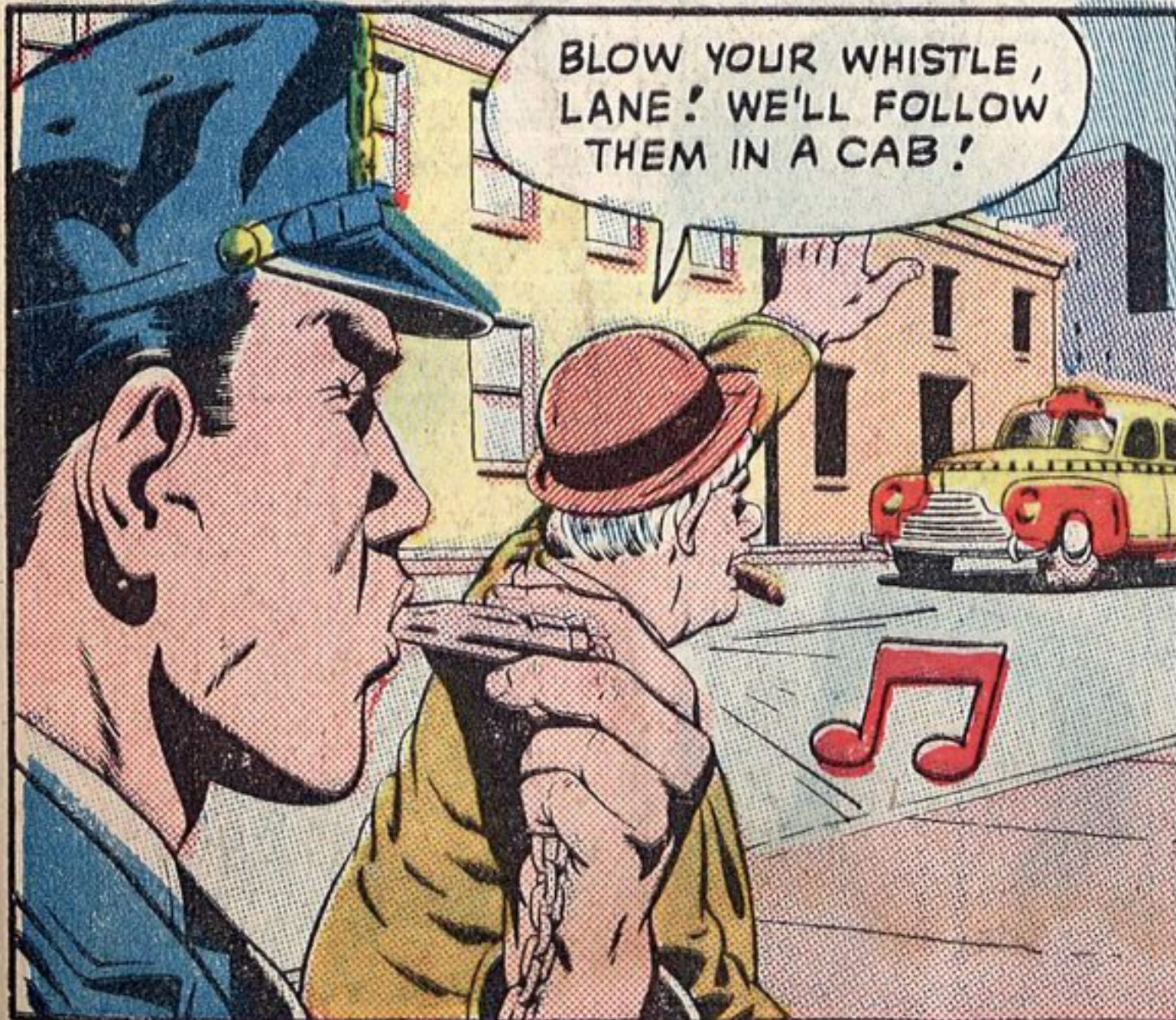
HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

STEP ON IT, JOE!

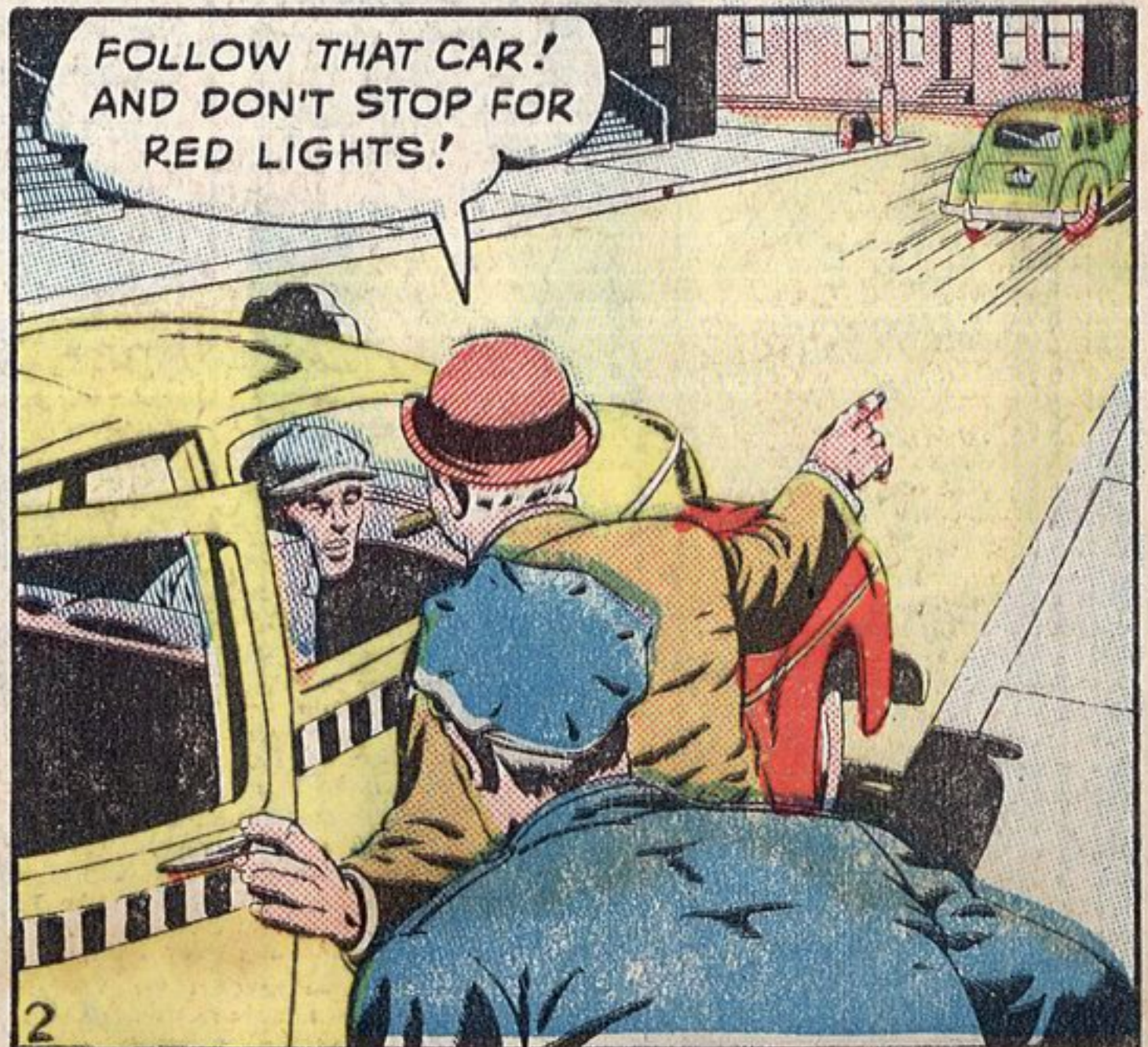


YOU MISSED HIM, AND YOU INTERFERED WITH MY SHOT! YOU'RE HOPELESS!

SORRY, SERGEANT! BUT YOU SURE CALLED YOUR SHOT WHEN YOU SAID CONSPIRACY!

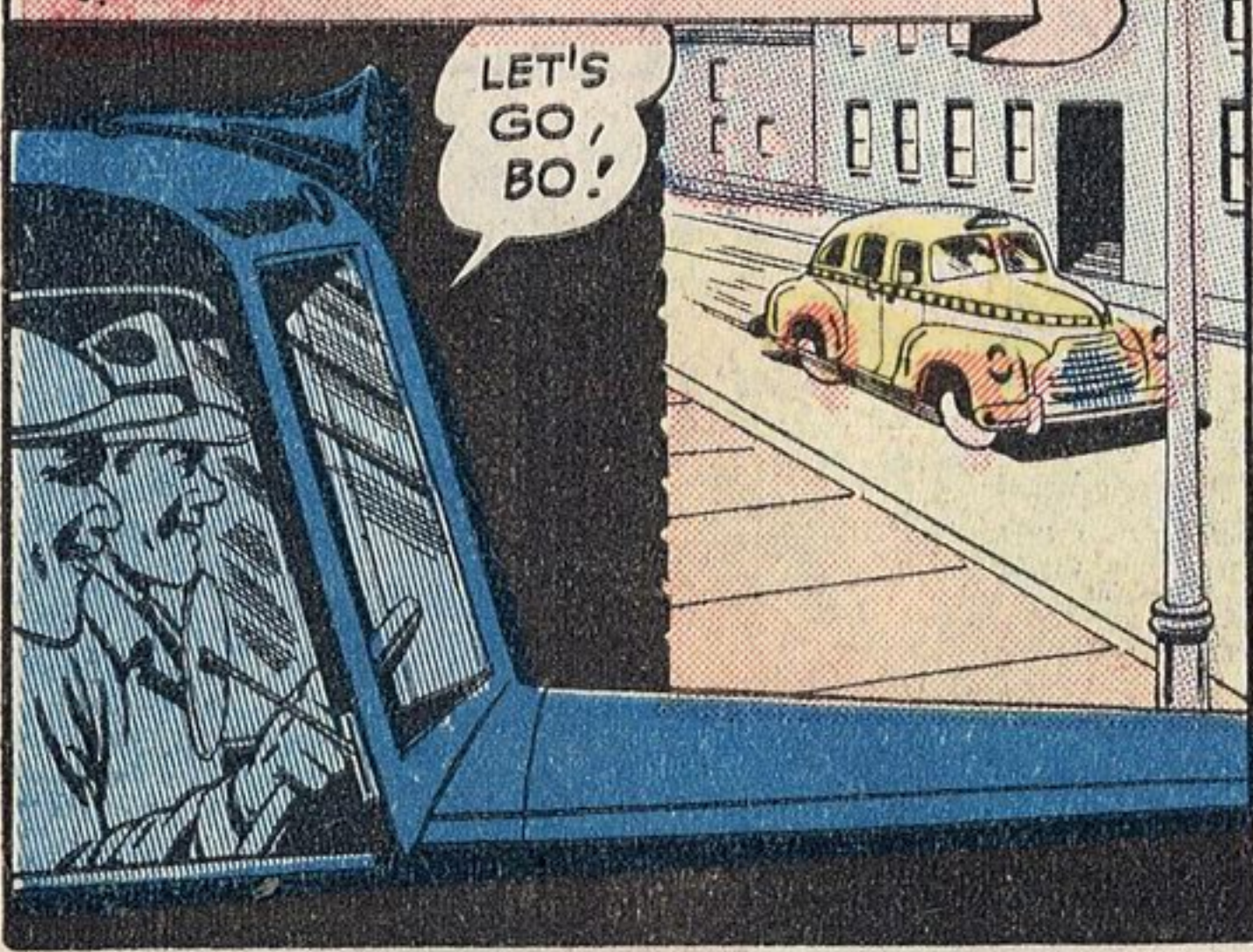


BLOW YOUR WHISTLE, LANE! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM IN A CAB!



FOLLOW THAT CAR! AND DON'T STOP FOR RED LIGHTS!

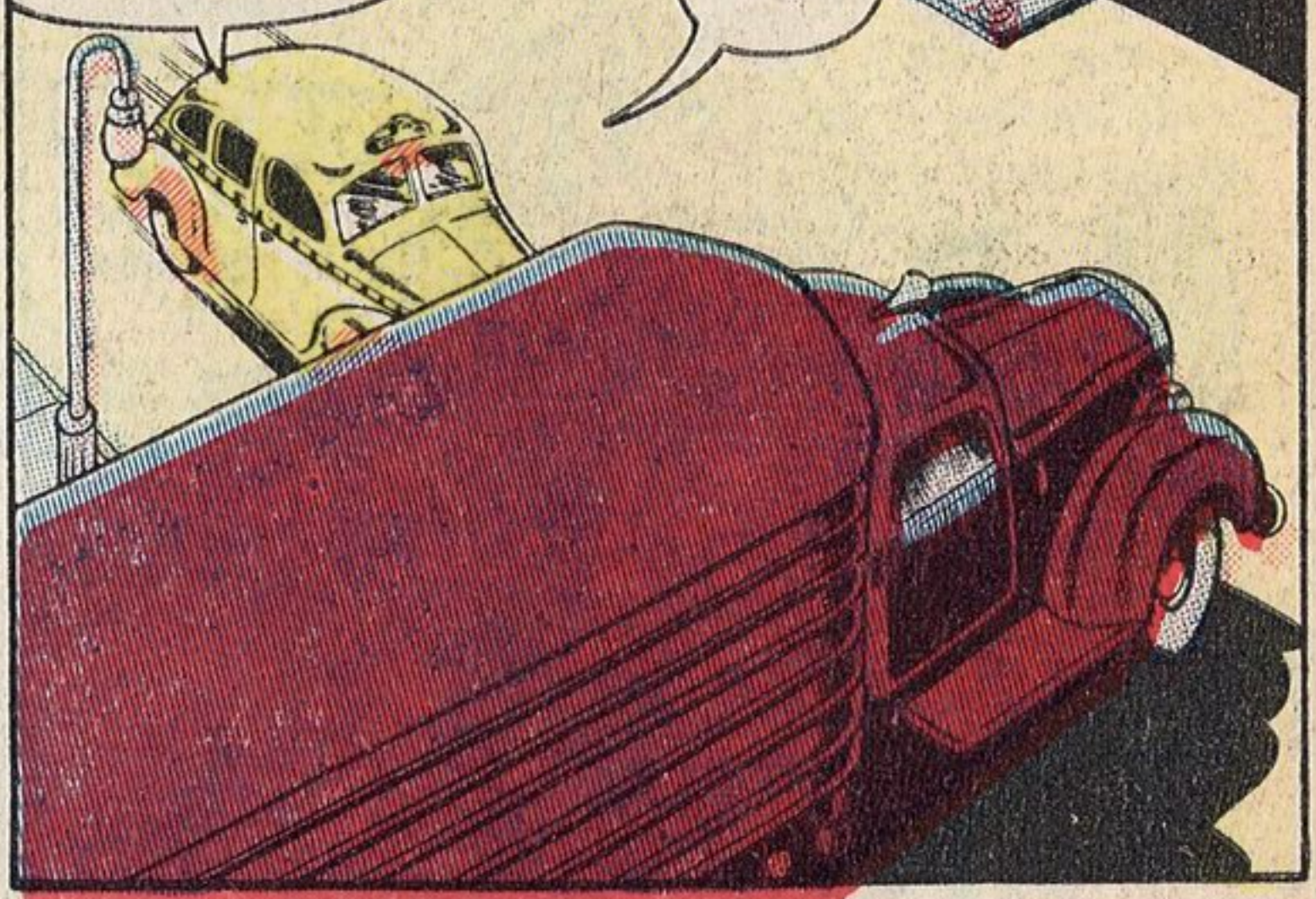
But midway up the street ...



LET'S GO, BO!

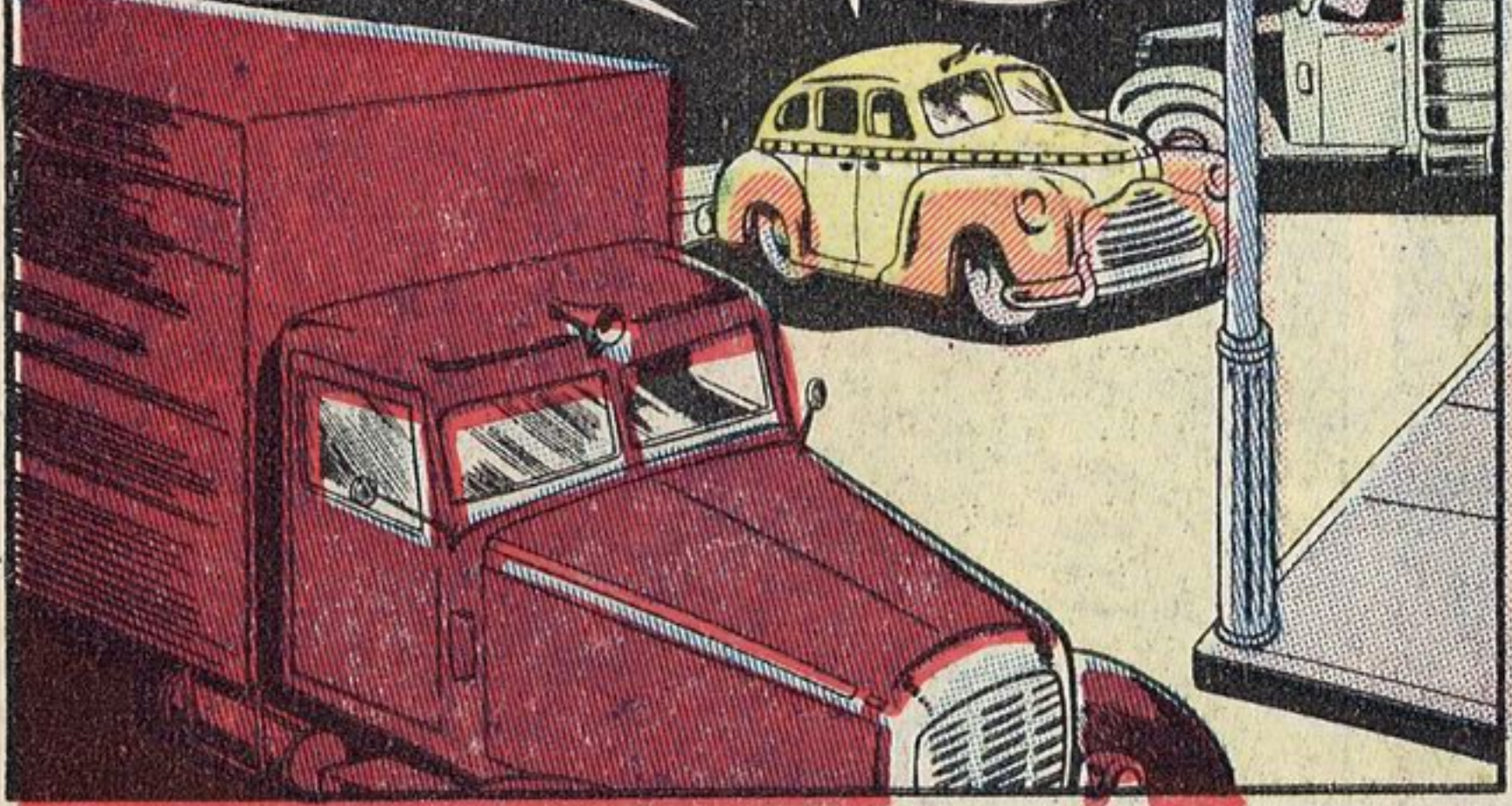
WE'RE BLOCKED! TURN BACK!

YES, SIR!



WE MAY AS WELL GET OUT... THE TRAFFIC'S TOO TOUGH TO BEAT!

YES, AND IF YOU'D SHOT STRAIGHT, WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS NOW!



IF PETE ISN'T FOUND, AN INNOCENT MAN WILL TAKE THE RAP FOR THE MURDER!

IF WE DON'T FIND PETE, BOTH OF US WILL TAKE A RAP! I WONDER WHAT THE COMMISSIONER WILL SAY TO THIS!



YOU BRING THAT WITNESS BACK BY TWO P.M. TOMORROW, OR HAND IN YOUR BADGE! YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES, COMMISSIONER!



OFFICER LANE, I WARN YOU! IF YOU DON'T PICK PETE UP BY TWO P.M. TOMORROW, I'LL BE WALKING THE BEAT! I MEAN YOU'LL BE... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! NOW GET GOING!

YES, SERGEANT!



Unobserved, Chuck Lane puts on the JESTER'S uniform...

CHESTER IS INNOCENT, BUT HE WILL BE CONDEMNED TO DIE UNLESS PETE IS FOUND! I MUST FIND HIM!



MASH COMICS

Meanwhile...

LISTEN, MACINTOSH... YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T SQUEAL! YOU CAN TRUST...

A SHOT! NO, A BLOWOUT! WE'LL HAVE TO PHONE FOR ANOTHER CAR!

BANG!

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU GUYS WANT ME TO CALL A COP?

I'M JUST AN OLD APPLE-KNOCKER MYSELF! HERE'S A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

PHONE

BROKEN DISH RESTAURANT

BROKEN STALL

GET SOME MACINTOSH APPLES WITH THIS MONEY! I GO FOR THEM! DON'T I, MAC?

HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, SO DO I!

MONEY

WHAT GOES ON, MISTER? ARE YOU CRAZY?

NO, THEY CALL ME THE CHINA CLIPPER, BUB! HERE'S TWENTY DOLLARS TO BUY A NEW SET OF PLATES!

COME ON, PETE, STOP CLOWNING! THE CAR WILL BE ON THE CORNER IN TWO MINUTES!

HERE'S SOME GREEN SUGAR! YOU'LL LIKE IT BETTER THAN THE WHITE!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? A CYCLONE?

I CAN'T COMPLAIN! A GUY TIPPED MY STAND OVER, AND THEN TIPPED ME TWENTY DOLLARS... AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT HE DID IN THE RESTAURANT!

McGINTY? THE JESTER CALLING! MEET ME AT THE BROKEN DISH! AN APPLE TURNOVER AND SOME BROKEN DISHES MAY BREAK THE CASE!

I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT CLUES I'M WORKING ON, BUT I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

SMASH COMICS



HELLO, JESTER!
WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT?

SIT
DOWN,
MCGINTY!
I'VE
ORDERED
COFFEE
FOR YOU!



WHAT IS
THIS, A
GAG? SALT
IN THE
SUGAR?

EVERYTHING IS TOPSY-TURVY!
THE LITTLE GUY WRECKED MY
PLACE AND PAID ME IN
TWENTY-DOLLAR
BILLS! SAID THEY
CALLED HIM THE
CHINA
CLIPPER!



CHINA CLIPPER,
EH? LET'S SEE
IF THAT FRUIT
MAN KNOWS ANY
MORE, MCGINTY!

HMM... I'LL
BET YOU
TURN UP A
LEMON, AS
USUAL!



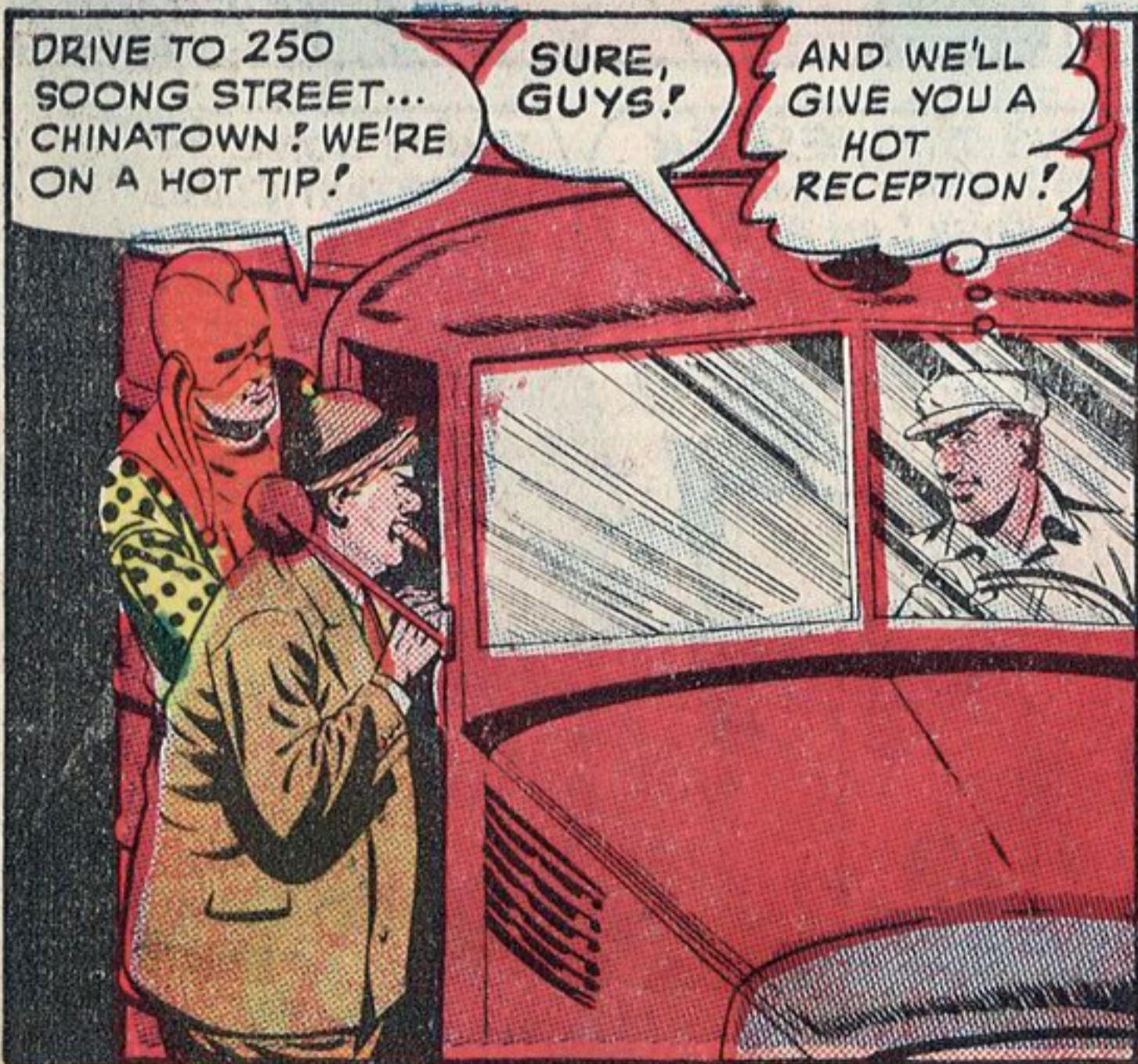
DIDN'T HE SAY
ANYTHING ELSE?
THINK! AN
INNOCENT
MAN'S LIFE
IS AT STAKE!

NO... WAIT! HE TOLD ME TO
BUY SOME MACINTOSH
APPLES... SAID HE
COULD GO FOR
THEM!



MACINTOSH KIDNAPPED PETE ...
MACINTOSH APPLES, GET IT?
AND CHINA CLIPPER... MACINTOSH
HAS A HIDEOUT IN CHINATOWN!

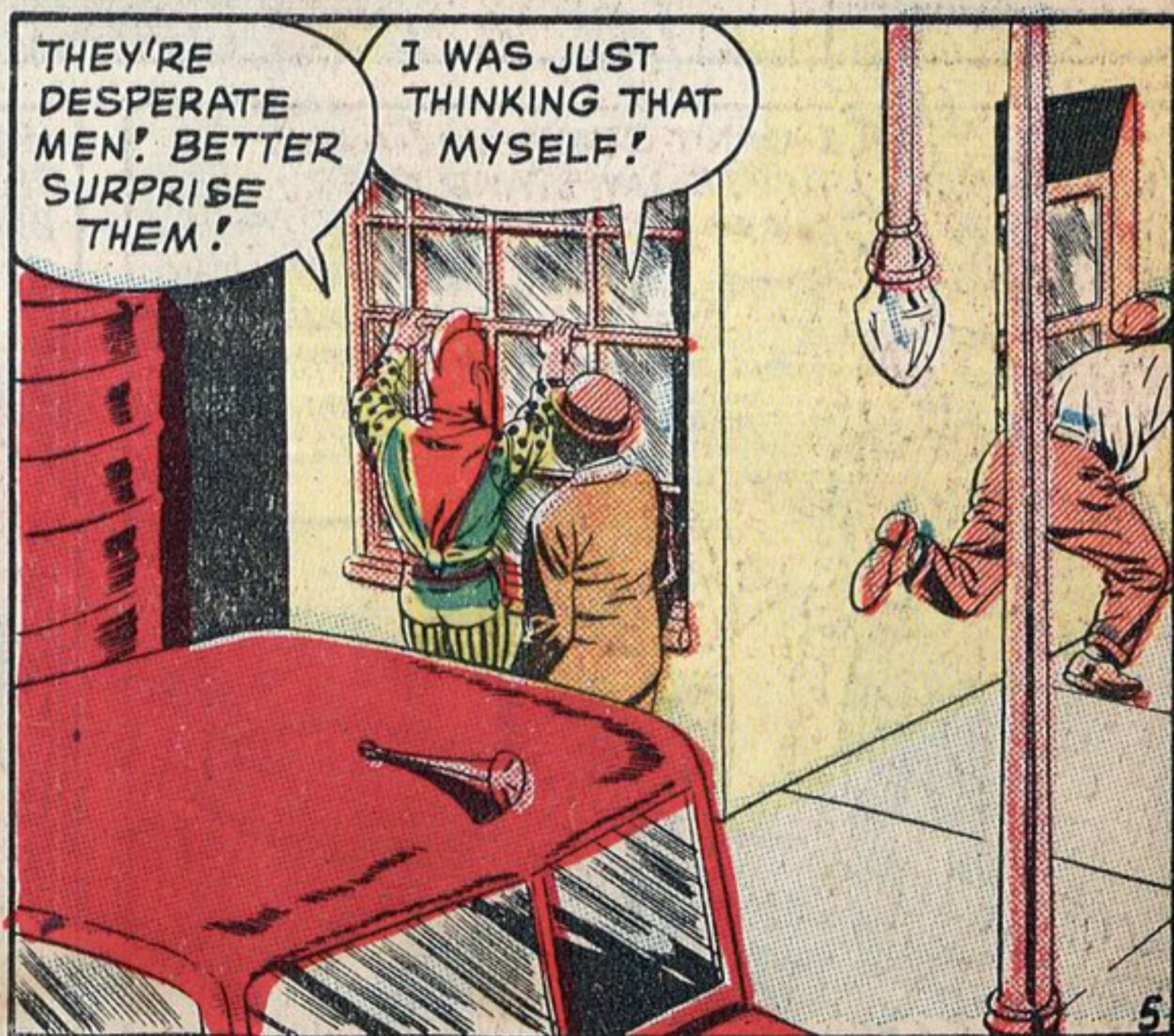
SURE! I
KNEW IT
ALL ALONG!



DRIVE TO 250
SOONG STREET...
CHINATOWN! WE'RE
ON A HOT TIP!

SURE,
GUYS!

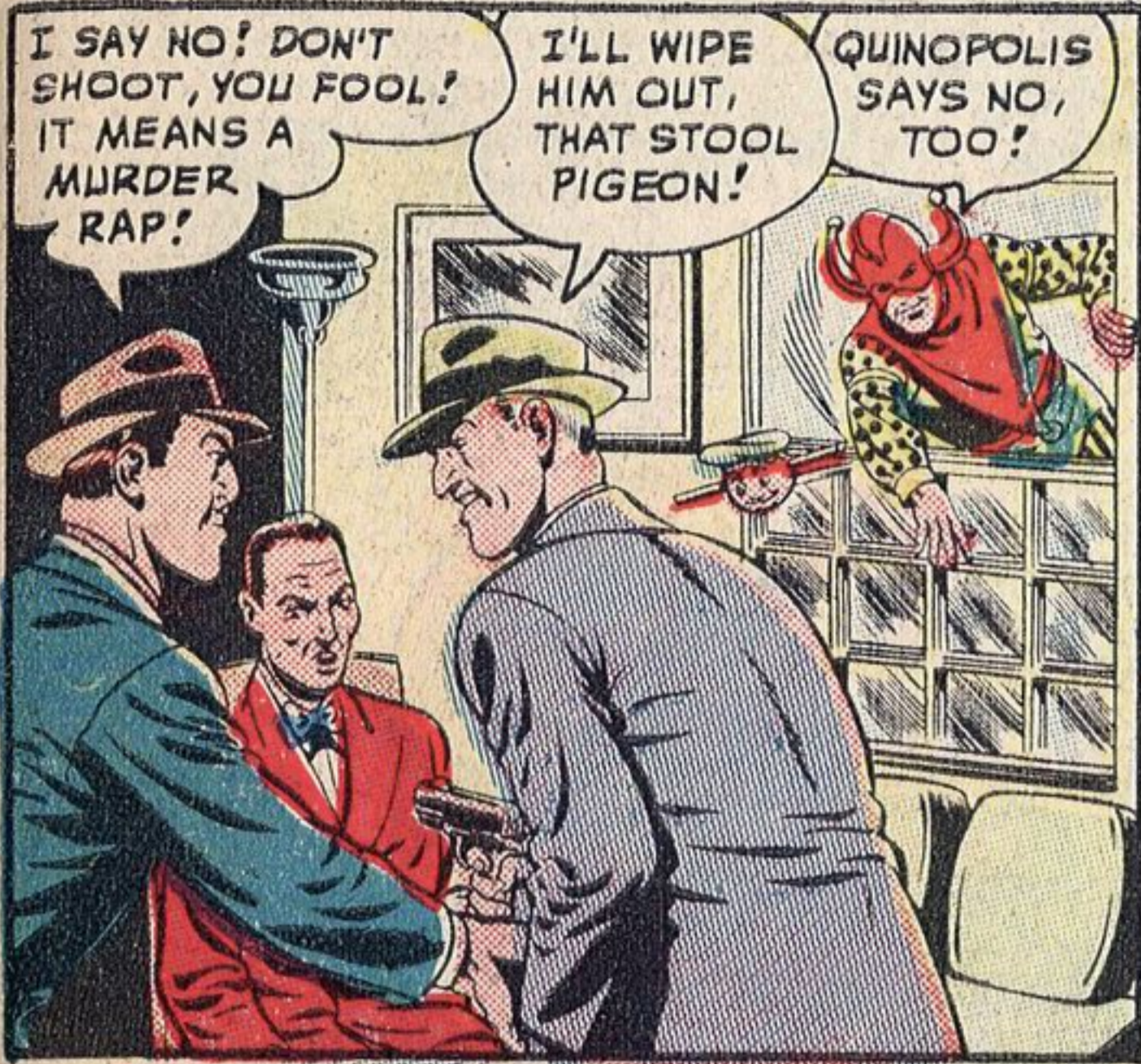
AND WE'LL
GIVE YOU A
HOT
RECEPTION!



THEY'RE
DESPERATE
MEN! BETTER
SURPRISE
THEM!

I WAS JUST
THINKING THAT
MYSELF!

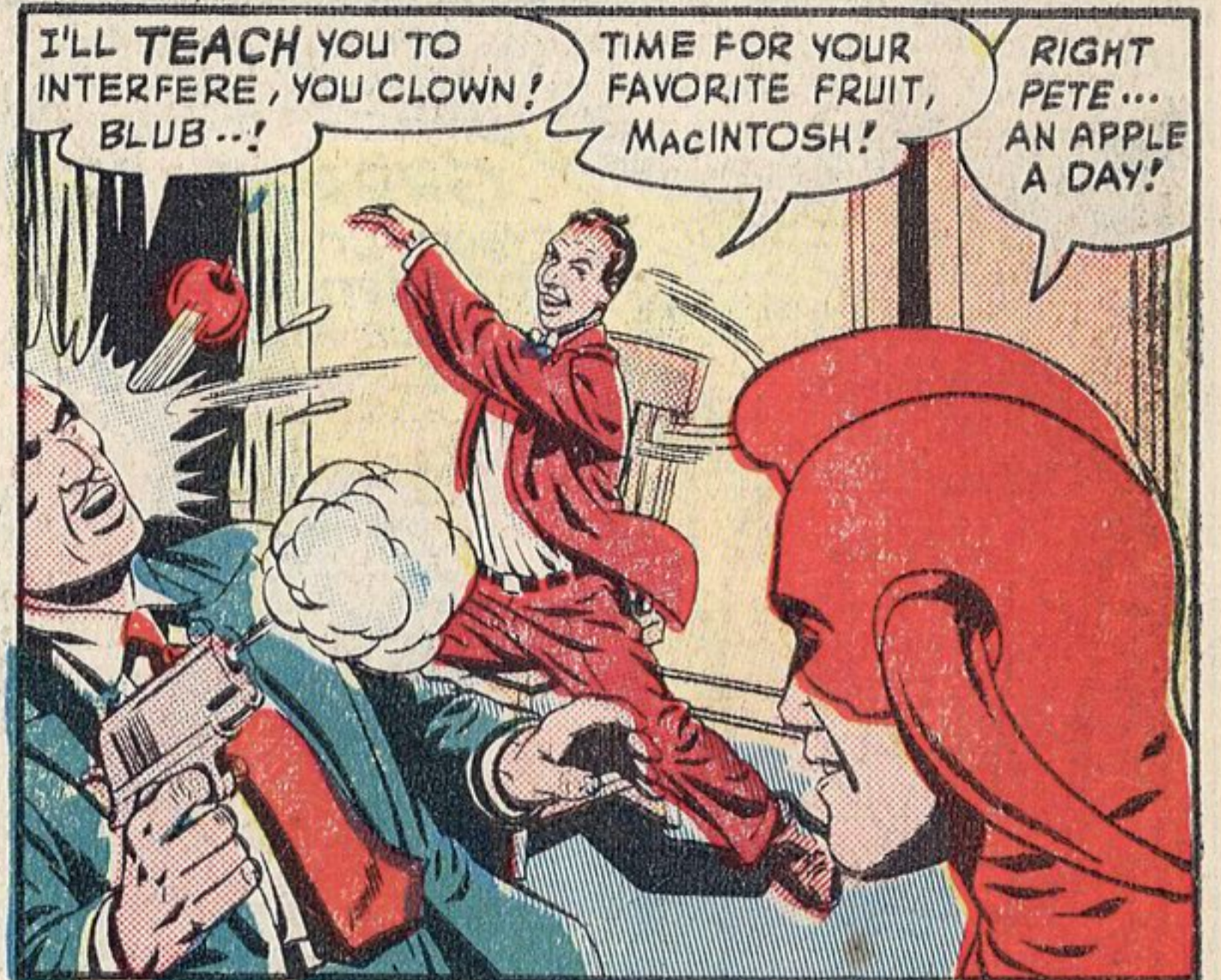
SMASH COMICS



I SAY NO! DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL! IT MEANS A MURDER RAP!

I'LL WIPE HIM OUT, THAT STOOL PIGEON!

QUINOPOLIS SAYS NO, TOO!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE, YOU CLOWN! BLUB...!

TIME FOR YOUR FAVORITE FRUIT, MACINTOSH!

RIGHT PETE... AN APPLE A DAY!



YOU DROVE US RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY, EH! WELL, HERE'S A NEW TURN!

ONE AT A TIME, BLUBBERHEAD!

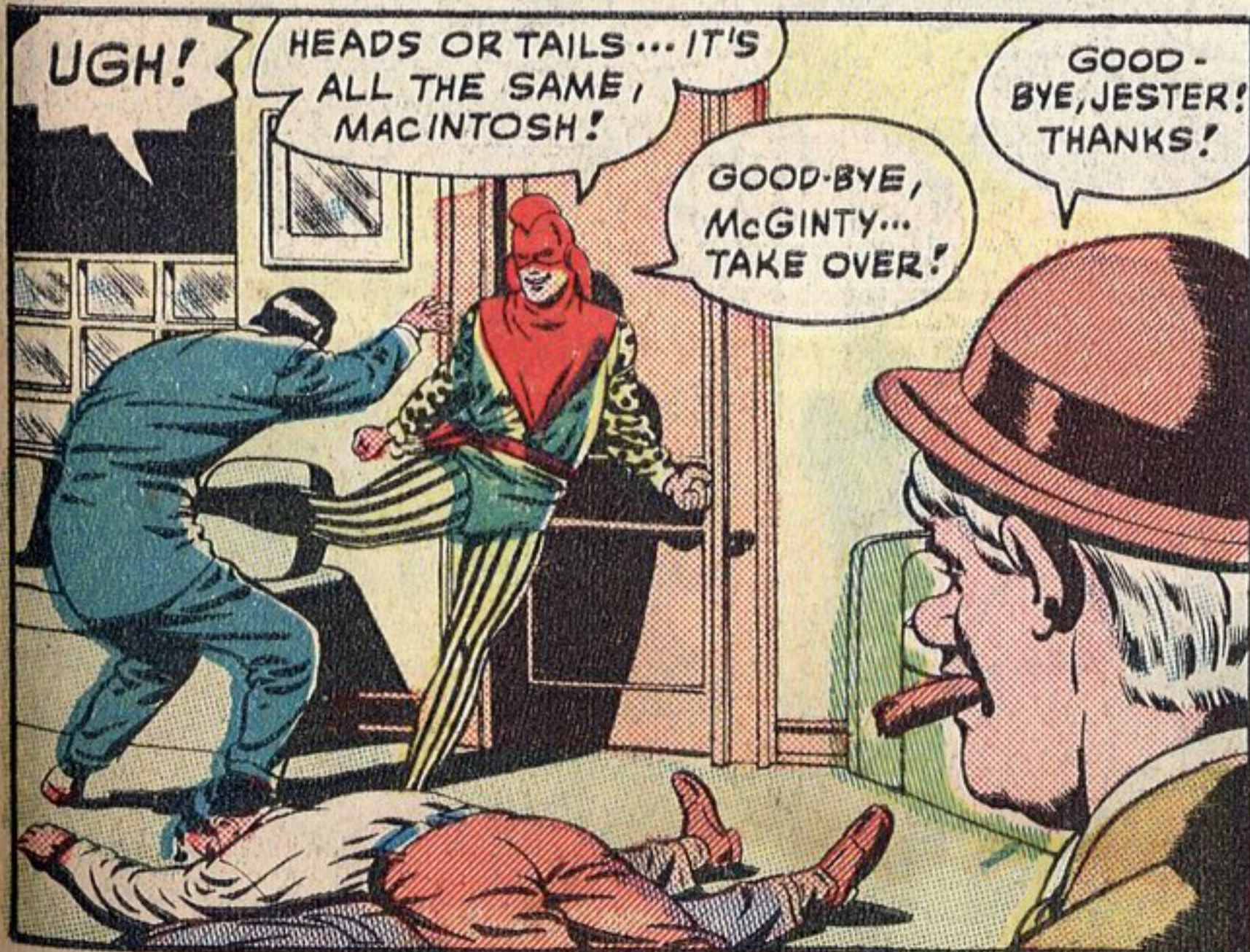


THAT WILL HOLD YOU, YOU FLATFOOT!



I MUST GET AWAY FROM THAT JESTER! HE'S POISON!

WAIT, BOZO... YOU'RE STILL MY DISH!



UGH!

HEADS OR TAILS... IT'S ALL THE SAME, MACINTOSH!

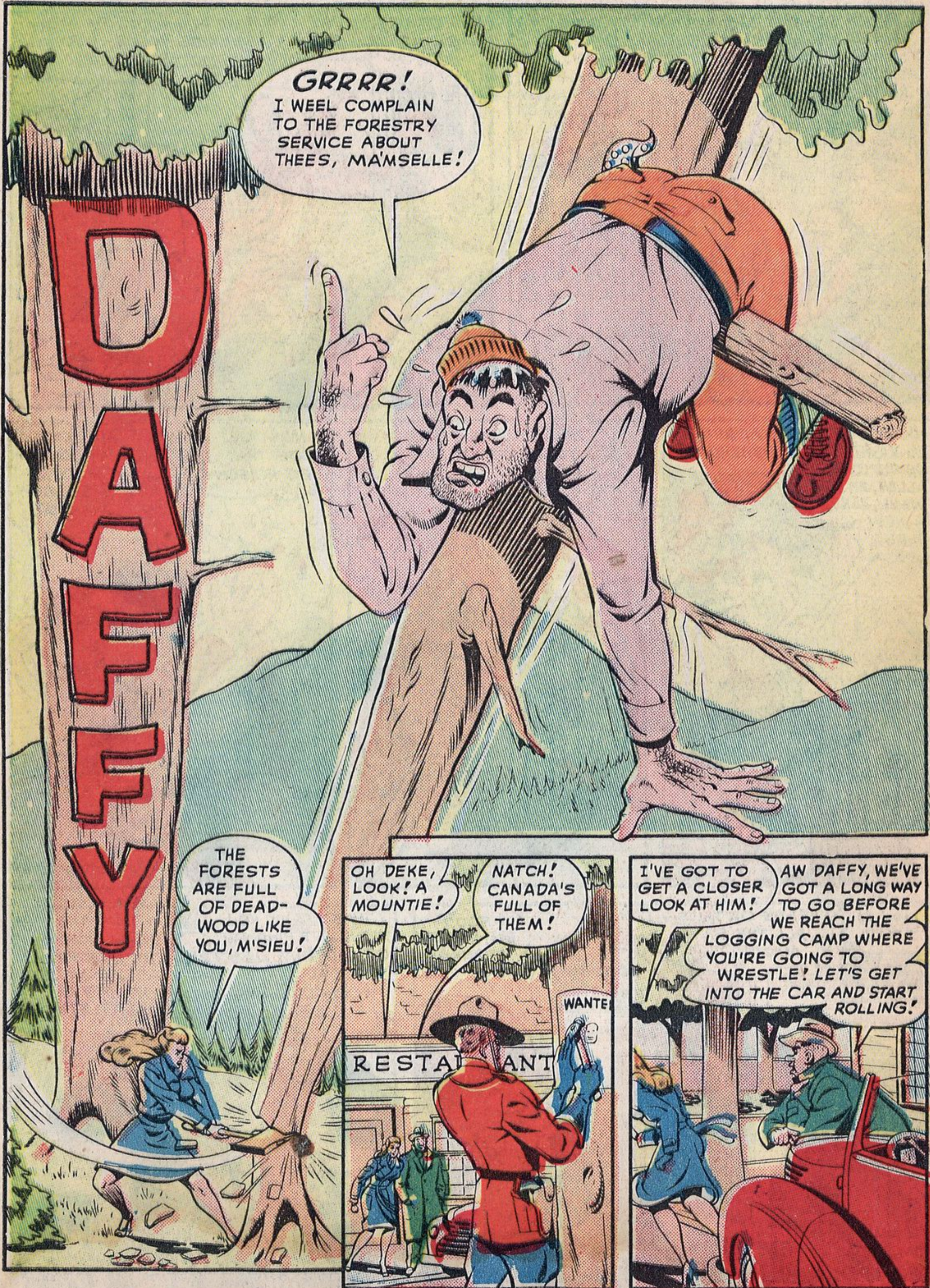
GOOD-BYE, McGINTY... TAKE OVER!

GOOD-BYE, JESTER! THANKS!



I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T FIND ME! OR DID THAT JESTER TRACE ME THROUGH THE TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS?

OH, I DID THE REAL BRAIN WORK! THE JESTER, MY ASSISTANT, JUST HELPED A LITTLE!



GRRRR!
I WEEL COMPLAIN
TO THE FORESTRY
SERVICE ABOUT
THEES, MAMSELLE!

**D
A
F
F
Y**

THE
FORESTS
ARE FULL
OF DEAD-
WOOD LIKE
YOU, M'SIEU!

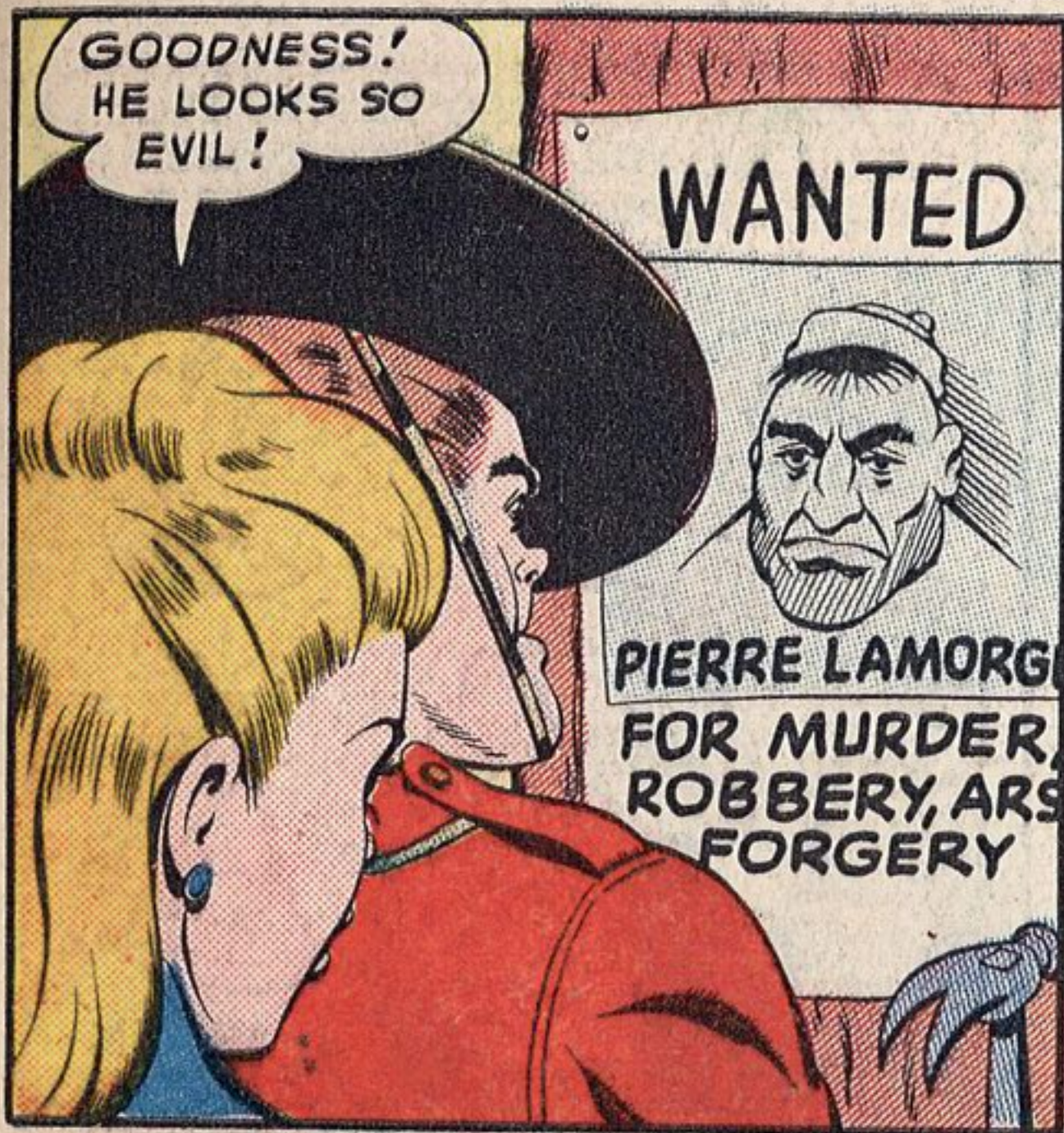
OH DEKE,
LOOK! A
MOUNTIE!

NATCH!
CANADA'S
FULL OF
THEM!

WANTED
RESTAURANT

I'VE GOT TO
GET A CLOSER
LOOK AT HIM!

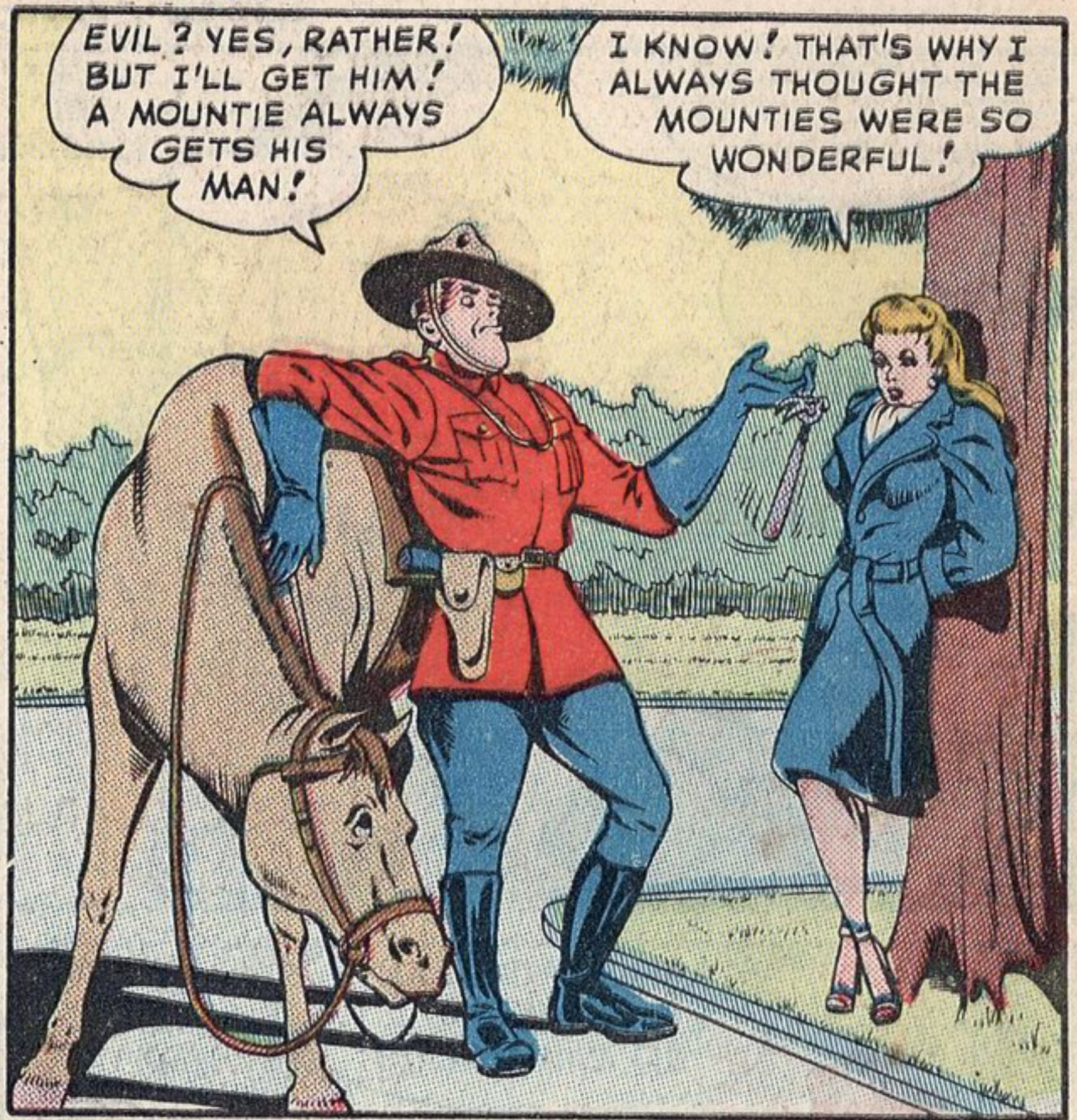
AW DAFFY, WE'VE
GOT A LONG WAY
TO GO BEFORE
WE REACH THE
LOGGING CAMP WHERE
YOU'RE GOING TO
WRESTLE! LET'S GET
INTO THE CAR AND START
ROLLING!



GOODNESS!
HE LOOKS SO
EVIL!

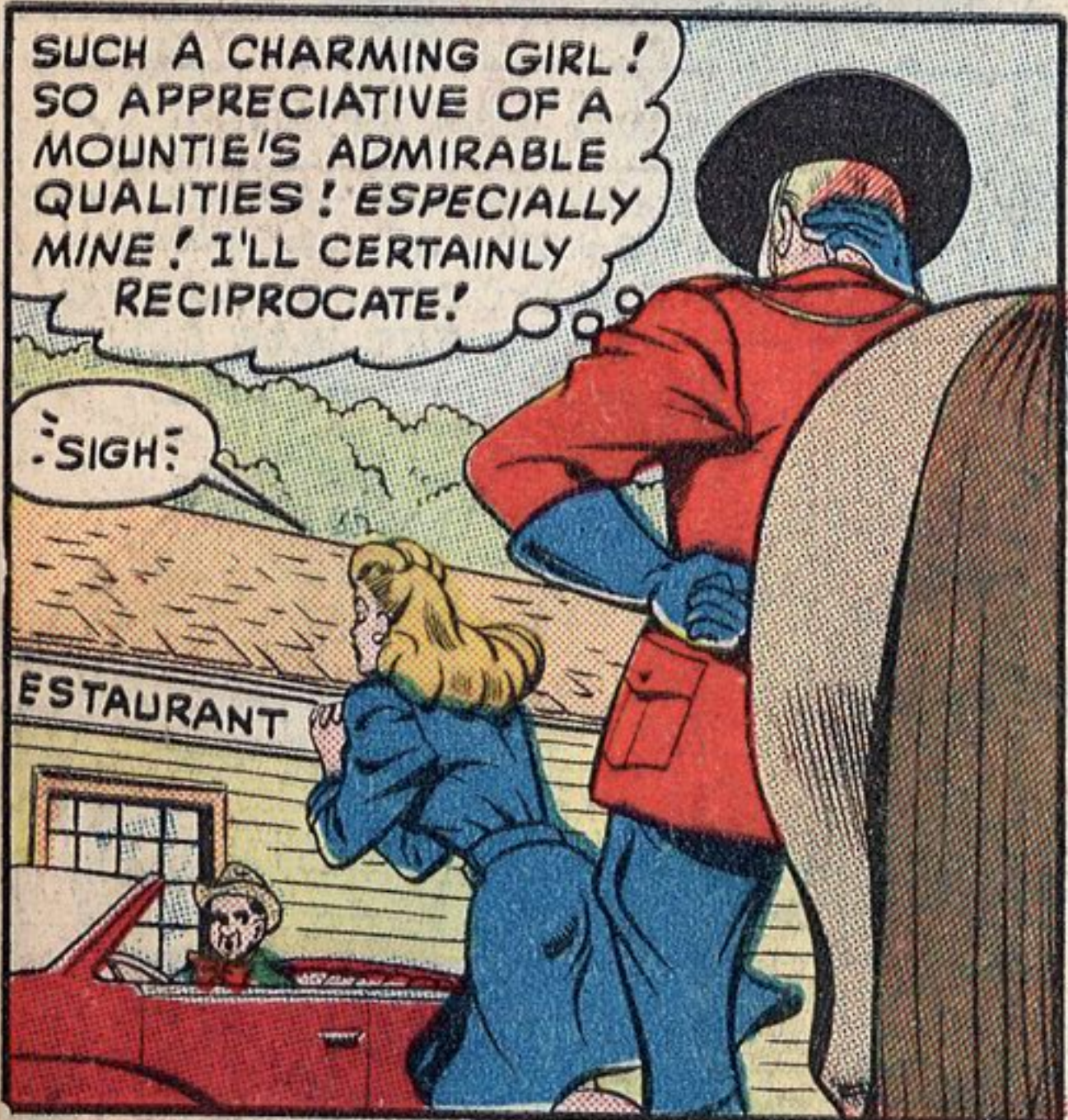
WANTED

PIERRE LAMORG
FOR MURDER,
ROBBERY, ARS
FORGERY



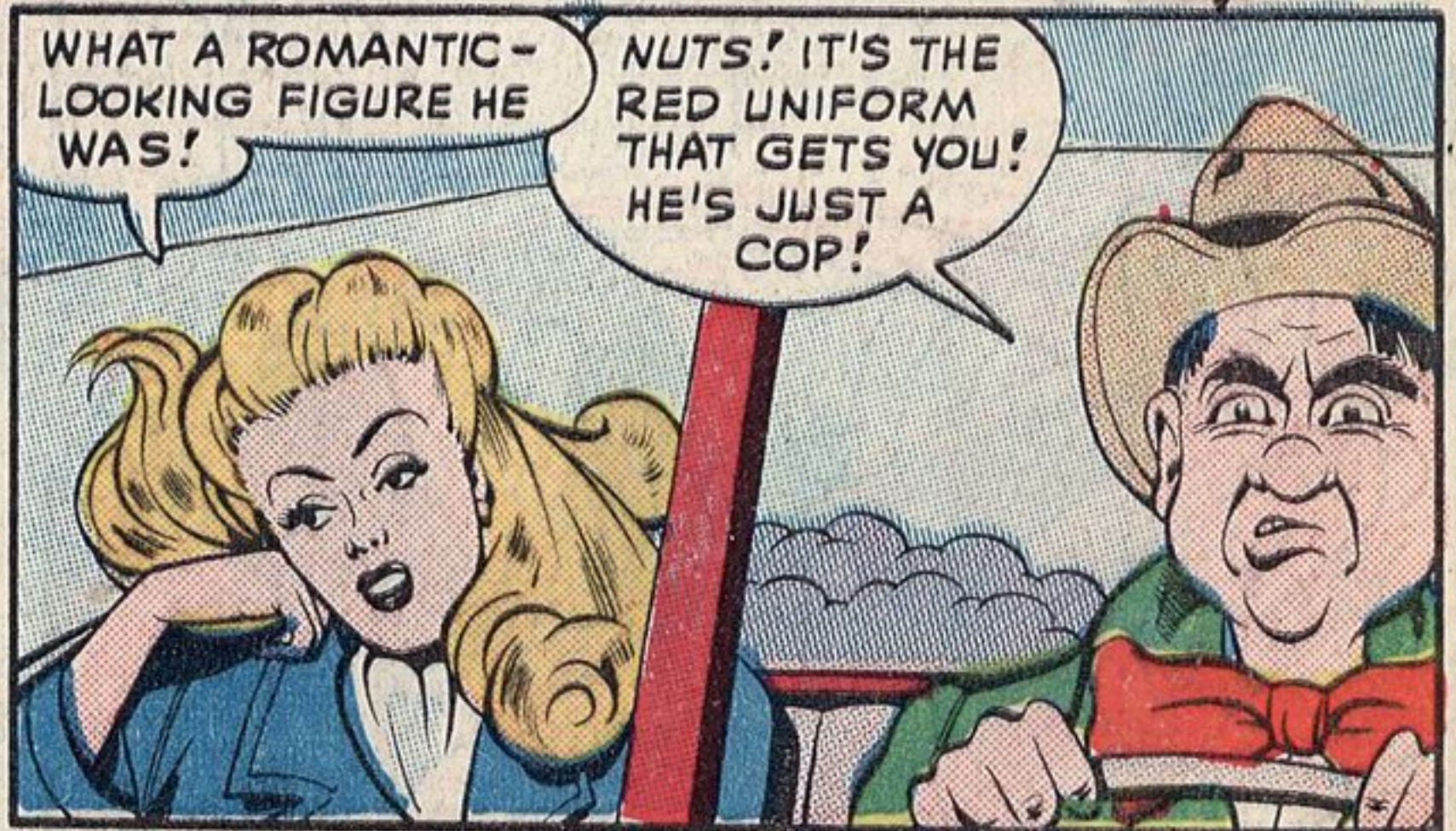
EVIL? YES, RATHER!
BUT I'LL GET HIM!
A MOUNTIE ALWAYS
GETS HIS
MAN!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS THOUGHT THE
MOUNTIES WERE SO
WONDERFUL!



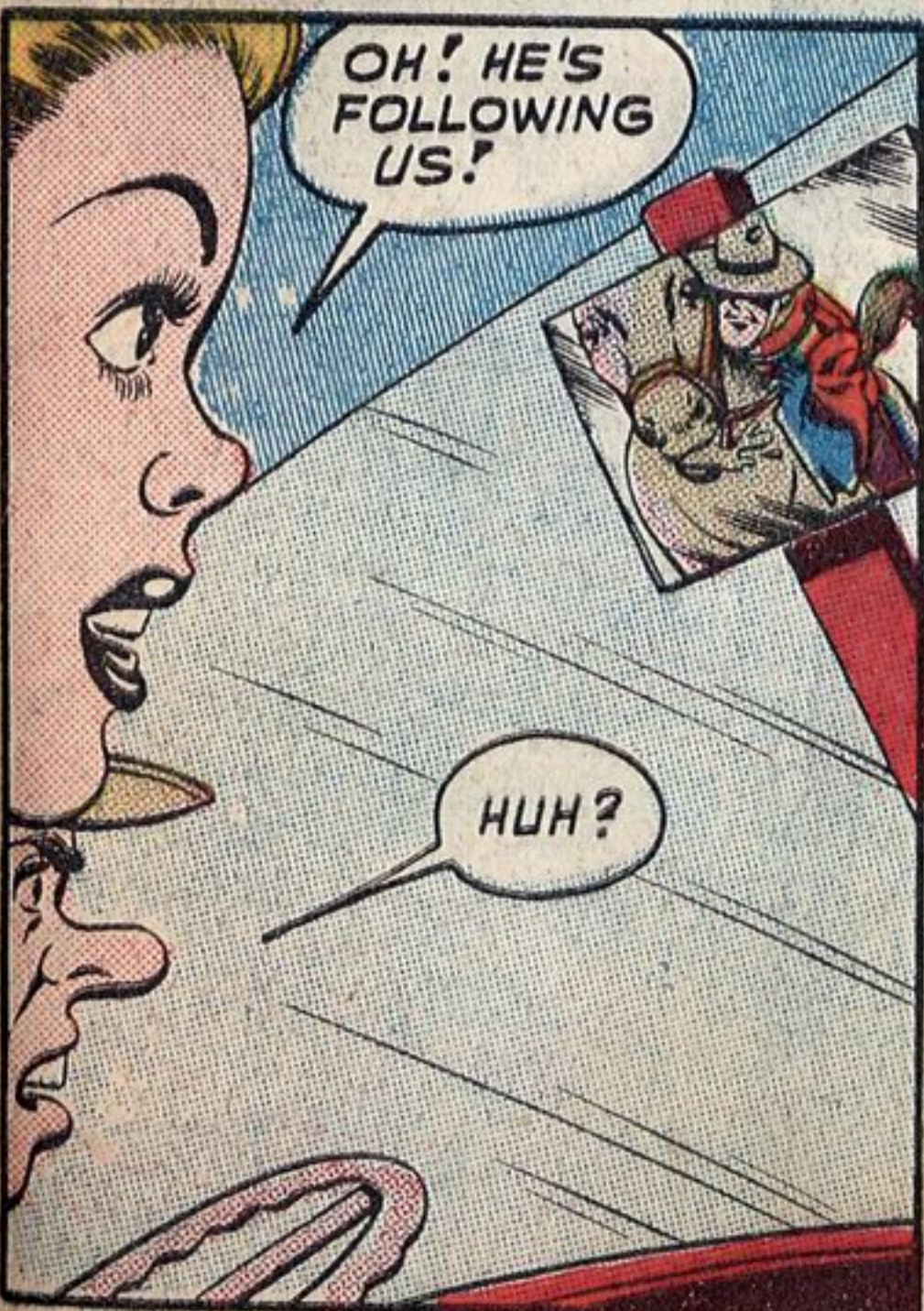
SUCH A CHARMING GIRL!
SO APPRECIATIVE OF A
MOUNTIE'S ADMIRABLE
QUALITIES! ESPECIALLY
MINE! I'LL CERTAINLY
RECIPROCATE!

SIGH:



WHAT A ROMANTIC-
LOOKING FIGURE HE
WAS!

NUTS! IT'S THE
RED UNIFORM
THAT GETS YOU!
HE'S JUST A
COP!



OH! HE'S
FOLLOWING
US!

HUH?



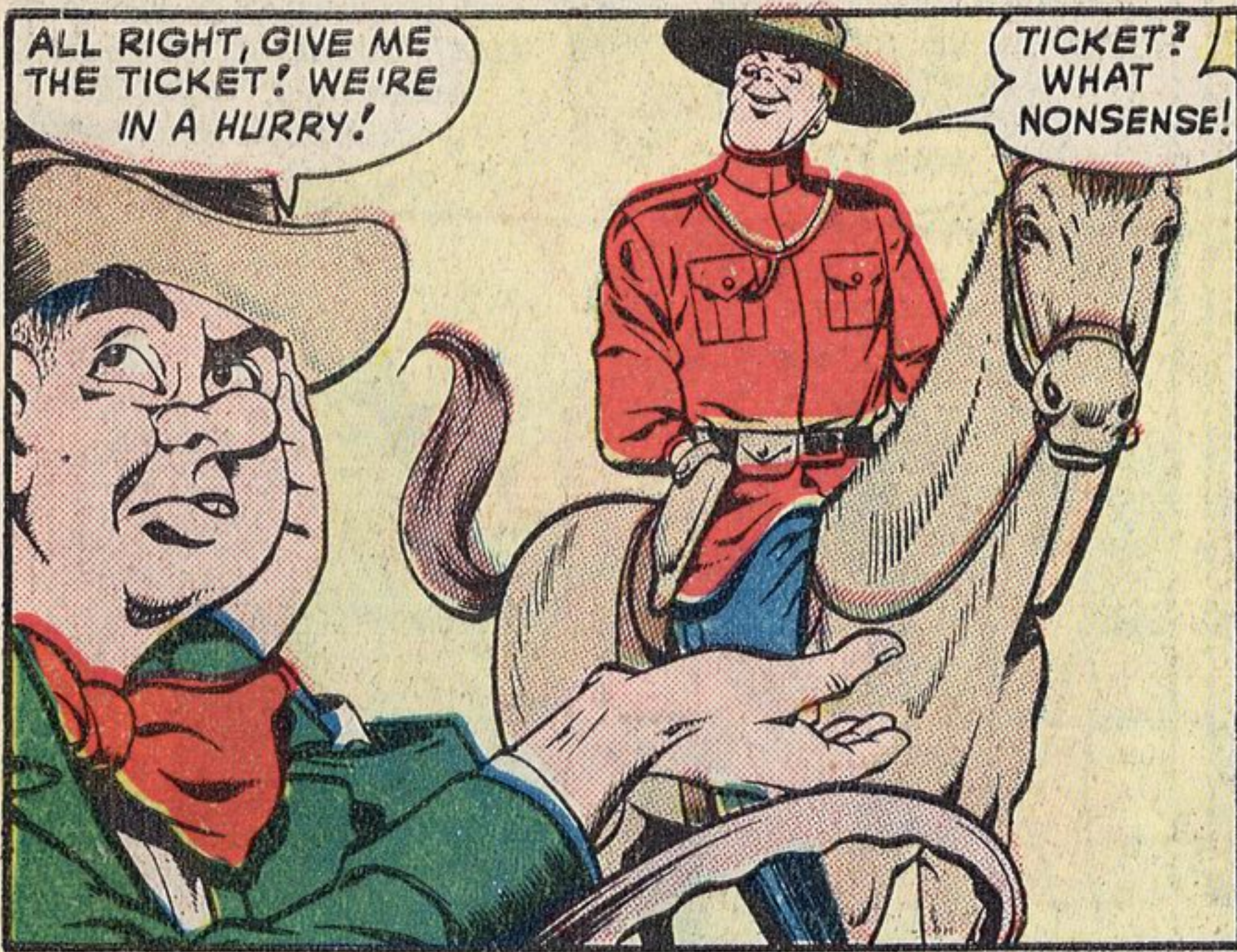
SEE THAT? I TOLD YOU
HE'S JUST A COP! HE
PROBABLY WANTS TO
GIVE ME A SPEEDING
TICKET! WELL, HE'LL
NEVER CATCH ME
ON HORSEBACK!

NO, DEKE! YOU
MUSTN'T TRY
TO GET AWAY!



WE DON'T WANT TO
BREAK THE LAW!
BESIDES, RUNNING
AWAY WOULD BE
USELESS! A MOUNTIE
ALWAYS GETS HIS
MAN!

I'M
STOPPING
AGAINST
MY BETTER
JUDGE-
MENT!

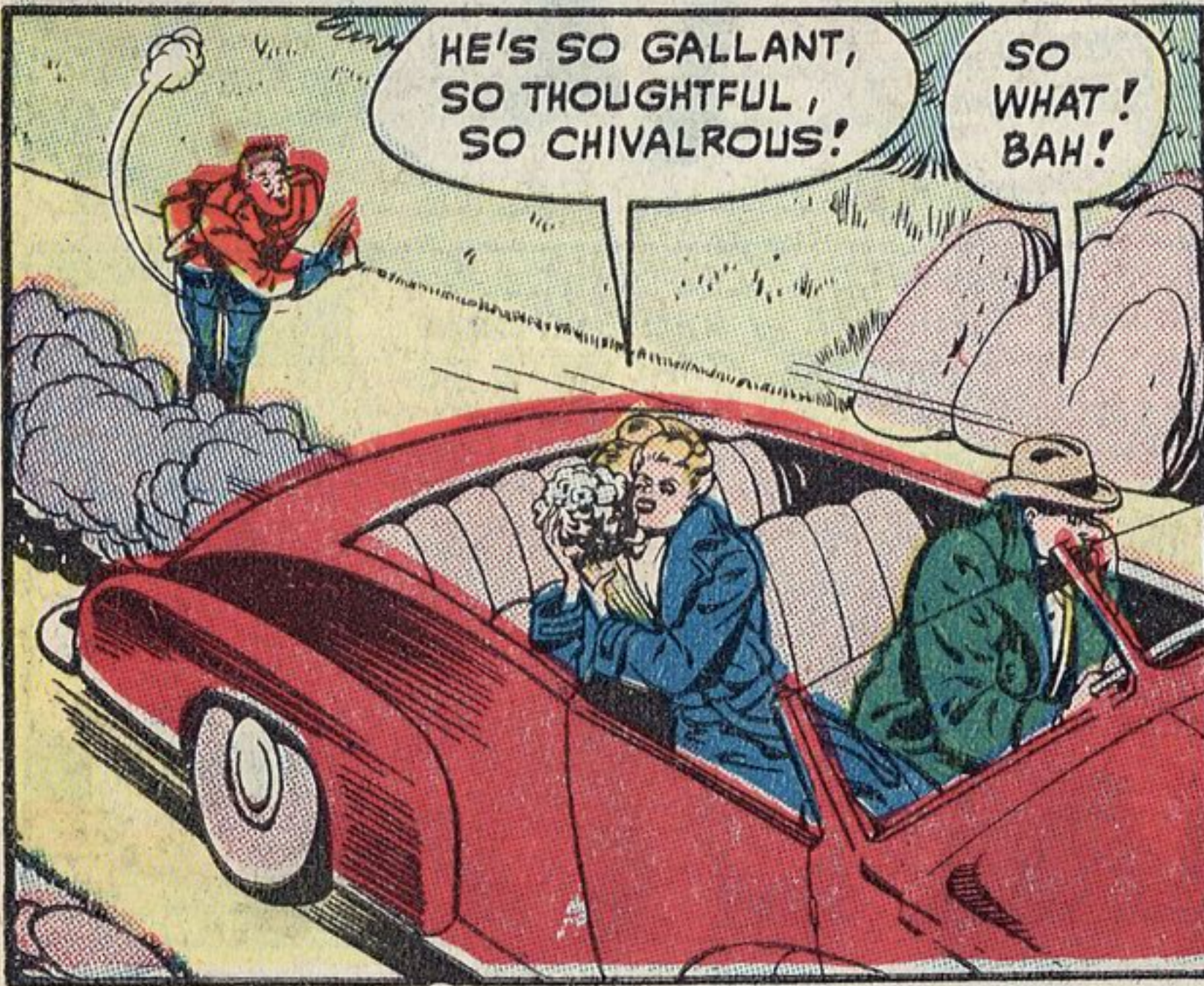


ALL RIGHT, GIVE ME THE TICKET! WE'RE IN A HURRY!

TICKET? WHAT NONSENSE!

I MERELY WANTED TO PRESENT A LITTLE TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM TO THE FAIR LADY!

OH, HOW LOVELY!



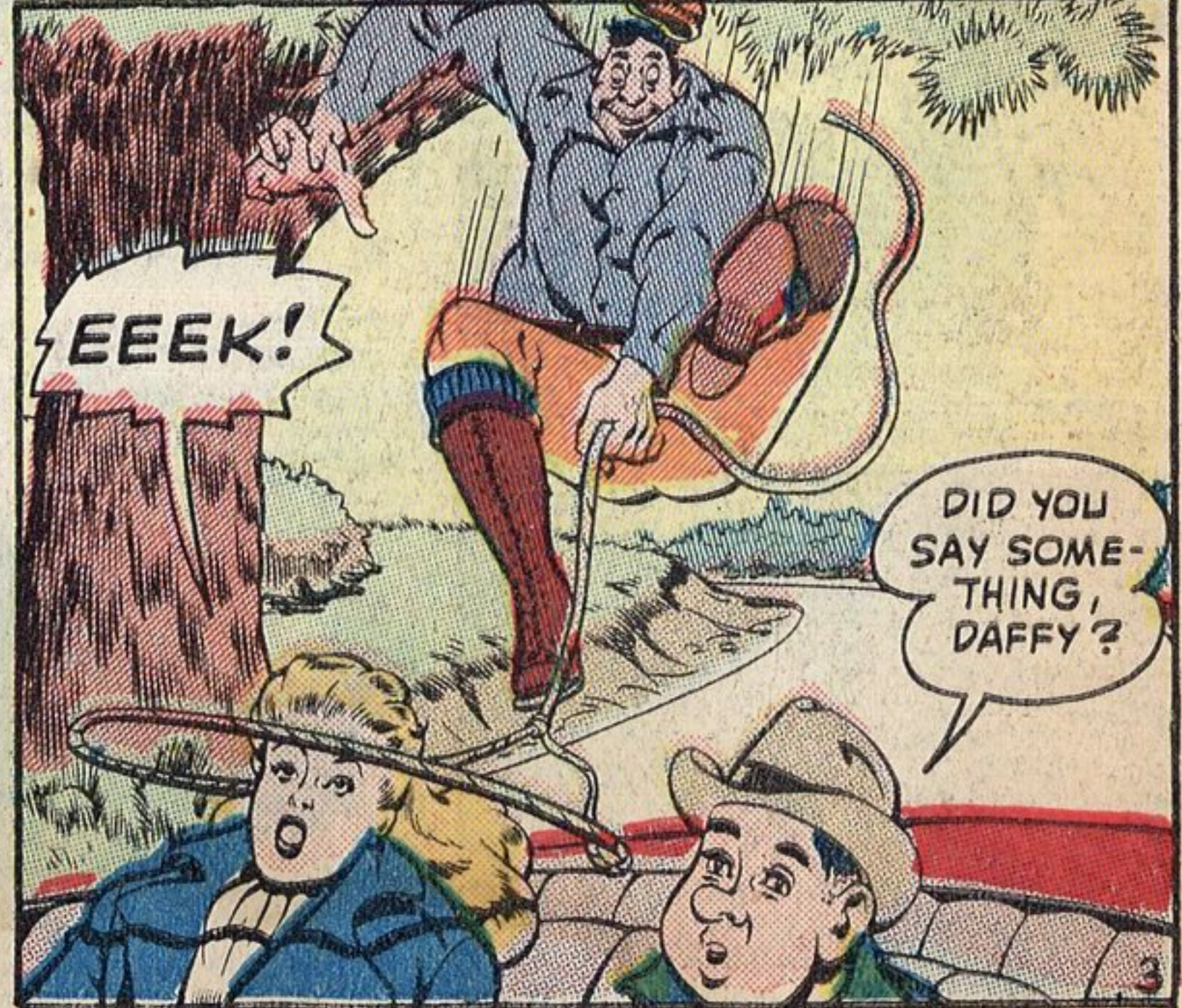
HE'S SO GALLANT, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO CHIVALROUS!

SO WHAT! BAH!

In a tree down the road ...
BY GAR, PIERRE LAMORGUE SEE NO CURSED MOUNTIES TO KEEL, NO WOMAN TO KEEP HOUSE AND COOK, NO NUZZING! EES WAN DULL DAY!

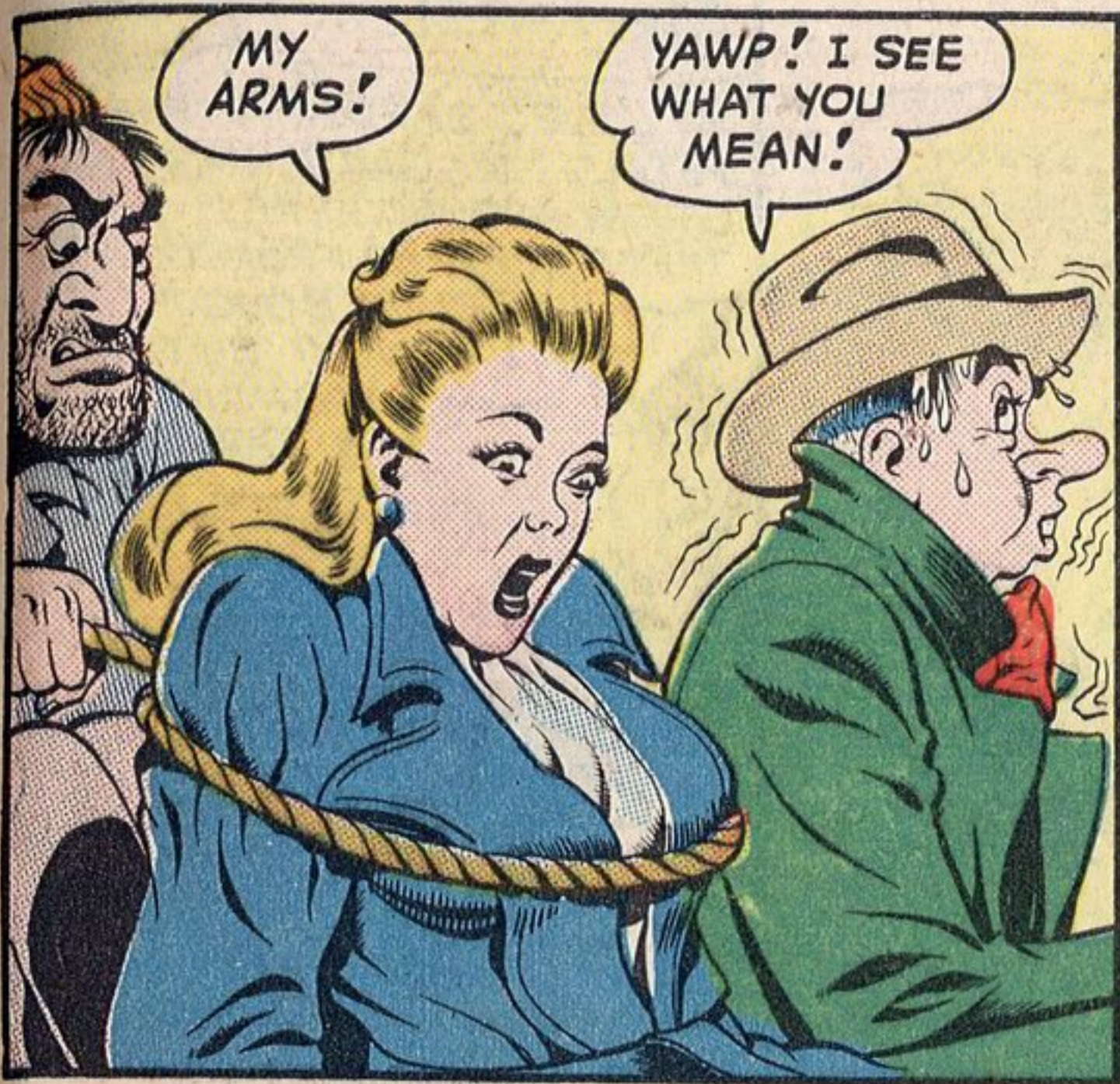


AH-HA! ZE LUCK OF LAMORGUE, SHE CHANGE! HE SEE FINE, STRONG WOMAN! SHE WEEL COOK GOOD, KEEP HOUSE GOOD FOR LAMORGUE!



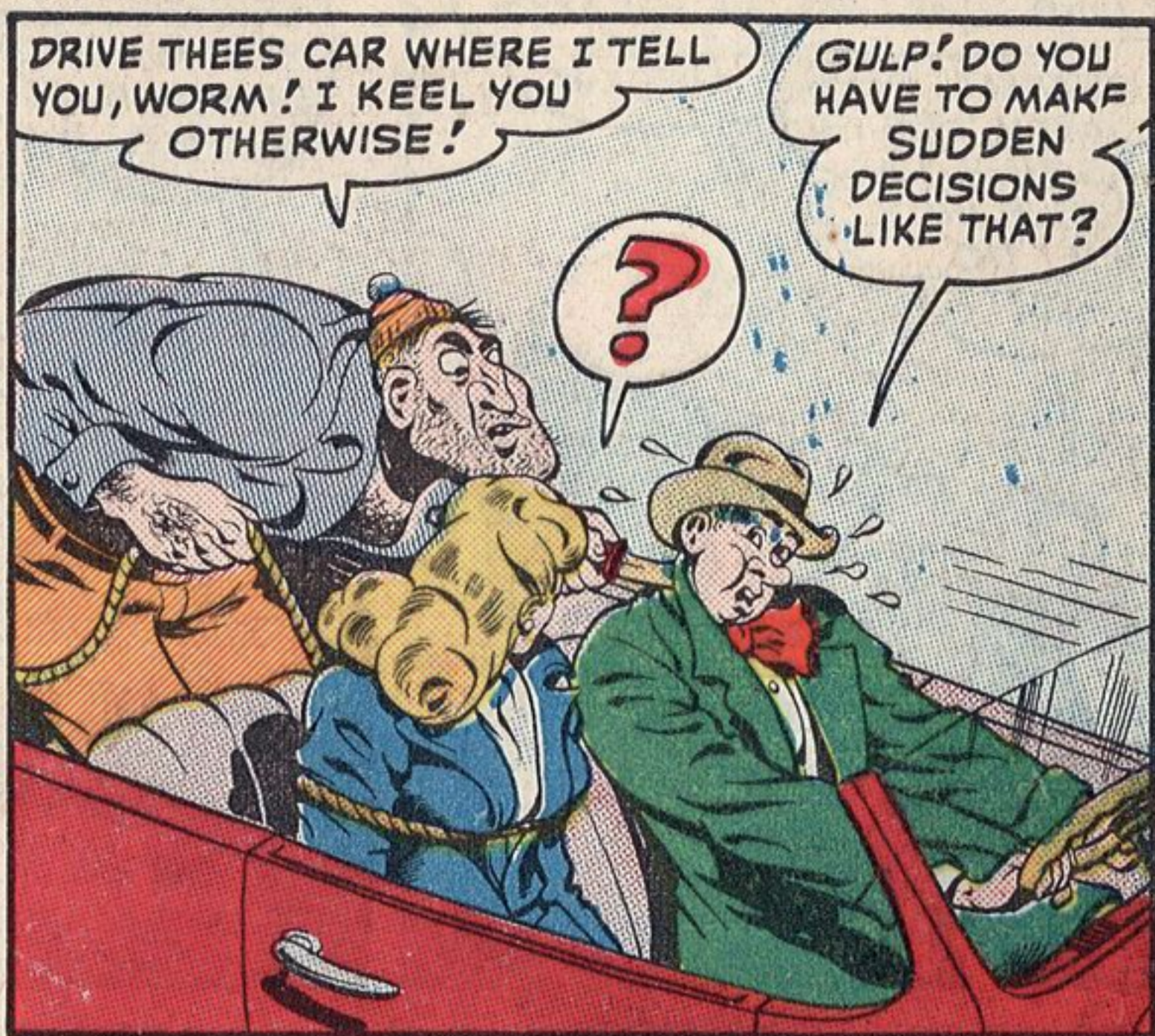
EEEEK!

DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, DAFFY?



MY ARMS!

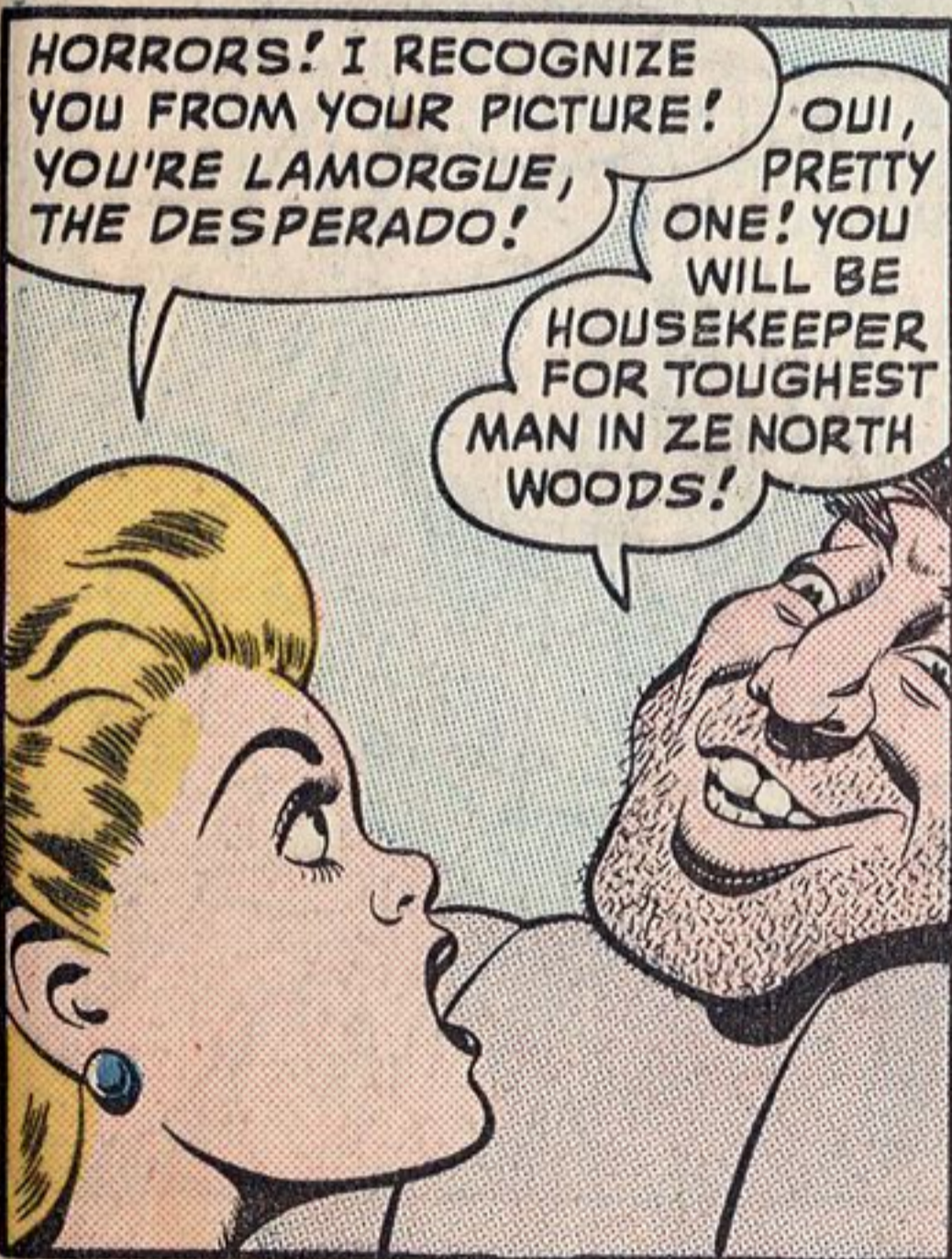
YAWP! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



DRIVE THEES CAR WHERE I TELL YOU, WORM! I KEEL YOU OTHERWISE!

GULP! DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE SUDDEN DECISIONS LIKE THAT?

?



HORRORS! I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM YOUR PICTURE! YOU'RE LAMORGUE, THE DESPERADO!

OUI, PRETTY ONE! YOU WILL BE HOUSEKEEPER FOR TOUGHEST MAN IN ZE NORTH WOODS!

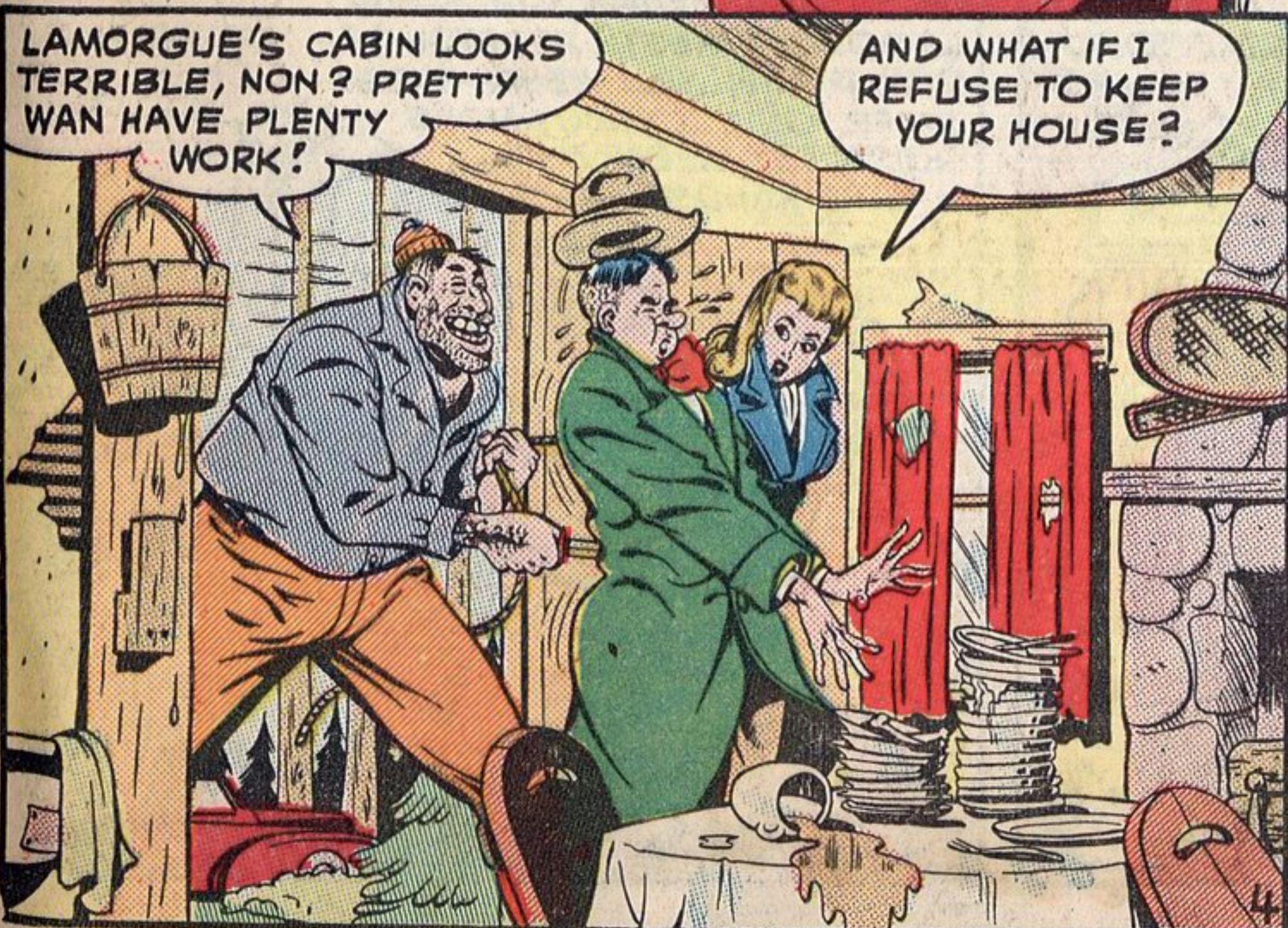


TAKE ZE NEXT RIGHT TURN IN ROAD, WORM!

OF ALL THE TIMES TO BE HOG-TIED! I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING!

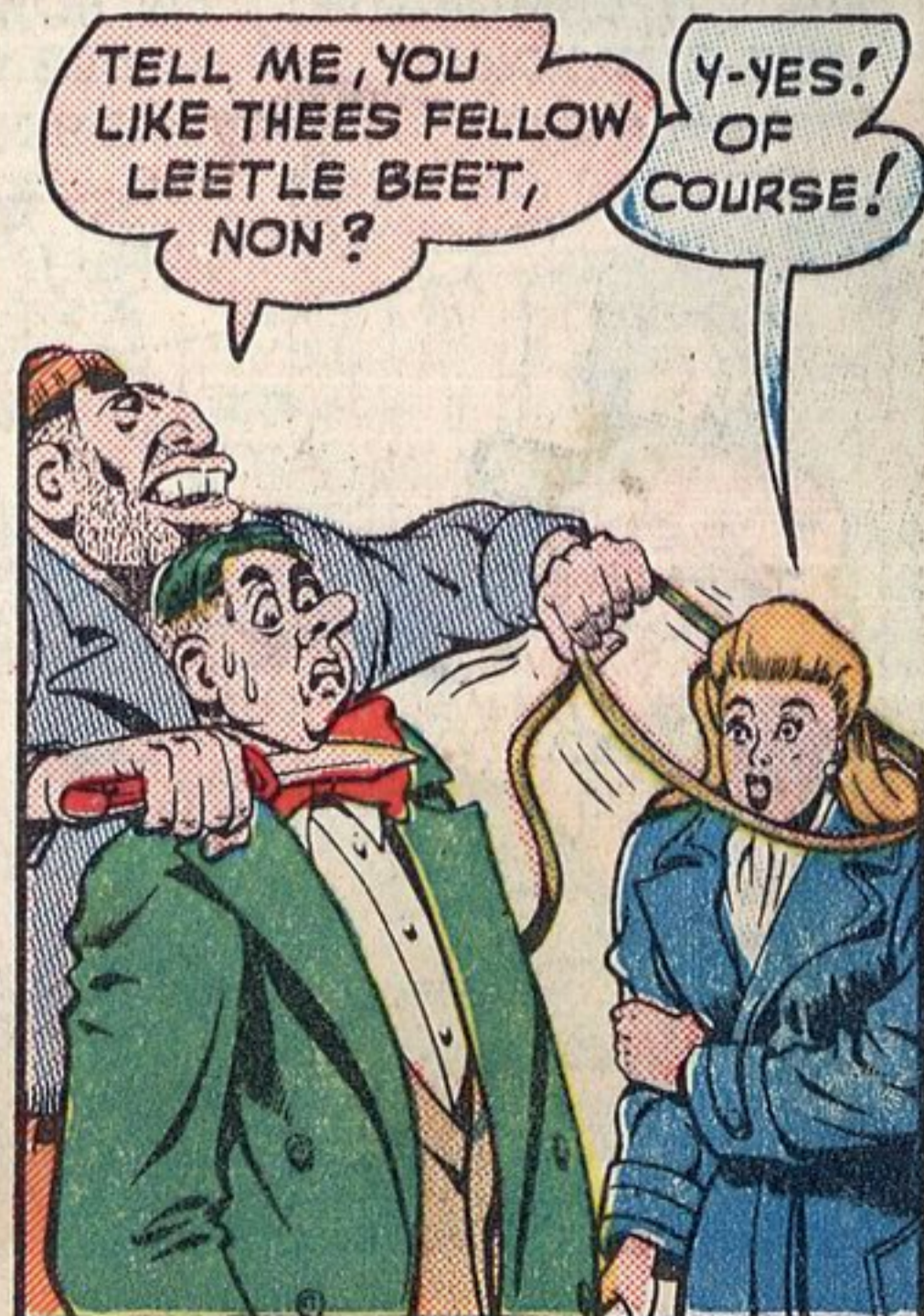


THE FLOWERS! I'LL PULL THE PETALS OFF AND LET THEM BLOW AWAY! SOME OF THEM OUGHT TO STAY ON THE ROAD, AND IF MY MOUNTIE COMES UP THIS WAY, HE MAY GET SUSPICIOUS AND FOLLOW THE TRAIL!



LAMORGUE'S CABIN LOOKS TERRIBLE, NON? PRETTY WAN HAVE PLENTY WORK!

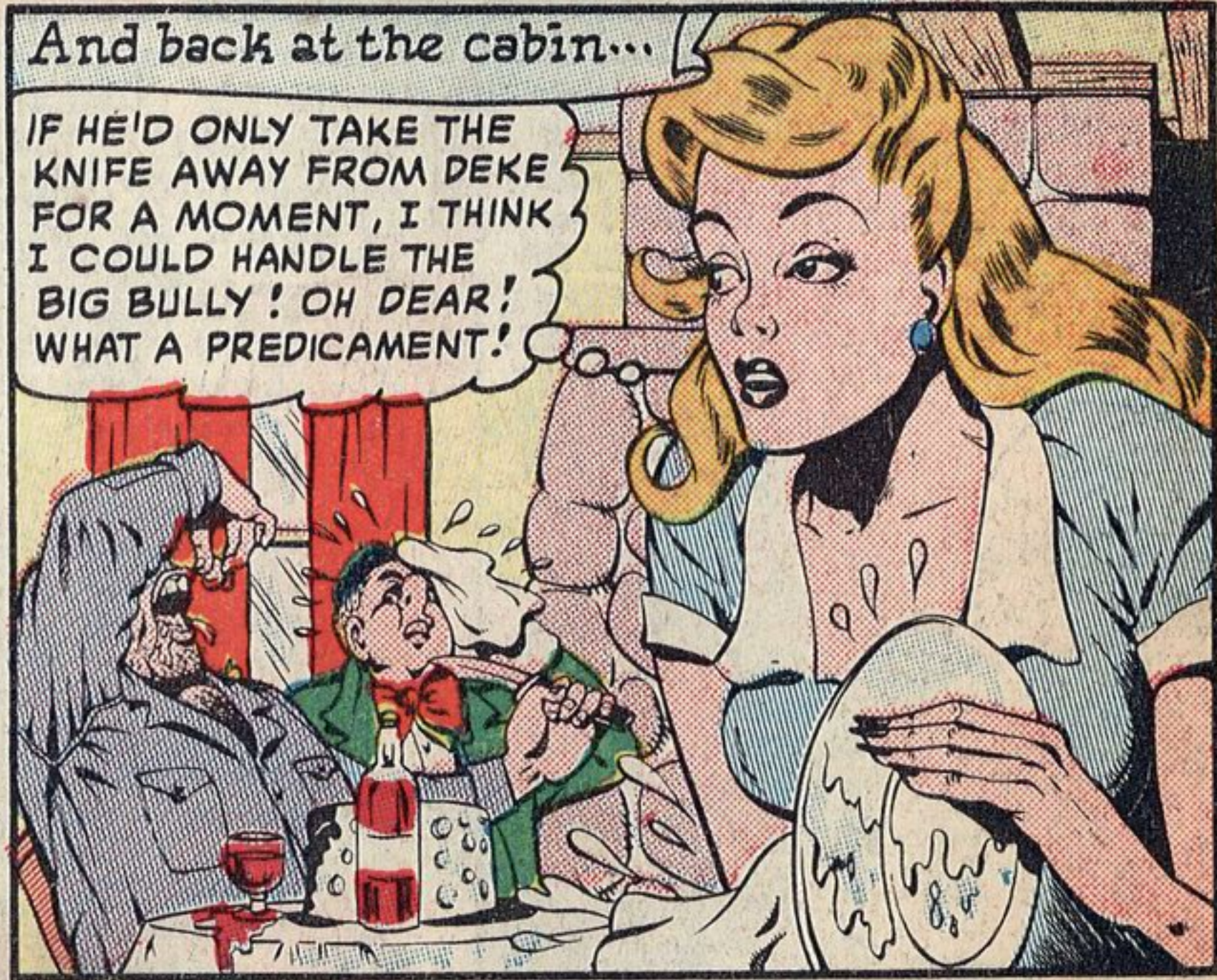
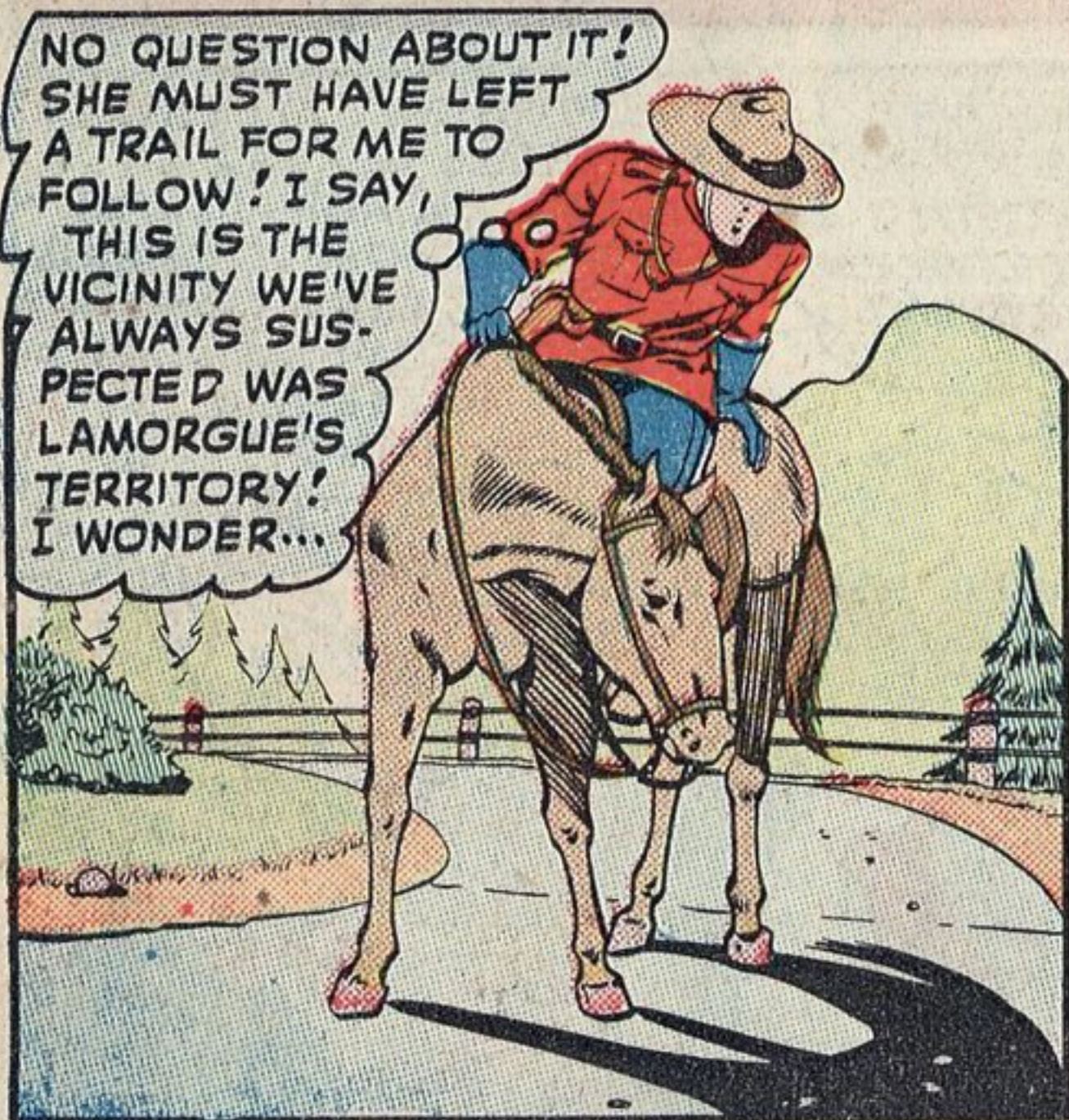
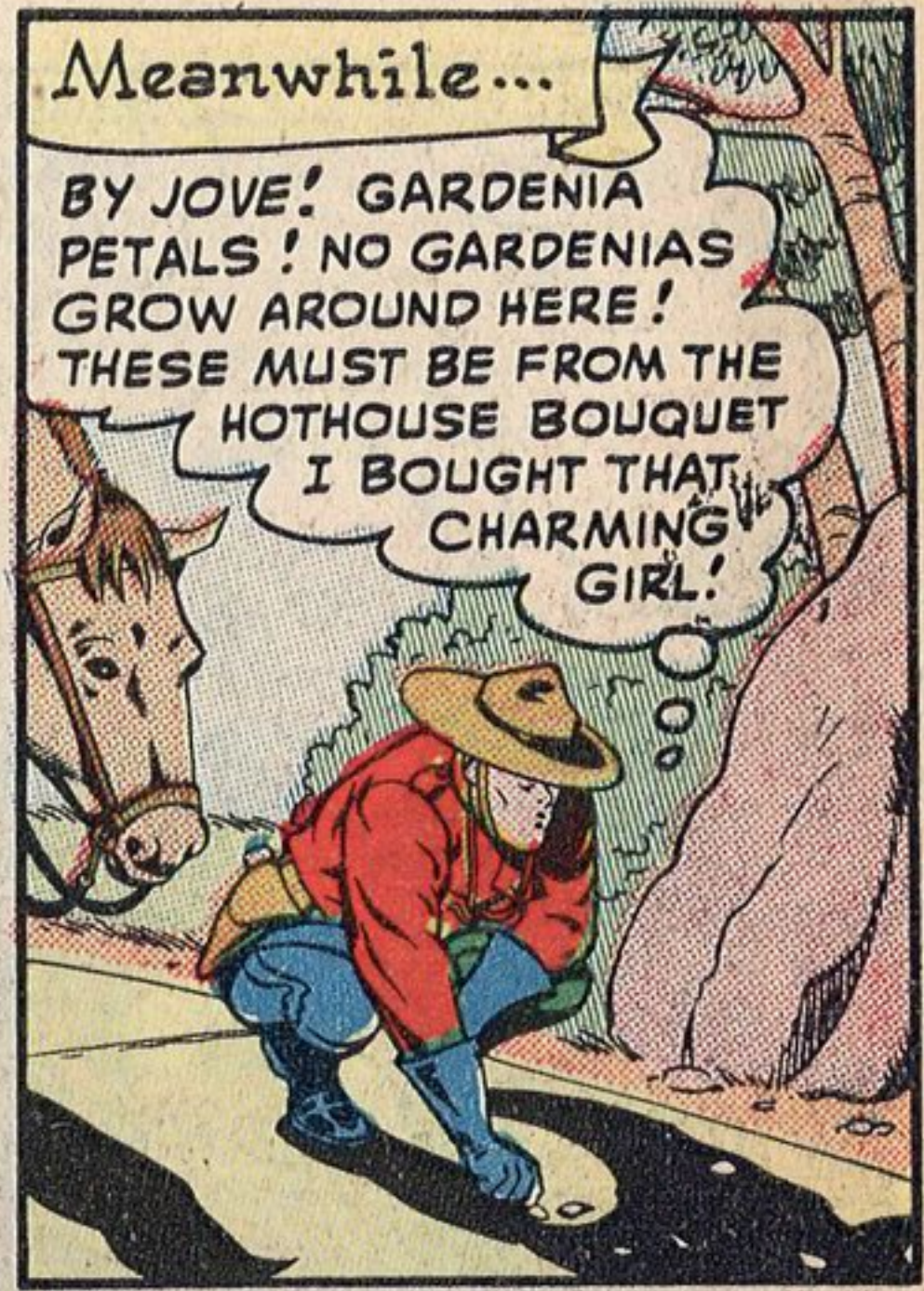
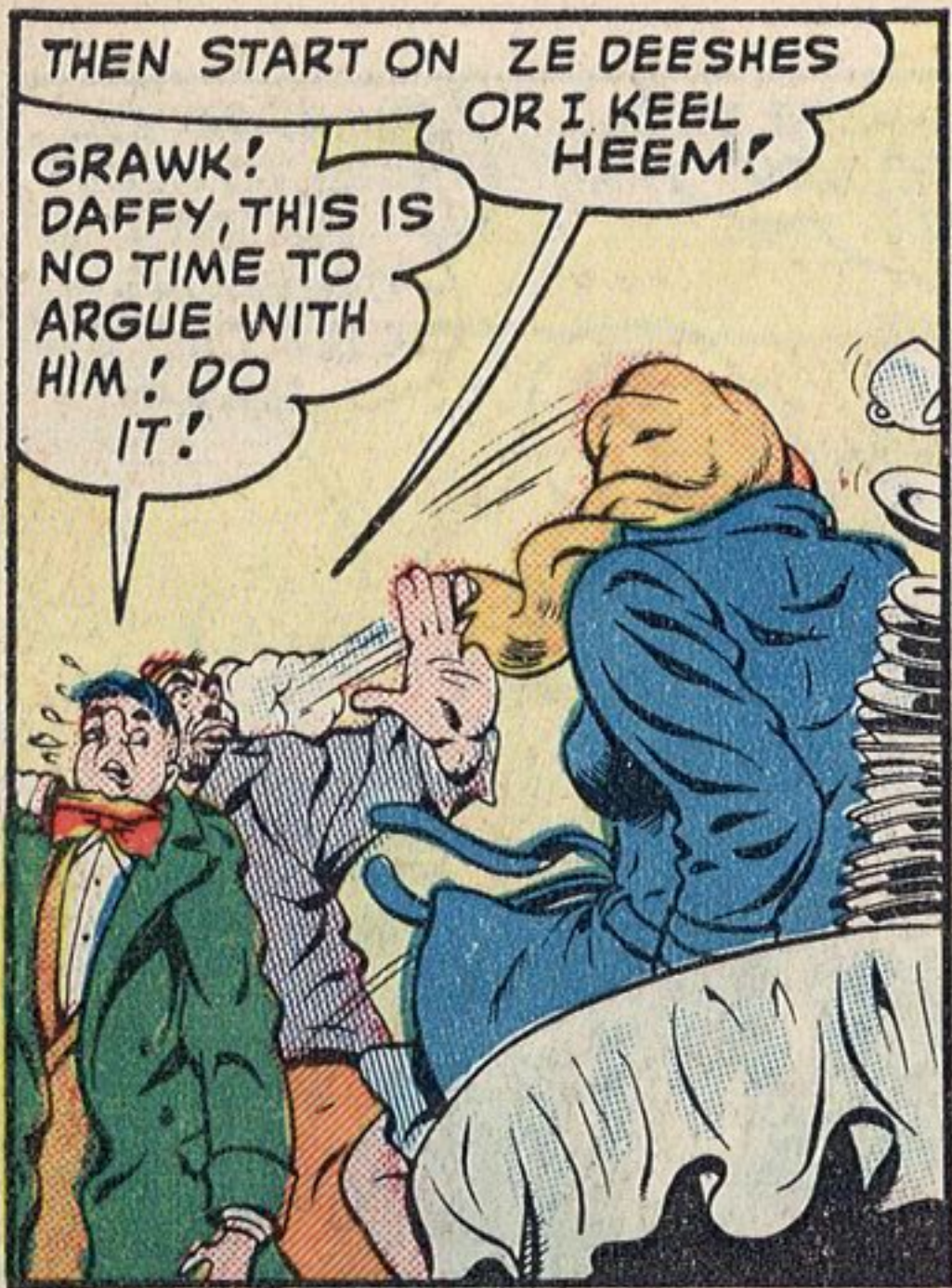
AND WHAT IF I REFUSE TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE?



TELL ME, YOU LIKE THEES FELLOW LEETLE BEET, NON?

Y-YES! OF COURSE!

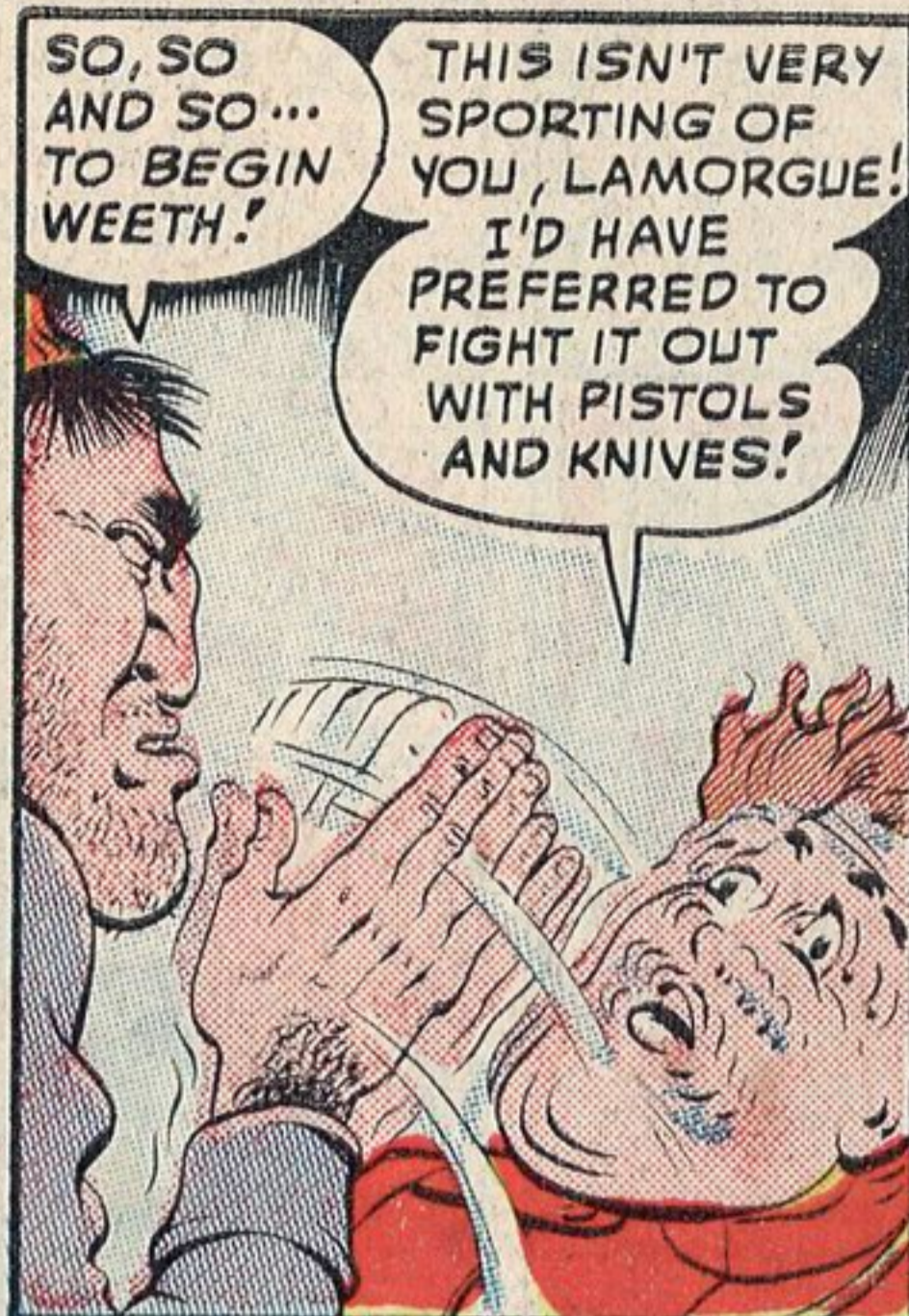
SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



I CAN RELAX NOW! MY RED-COATED HERO WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THAT COWARD!



SO, SO AND SO... TO BEGIN WEETH!

THIS ISN'T VERY SPORTING OF YOU, LAMORGUE! I'D HAVE PREFERRED TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH PISTOLS AND KNIVES!



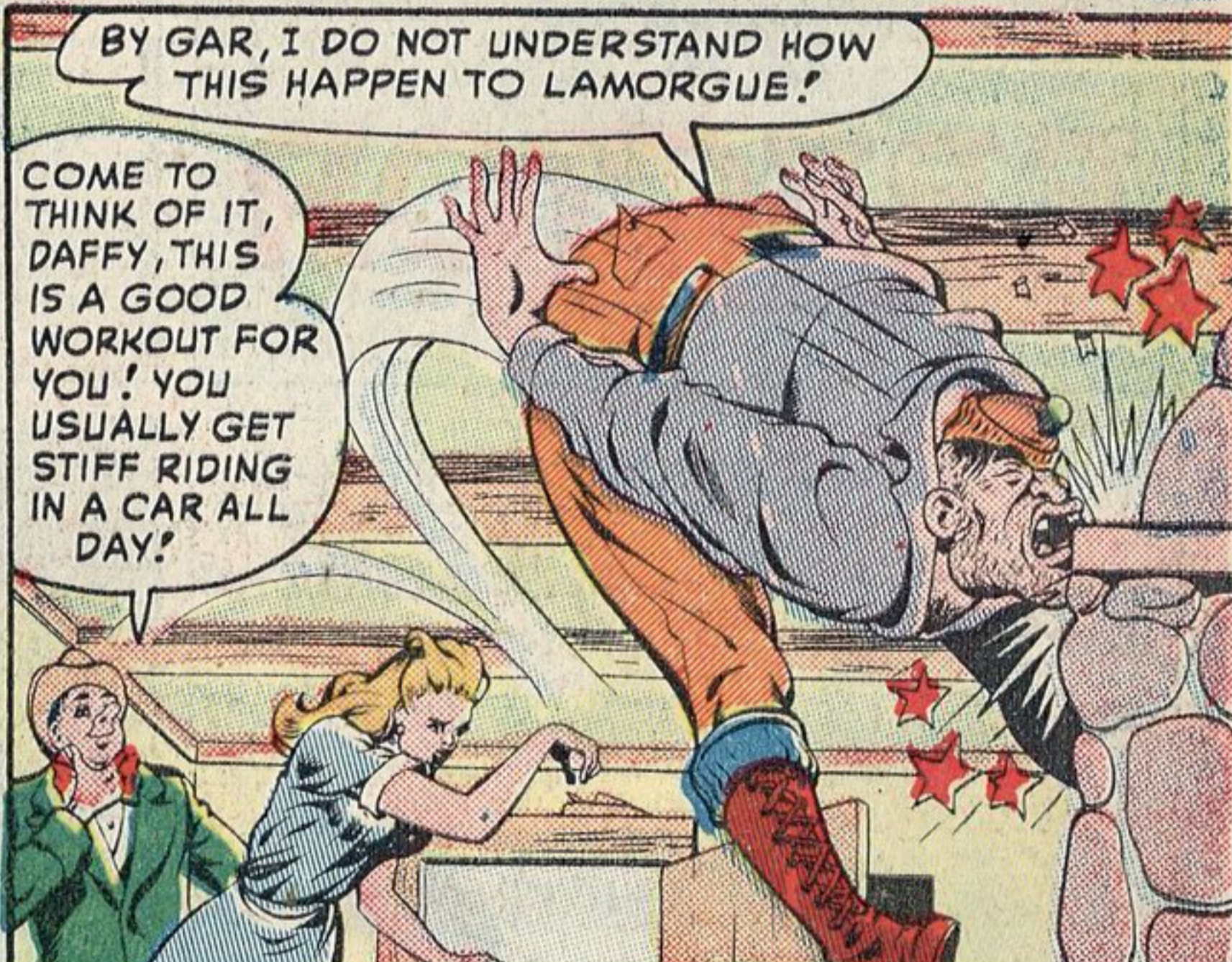
DAFFY, NO GOOD WILL COME OF THIS! LET'S LEAVE!

NO, DEKE! IT LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST NOT THE TYPE WHO GETS RESCUED! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, DAFFY!

OW-W! BACK TO YOUR DEESHES, WOMAN! DO NOT INTERRUPT ME WHEN I AM KEELING A MOUNTIE!



BY GAR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THIS HAPPEN TO LAMORGUE!

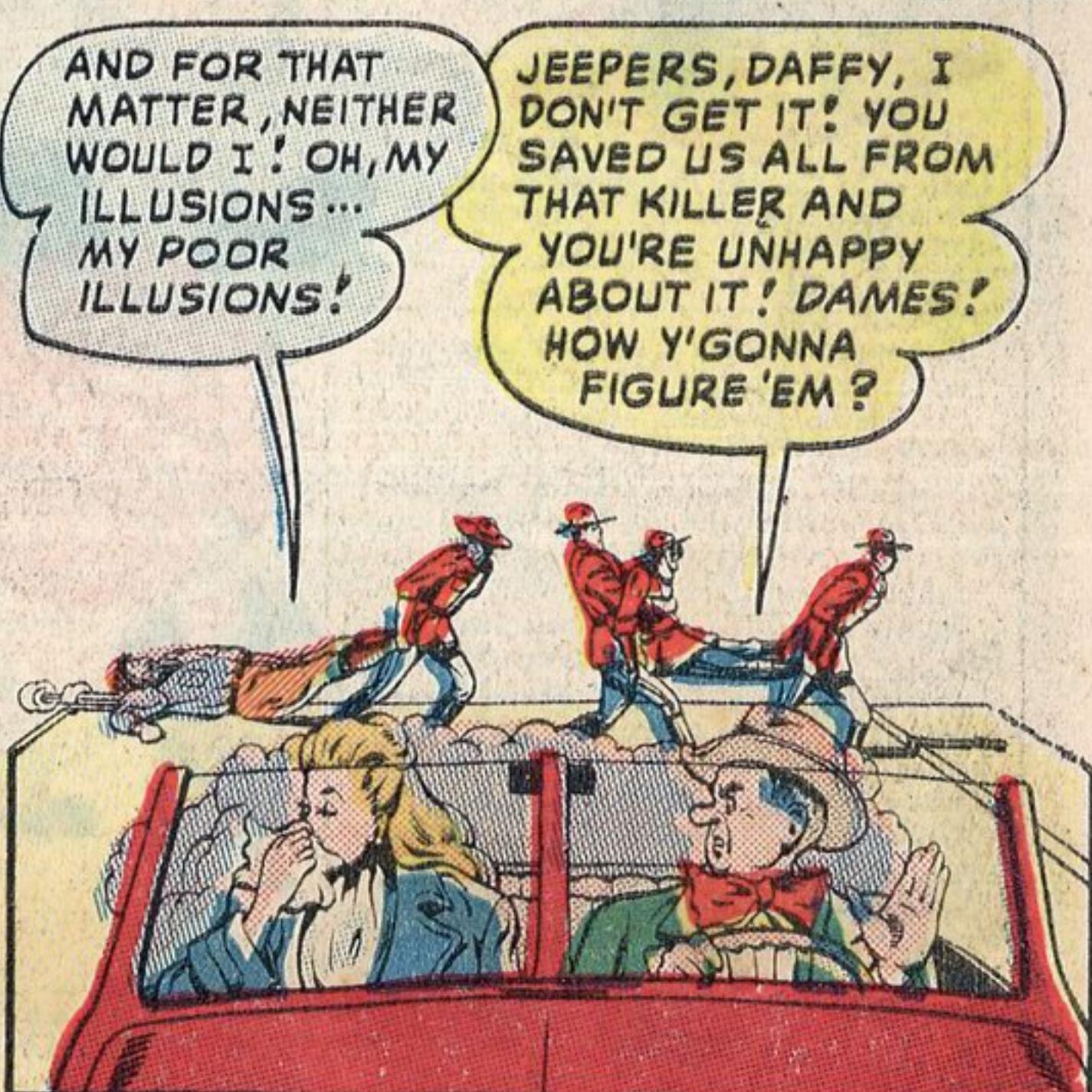
COME TO THINK OF IT, DAFFY, THIS IS A GOOD WORKOUT FOR YOU! YOU USUALLY GET STIFF RIDING IN A CAR ALL DAY!



Soon...

LAMORGUE! GREAT SCOTT! MONTROSE! I SEE YOU HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE GETTING YOUR MAN, BUT YOU GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT! MONTROSE, TALK TO ME!

MAYBE HE'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!



AND FOR THAT MATTER, NEITHER WOULD I! OH, MY ILLUSIONS... MY POOR ILLUSIONS!

JEEPERS, DAFFY, I DON'T GET IT! YOU SAVED US ALL FROM THAT KILLER AND YOU'RE UNHAPPY ABOUT IT! DAMES! HOW Y'GONNA FIGURE 'EM?

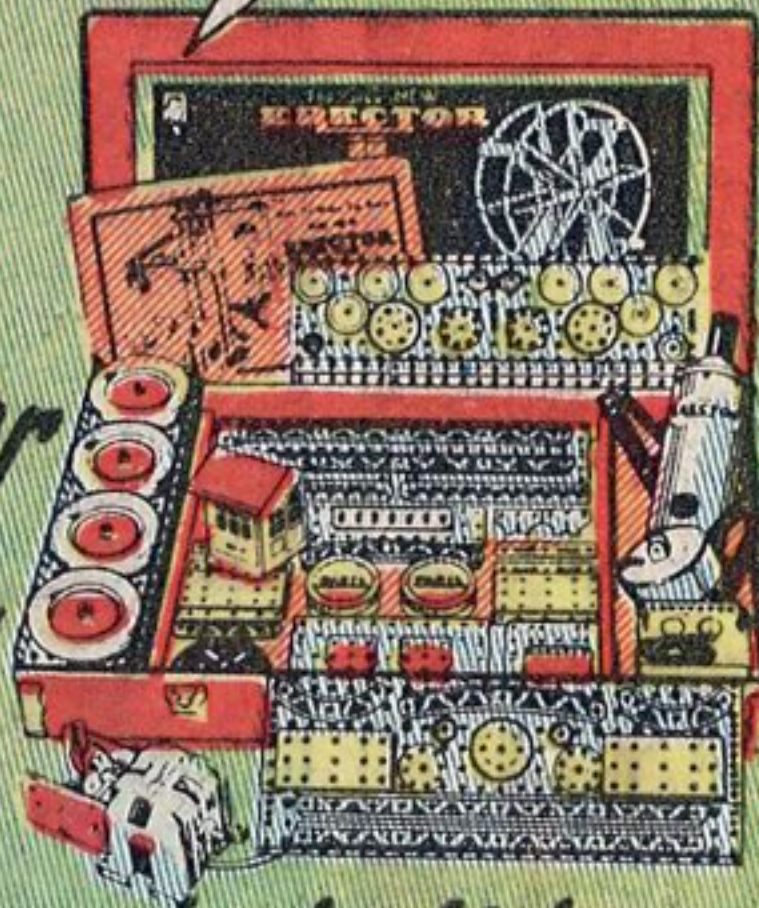
BOYS!

Look at all
the
Spectacular
Buzz-With-
Action
Models you can build
with

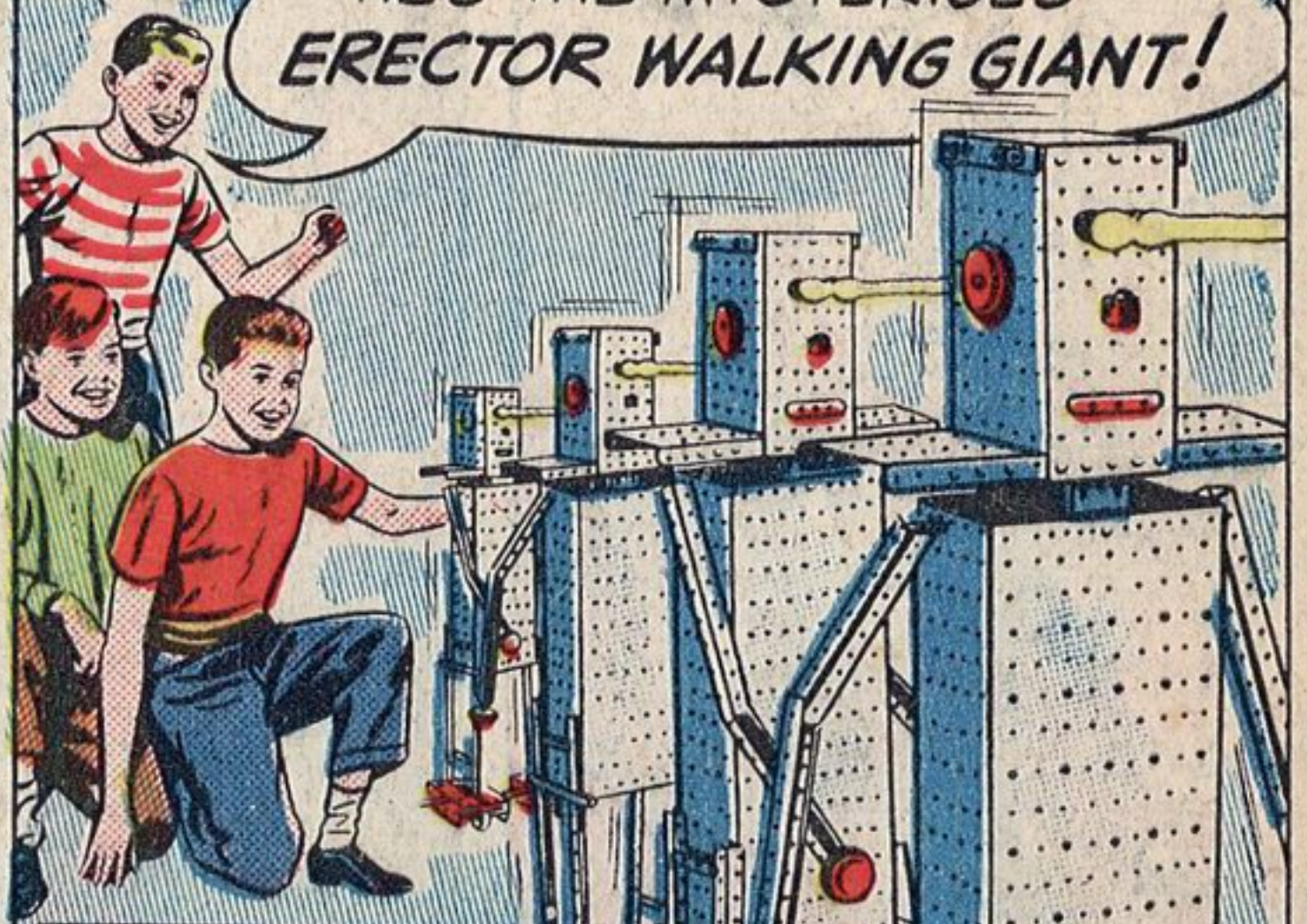
ERECTOR®

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

ERECTOR
HAS GIRDERS OF
STEEL—TO
BUILD LIKE REAL!

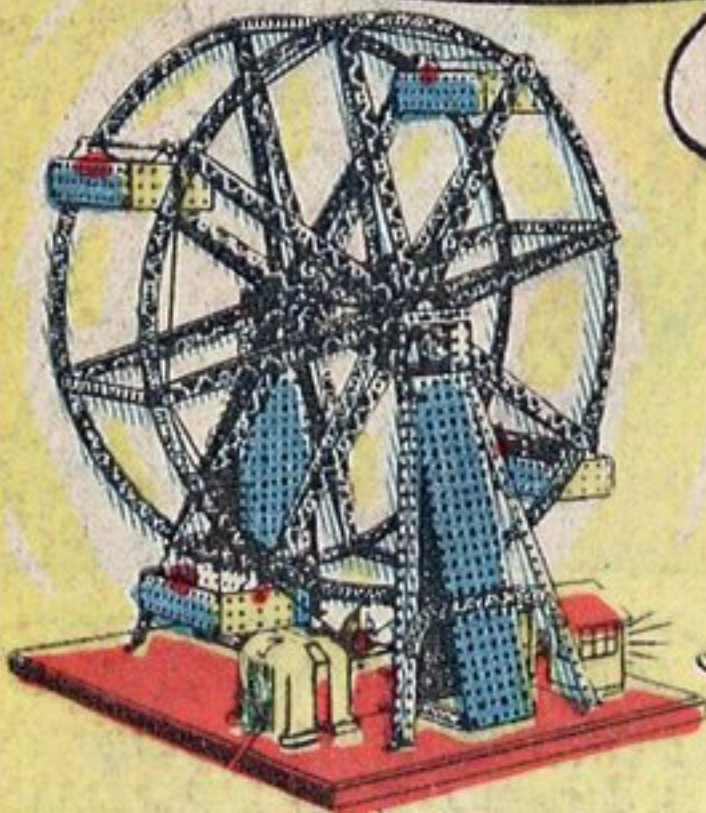


LOOK! HE'S MADE OF METAL!
HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE
WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL!
HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS
ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!

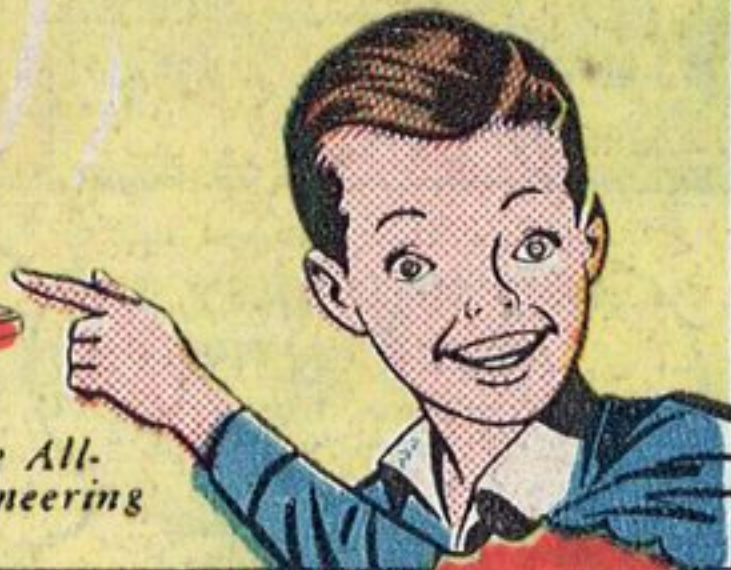


No. 12½ Erector has 3 powerful motors, over 35 pounds of parts. Builds mysterious walking giant, remote control tractors and crawlers, electromatic cranes and hundreds of other realistic action models. Greatest Erector of all time—\$50.00*

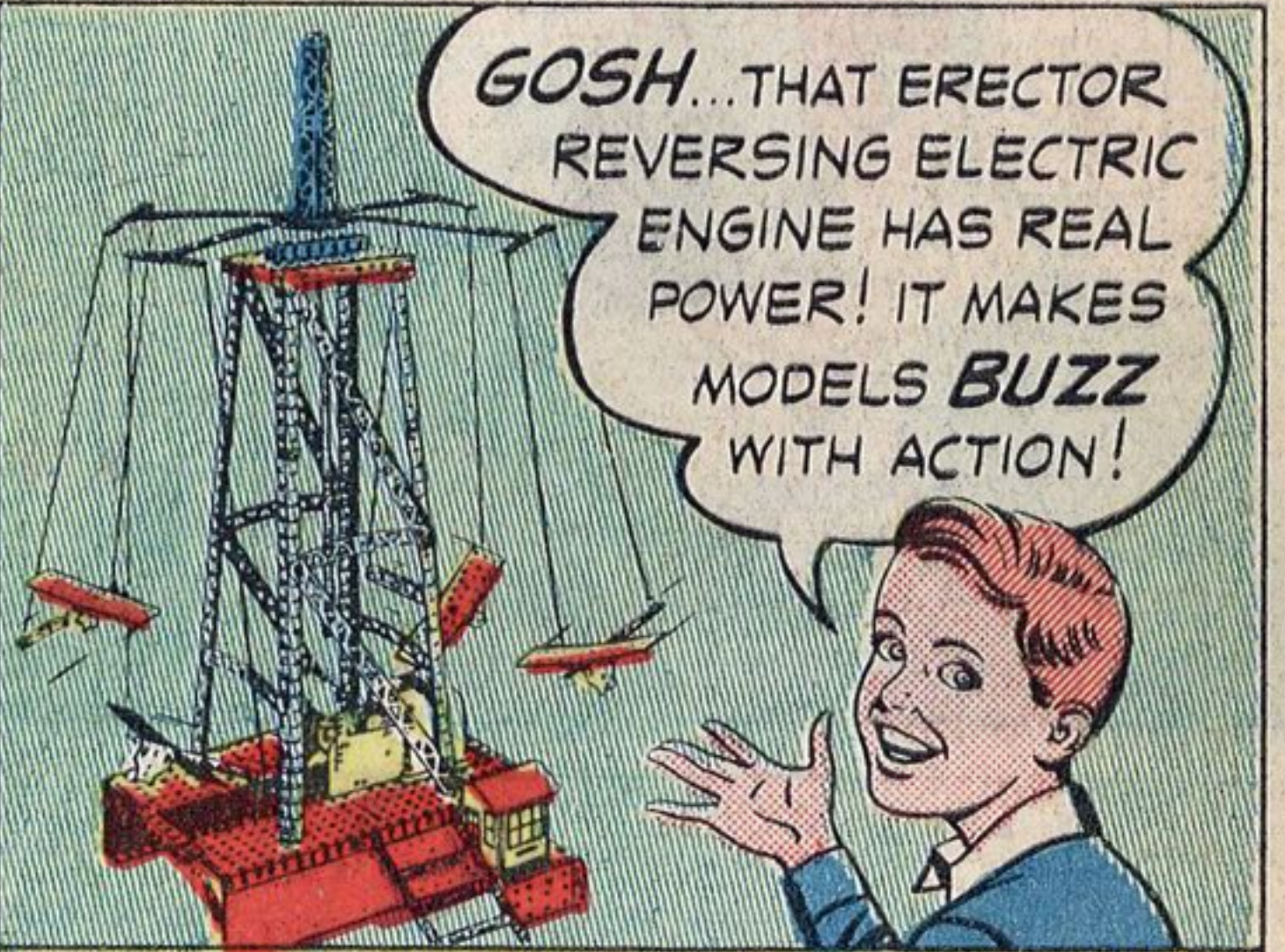
THIS GIANT FERRIS WHEEL HAS
ELECTRIC LIGHTS...OPERATES IN
BOTH DIRECTIONS
AT HIGH OR LOW
SPEED!



Built with No. 8½ Erector—the All-Electric Set. Most complete engineering outfit Dad can buy for \$19.95*



GOSH...THAT ERECTOR
REVERSING ELECTRIC
ENGINE HAS REAL
POWER! IT MAKES
MODELS BUZZ
WITH ACTION!



AIRPLANE RIDE BUILT WITH SENSATIONAL NO. 6½ ERECTOR.
Loads of fun at the sensational low price of \$10.00*

Fun with Erector starts the moment you open the big box and start to assemble girders, wheels, gears and other parts. Erector parts have equi-distant holes, so that you just count the holes to put them together. No other construction set builds the square girder with interlocking edges and contains so many parts. Curved, straight and giant steel girders. Metal base plates. Real engineering bolts and nuts. 5 kinds of gears. Electric engine. Electro-magnet. Electric lights. Engineer's shack. Boiler shells. Giant flywheel parts. Automobile wheels. See the new Erectors wherever toys are sold.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher

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EXCITING
BOOK WILL
HOLD YOU
SPELLBOUND
!!



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Pub. Inc.

FREE! SUPERMAN!

shows you the wonders of the Gilbert Hall of Science

What did Superman see with his x-ray vision at the Gilbert Hall of Science? This 32-page book—crammed with color pictures—tells you all. Mail coupon or post card today.

Gilbert Hall of Science
415 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.
Rush free book "With Superman at the Gilbert Hall of Science."

Name.....

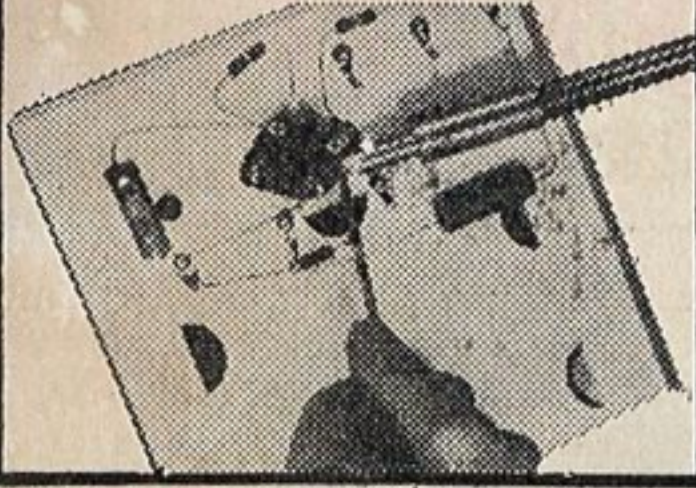
Street.....

City.....State.....

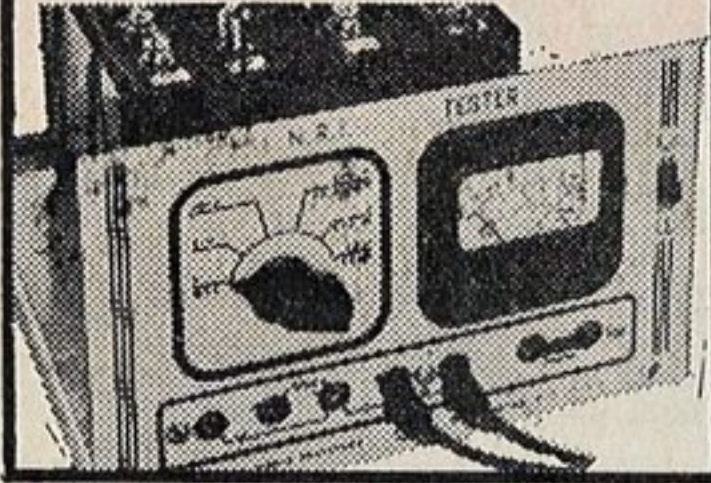
(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

WHEN IN NEW YORK, VISIT THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE, FIFTH AVE. AND 25TH ST. ADMISSION FREE!

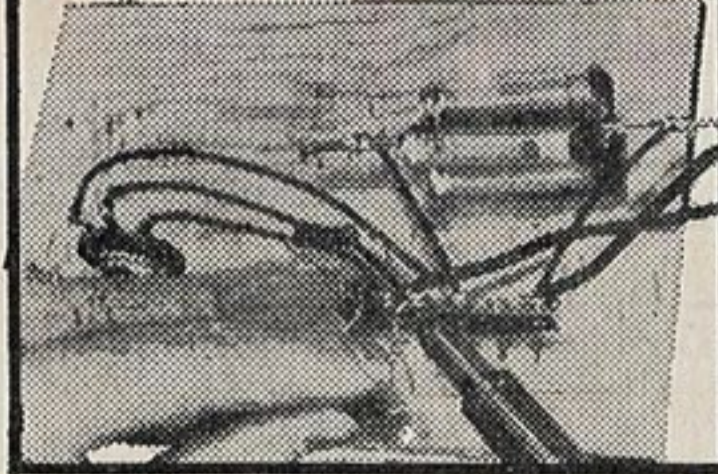
YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



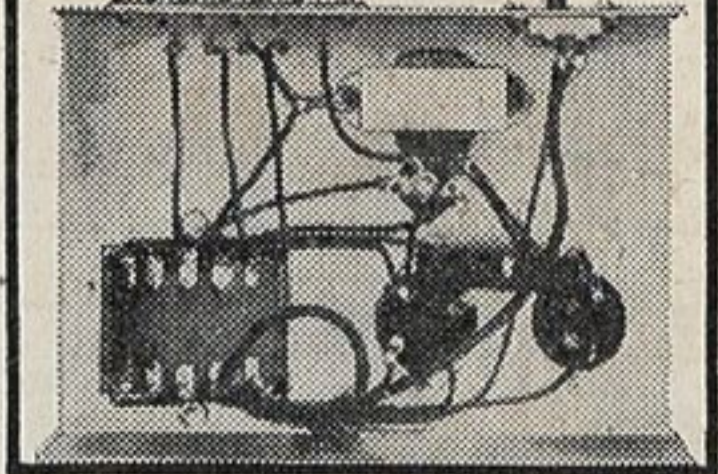
YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



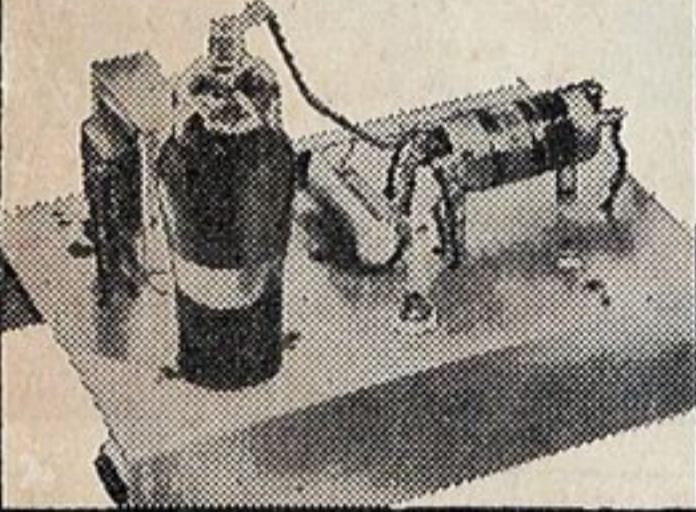
YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



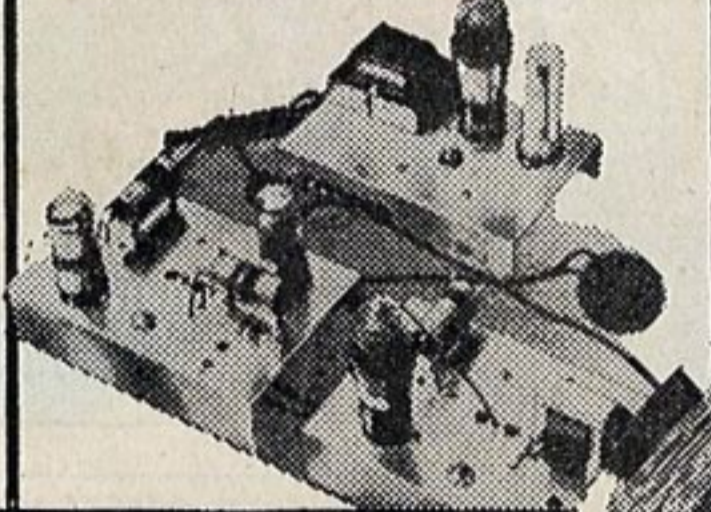
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

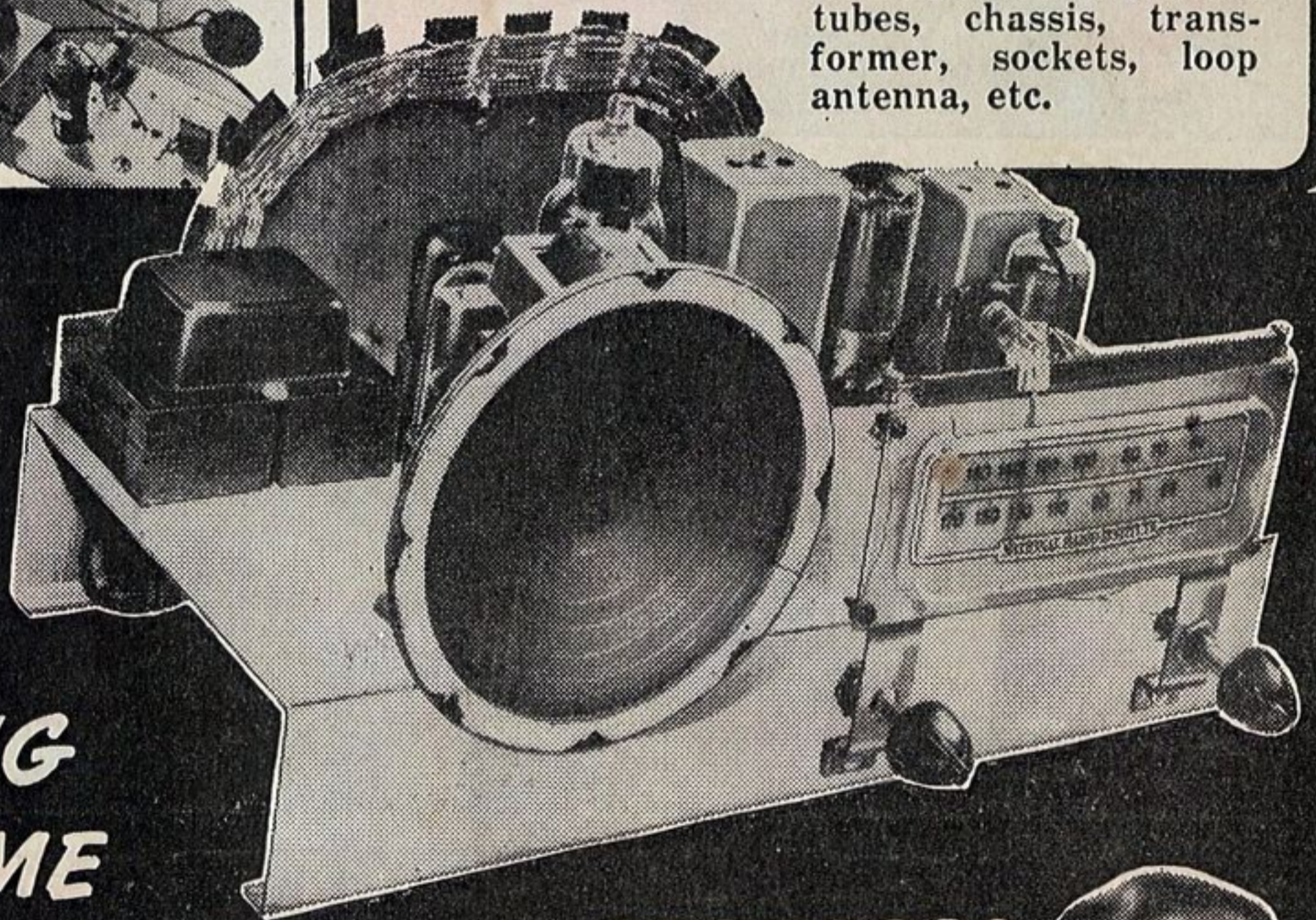


YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



You Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE With This Superheterodyne Receiver

You build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.



LEARN RADIO

BY PRACTICING IN SPARE TIME

WITH BIG KITS OF PARTS I SEND YOU

Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio and Television Industries? Want to be boss of your own money-making Radio shop? I've trained hundreds of men WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE to be Radio technicians. I can do the same for you! My train-at-home method gives you practical experience with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send. All equipment yours to keep. You learn Radio and Television principles from easy, illustrated lessons.

The day you enroll, I send EXTRA MONEY booklets. Use your know-how to make EXTRA MONEY fixing Radios in

spare time. The next step is your own Radio shop or a good-pay Radio job.

Think of money-making opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Radio Repairing, Public Address work... think of even greater opportunities in fast-growing Television, FM and Electronics.

My special DOUBLE FREE OFFER gives you actual lesson on Radio repairing short-cuts absolutely free. You also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO-TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS." See how quickly, easily you can get started. Send NOW! J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8NA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME
MY COURSE INCLUDES FREQUENCY MODULATION, TELEVISION, ELECTRONICS



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVER SERVICING

I TRAINED THESE MEN

Has Own Radio Service

"I have my own Radio and Television sales and servicing business. I get enough repair jobs to keep me going right along." —ALEXANDER KISH, 34 Pershing Avenue, Carteret, N. J.

Good Spare Time Business

"I have been getting receivers to repair right along, and with N. R. I. methods I don't have to spend much time on them." —S. N. STRICKLAND, 191 Dale Homes, Portsmouth, Va.

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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8NA3 NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 9, D. C. Mail me FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page book about how to win success in Radio and Television —Electronics. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Check if Veteran

How to Be a Success in RADIO TELEVISION ELECTRONICS

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You get this training in your own home under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon.

APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL

NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO. 83 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.



BOYS Play FOOTBALL Rain or Shine

NO MORE PRACTICE TODAY—GROUND TOO WET! CLEATS RUIN THE FIELD!

OKAY, COACH, C'MON—FELLERS! WE CAN PLAY ELECTRIC FOOTBALL INDOORS!



BEATS SKULL PRACTICE ANYDAY!

GEE, FRED, THOSE ELECTRIC KEYS AND LIGHTS ARE KEEN!

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HOW IT REALLY PLAYS!



NICE WORK!

OH, BOY, 13-12! THAT BLOCKED KICK WON THE GAME!

ONLY 5 MINUTE PERIODS?

LET'S GO!! TOUCHDOWN ON KICK-OFF!

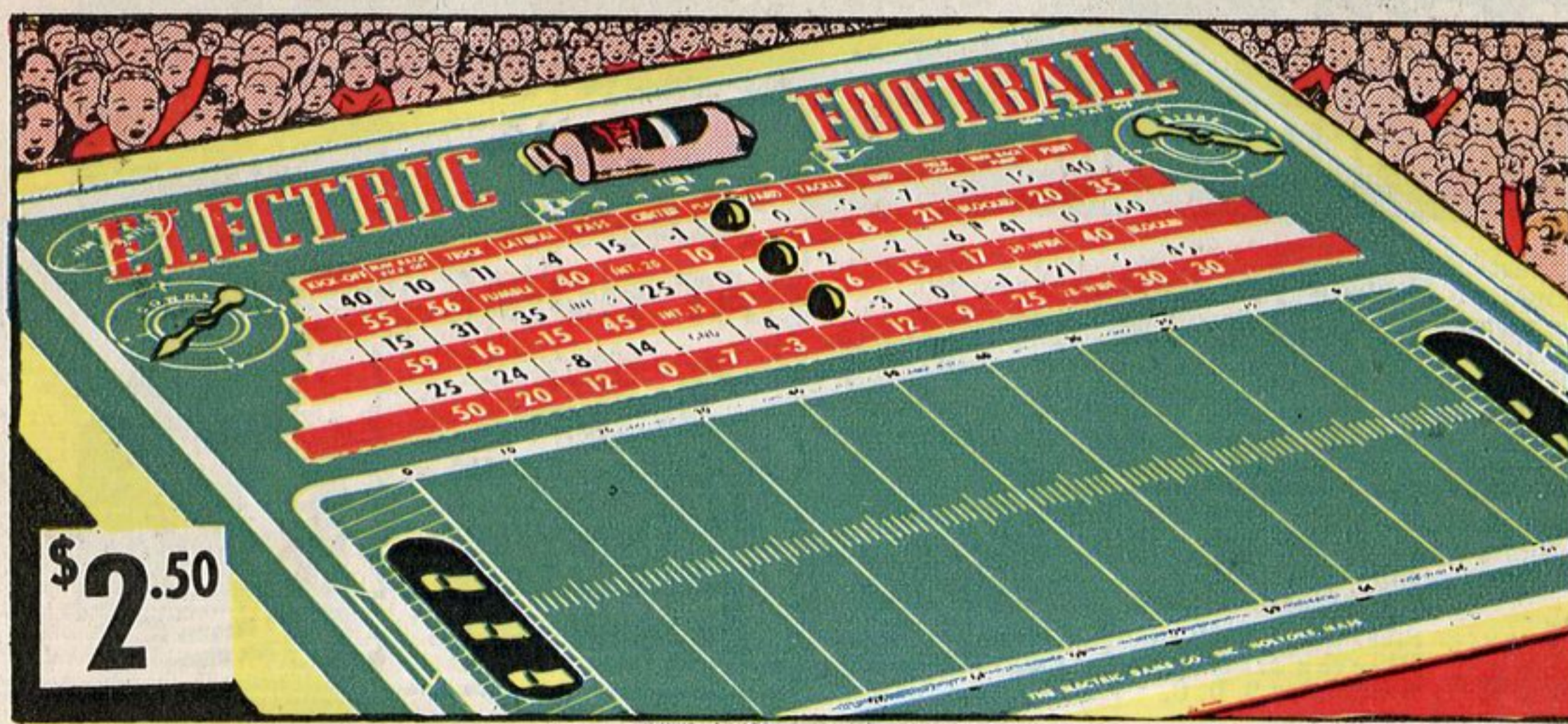
THAT MAKES A FAST GAME!

THAT'S A SWELL GAME, FRED! I'LL PLAY THE WINNER!



THE WAY THE BUTTONS FLASH THE PLAYS IS A MYSTERY TO ME. HOW YOU GET SO MANY DIFFERENT PLAYS OUT OF EACH KEY!

IT'S AN ELECTRIC BRAIN IDEA! A MIGHTY CLEVER INVENTION!! SOME BUTTONS BLOCK-OUT PLAYS, SOME COMBINATIONS "GO", OTHERS HIT IN BETWEEN!



\$2.50

GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.

Hi BOYS! ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one humdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

ELECTRIC GAMES ARE TOPS FOR THRILLS

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE RUSH TODAY

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC. Amount Enclosed
83 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

- Electric Football \$2.50
- Electric Baseball \$3.00
- Electric Bowling \$2.50
- Electric Marblelite \$1.00
- Super El Football \$10.00
- Super El Baseball \$10.00
- C.O.D. \$1 deposit. Postman collects balance.
- Full payment with order—no collection.

ALL GAMES POSTPAID